

LIPPINCOTTS

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE & HOND REED

Of the Lion's Breed

COMPLETE NOVELETTE: A ROMANCE
OF THE COAL FIELDS SHOWING
THE STRENUOUS AMERICAN IN
LOVE AND IN DANGEROUS DUTY

A FUNNY MOTOR RACING STORY

A CHARACTERISTIC IRISH TARN

THE BEST RAILROAD STORY OF WARREN REED WOOD

A TYPICAL HUMOR SKETCH

BY RALPH H. BARBOUR

FROM SEUNAS MACMANUS

BY JORDAN ALLEN'S WIFE

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CLINTON SCOLLARD, MRS. I. ZANEWILL, ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT,

GEORGIA KNOX, CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, PAUL A. PEARSON

DECEMBER

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1905



OF THE LION'S BREED

A STORY OF LOVE AND THE YOUNG MAN IN
BUSINESS

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE AND VOND REED

I.

THE long table sparkled with cut glass and silver. A mass of pale-tinted, scentless orchids in its centre held the eye with their aristocratic beauty. The dinner and its appointments were all that they should have been, as was apt to be the case with Mrs. Vincent's social affairs; but Mrs. Vincent's daughter was looking decidedly bored.

Perhaps the fact that the man who had taken her in was persisting in a fusillade of small-talk accounted for the line between her brows. From the corners of her haughtily drooped eyes she glanced at his gray hair and grizzled mustache—surely he was old enough to know something worth talking about.

"You ask me what men are most prominent in our set," she took him up sharply. "Why, Major Anderson, you ought to know that there isn't such a thing as a man in our set—excepting the fathers of the small boys we associate with, and I suppose you don't mean them."

The old campaigner laughed, and looked with brightening interest at the young beauty beside him. "I've been in South America for eight or ten years," he began. "It appears that in my absence the new woman has become very new indeed. 'No men,' says you," looking at her with shrewd, twinkling eyes, "and you mean by that, no men worthy of your royal self."

"I don't," objected the girl earnestly. "I mean that our boys who go through the social grind here in Chicago are not worthy of life and

its opportunities—not worthy the name of men at all. I suppose there are men somewhere,—young men, I mean, for I see there are plenty of older ones,—who amount to something. But they have no leisure for society, and we never get to see them.”

“And so you—some of you, anyway—elope with the coachman,” suggested the Major half-gibingly.

“The coachman is, at least, enough of a man that he knows how to do one thing that is practical, and to do it well,” quickly returned Miss Vincent. “I haven’t an eye on one myself,” she amended smilingly in reply to the other’s look of mock horror, “but I warn you that a girl who has tried the social swim for four seasons, and sickened on it, is just in the mind to be captivated by a real man when she meets one.”

Major Anderson dropped his big head and looked at his dinner companion from under bushy brows. He had the large eye and mobile lip of the poet or the artist, and he carried into business the creative fury of either type.

As she returned his gaze there was no doubt in Miss Vincent’s mind that she was looking at a real man now. This battered old fellow, in his careless evening dress, had built many more miles of railway in Southern and Central America than he had thousands to his credit in the bank—and these latter were not few. Now he had come back to be president of the great railway system which was—among other things—the outlet for the elder Vincent’s mines. The two men had been chums and partners in their early days in California, and the girl’s father had told her stirring stories of Anderson’s great power, his tremendous driving energy, his wonderfully comprehensive ability; and of the hot temper and wild, freakish humor which ran alongside the big qualities, bursting out at strange, unexpected junctures.

“Yes,” murmured the old man thoughtfully, “the kind of life you lead is not what a real man would fancy—yet I always thought it was the end and aim of a woman’s ambition.”

“But I’m my father’s daughter,” urged Miss Vincent rebelliously. “I like what he likes—real things. I can’t be fed on make-believes always—any more than you could.”

“And your brother?”

“Oh, Ted,” glancing across the table, with a sort of affectionate contempt, to where Theodore, faultlessly attired, kept a sharp eye upon the butler and the service of the dinner as it proceeded. “I’m father’s daughter—and Ted is mother’s son. Ted can choose a gown much better than I can. He’s often terribly shocked at my lack of style and my liking for old duds because they’re comfortable.”

Again that curious, compelling glance from the man beside her.

“Nobody makes allowance for our being like our fathers,” the girl burst out with such vehemence as was permissible at a dinner-table.

"They bring us up, 'to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum—no wiser than our mothers.' And then our father's blood in our veins rebels at it, so that we are crucified daily."

Anderson leaned back in his chair chuckling. His old friend had told him the story of how Mrs. Vincent had tried to make a match between this girl and a French Count, a school friend of Ted's. The father took pride in his daughter's thoroughly American view of the matter. "If you want a title in the family, mamma," she was reported to have said, "you would better adopt this child. He and Teddy amuse each other delightfully. As for me, I should be willing to look after them, as a sister,—or a *bonne*,—but marrying a foreign title is too hopelessly, idiotically commonplace. I should prefer to make a fool of myself in some other way."

What the elder Vincent had not reported to his friend was, that his wife sobbingly suggested that this was the prelude to a "low marriage" on the part of her daughter, and that the scene ended with somewhat strained relations, which maintained themselves to the extent of setting up mother and son into one domestic party while father and daughter were left in another.

"But I enjoy this very thing," Major Anderson now remonstrated, glancing down the dinner-table. "I enjoy it, and so does your father."

"Yes, now you do; but you did splendid things before you could settle down to this. Father's been telling me how you were partners out in California, and all that."

"Things? Well, rather; but I don't know about 'splendid.' I'm inclined to think that we did some things—your father and I—that would make your blood run cold, my little lady."

"No they wouldn't," asserted the girl mutinously. "They would make my blood run warm—make it run hotter than this sort of thing does, anyhow."

"I believe they would," agreed the old man, looking at her with lazy approbation. "You'd have made a good son for your father." His glance wandered to where Theodore trifled with his salad, his capable eye ever upon the butler and the butler's underlings.

"You want to say that I would have made a better son for my father than Ted does," the girl supplied. "Well, say it then. Let everybody be commended for the virtues that they have—and not for those that they ought to have. Ted's a lovely daughter, according to present-day standards. But I don't agree with you. I repudiate it all—all the race thought as to a man's place in the social economy and a woman's rightful position. Let it be what the individual chooses. Why shouldn't a man be domestic like Ted, a good hand to match colors and plan the furnishings of a room? And why shouldn't a woman be—enterprising—adventurous?"

Anderson laughed at her from between his thick, white eyelashes. "It's a new idea," he debated. "At least it's new to me. But it doesn't seem to be a bad one. If I'd had a wife like you, when I was starting out in California, I might—well, many things might have been different."

The girl's glance sought the speaker's face uneasily. Her father's old friend was a widower—was he a possible suitor? The quiet, steady gaze reassured her. Her lovers had not looked her in the eye like that—certainly never when their years were more than double her own.

"But I don't want to be some man's wife," she complained. "At least, not yet. Can't you see that that is always what is thrust at us women when we are ambitious? We are told to go and marry some man and be ambitious for him." Her delicate, clear-cut, rich-colored face was half scornful, half eager and rebellious. "I want to be something myself," she declared. "I want to try my own thews and sinews. I should like to earn my living."

Some remembrance seemed to trouble Major John Calvin Anderson. "Boys sometimes feel that way too," he muttered. "A rich father isn't the most desirable thing in the eyes of all young men."

There came a pause in their conversation, and across it cut the voice of the host from his end of the table, saying: "I found a man—a real man—for the place; that was all."

Major Anderson looked quizzically at his neighbor. "Your father seems to be more fortunate than you," he murmured.

But the girl was not heeding. She was leaning forward, listening intently while her father went on:

"You see, situated as we are, we get the siftings from the big mines above and from Chicago. I don't think there's a nation whose dregs were not in my mine. We had Chinamen, Turks, Armenians, Bohemians,—the sweepings of every country of Europe,—with a few perniciously active American walking delegates to keep them stirred up. I never made any money out of the mine until I got Andersen in there for superintendent."

He glanced towards his old partner. "The fellow is a namesake of yours, John," he said, "but he spells it differently. A Swede, I think. But Swede or Mussulman, he's a real man. One after another, fellows with good reputations to sustain, threw up the job of handling the sort of crews we had to get along with. I was there myself when he came into the office, a big, husky fellow, and he had a State license as mine superintendent. He didn't seem to harbor any doubt that he could manage the business; besides, he had a quiet, lazy air that was encouraging to me. I know something about the way these lazy fellows wake up occasionally."

"How did he come out—right then, I mean? Did he have trouble?"

questioned Diana eagerly from her end of the table as her father seemed about to conclude his remarks.

"Trouble?" he echoed. "The man had trouble to burn in about fifteen seconds after he took charge and began to call off the crews as they went down for the second shift. We had a chap by the name of Capes, who had convinced me that he was doing all he could to keep the men quiet. Personally, he was a dangerous fellow, with the name of having killed three men. In point of fact, Capes is a professional labor agitator; but he had me fooled to the queen's taste. Just then, you see, my need was mighty near desperate, and I was giving him extra money and special privileges to help me out."

"That's because mining is not your business," commented Major Anderson. "If he'd met you on your own ground, he wouldn't have fooled you."

"Maybe not," agreed the host. "Anyhow, he didn't fool my Swede very long. The new superintendent took the list of the day men and began calling the names. As he called, each man answered, and every one of them tacked to the end of his reply some jest, in English or in some outlandish tongue. The Swede took it so quietly—merely looking sharply at each man, as though to identify him later—that those of us who expected a row were a little disappointed. When the whistle blew for noon he came back and watched the men up and out. They bunched to see what he was going to do; and as the last man stepped from the tub he held up his hand and made them a little talk. The gist of what he said—and by George! I opened my eyes when he repeated it in English, German, French, and Spanish—was that any man who was not willing to earn the scale would better not go down into the mine again. When he got through with it I thought he had made a big mistake, and that probably I had made a bigger one when I hired him. The men jeered openly.

"I heard one call to the other, as they slouched down the road, 'Would ye ketch on to that? They'll be puttin' him out of business afore night.'

"I had stepped into the boiler-house and my old Scotch engineer was listening keenly to all that went forward. 'Earn the scale!' I said. 'I'm sorry I hired him. I was expecting to get a good man.'

"'Aweel,' MacMurtrie replied to me, 'do be givin' the mon a show,' and his face took on that grimace that I have learned to know does duty with him for a smile. Sandy has a very good eye for a 'mon,' and I felt a little cheered about my new superintendent.

"Through the dinner-hour I hung about, expecting trouble. The men were having their jokes at the new boss. One of them came over to where MacMurtrie was sitting on the hoisting-winch and remarked, 'His Honor may want you to let him go down this afternoon. Be

careful he don't get scared and spill out of the tub; it might make you trouble.'

"The hint was a broad one: it is an old trick for an engineer to let a hated superintendent or boss down in the cage so rapidly, or so jerkily, as to scare if not hurt him. But Sandy smoked stolidly on as he looked the man over who gave it. "It'll not be him that'll be spillin' out and breakin' his head this afternoon," the old Scotchman finally said; 'but I'm thinkin' there'll be sore heads somewhere this day.' And not another word could they get out of him.

"Capes was moving about among the men pretty quietly, I thought,—you see he was where I had my eye on him,—and I supposed he was keeping things as still as he could. When the whistle blew again at twelve-thirty the men took their time getting down, because my Swede was standing watching them. I thought it best to move out of sight and let him fight his own battles. Capes had hung back until he was the last man. He glanced about for me, and thinking I was gone, lounged over to Sandy and started a conversation. The Swede saw him. 'Are you going down, Capes?' he asked. And my confidence in him strengthened when I saw how quickly he had learned the names. Capes paid no attention. The new superintendent walked over to the engineer and touched the loiterer on the shoulder. 'Do you expect to go down this afternoon?' he repeated."

Miss Vincent's eyes were fastened intently upon her father's face. She hung on this recital of a quarrel among workmen—she who had been unable to find any interest in her mother's description of a recent reception which she was reproached with having missed. Now she hurried the speaker on with a low-toned but eager, "What next, papa? What did your Swedish Giant do then?"

Mr. Vincent smiled indulgently. "Capes had the doing for a while," he said. "He was a different looking individual from the one who used to come, cap in hand, to my office to report his spying on the men and take his pay for pacifying them. 'Keep your mitts off me!' he snarled. 'I'll go down when I get good and ready.' Sandy's eyes danced. The new superintendent remarked calmly to Capes, 'You'll go down in one minute, or you'll not go down at all,' and Capes swore at him. Just then I noticed the Swede's hands; they were shaping themselves into as capable looking a pair of fists as ever I saw; and the next instant he had sent Capes down—in one sense, anyhow."

Miss Vincent looked disapproval. "It isn't any argument to knock a man down," she said with the absoluteness of youth and ignorance.

"It seemed to be a pretty good argument just then," her father returned, laughing. "My Swedish Giant, as you call him, stood and watched the man until he got to his feet, and then told him to go to the office and get his time. I knew Capes to be a dangerous fellow,

and I never was more surprised than when he muttered a little and finally went. It wasn't entirely the blow. I think it must have been the time and manner of its delivery that subdued him. I knew I had a treasure in my new superintendent when he followed Mr. Capes over to the office and said to him sternly, 'If I catch you on these grounds again I won't let you off so easy the next time.'

"That was two years ago. We were just finishing the shaft. Now we have a head tower erected, a brick boiler-house and engine-room built, an eight-hundred-ton washer put in, new style shaker-screens, self-dumping cages, everything modern and up-to-date that can facilitate production; we are pulling out over eight hundred tons a day—and ours are as good a set of miners as any in the district. We could never have got through so quickly and so cheaply without my Swedish Giant. He's an offish fellow, and I know as little about him, personally, as I did the day I employed him, but I am ready to repeat the statement that I started out with—he's a real man."

Mrs. Vincent sighed and gazed at her plate, as though some impropriety were being discussed at her table. Theodore looked infinitely bored. The girl at his left was yawning daintily behind her napkin. One or two other guests, who knew the mine was a hobby with Mr. Vincent, hoped that he would not go too far afield upon it. Only Diana Vincent leaned forward with sparkling eyes and said:

"Now, papa, you've been promising to take me up to the mines for lo these many years. This settles it. I'm going with you on your very next trip."

II.

It was as Mr. Vincent had said. In spite of two years' acquaintance, he knew as little about his Swedish superintendent's inner life and past history as the first day he saw his face. The truth was, he was looking only for a superintendent who knew his business; having found one in Andersen, he was willing to let it rest at that, and offer no interrogation to the soul, the mentality—the real man behind the valued employé.

The bond the newcomer furnished, secured by a trust company, was ample to cover all needs of the business, but it was no longer required after the first six months of his administration. He went to Chicago to attend the annual meetings of the operators, and his views always carried weight in the conventions, although he represented a comparatively small mining interest. Aside from this, his days were spent between his office and the mine. At night he went to his room, and the sole social diversion he permitted himself there was to have one or another of his bosses in to discuss plans and work in the mine. These men saw his large technical library, noted that his table was covered

with magazines, and came away impressed—they well knew that he made his book-knowledge practical.

Things ran smoothly at Crow's-Nest mine. The men had grown to like the Swede as well as they could like anyone in the position of superintendent. They had found that he was thoroughly posted about work in coal as well as the handling of men, and anything odd about him they could always lay to his foreign birth. After he had given one old Welshman sound advice as to using less powder in a shot, and had taught another about the niceties of handling a ratchet drill, they accepted him almost as one of themselves, and were fond of telling jokes to the credit of the "Old Man" to the miners in the various Locals.

Things were moving in this accustomed fashion when Diana Vincent made her visit to the mines—a small matter, yet one destined to have far-reaching results.

It chanced that Andersen was at the station when she and her father arrived. If meeting his employer's daughter was an event in his rather uneventful life, the young superintendent gave no sign of its being so. To see him pushing his short pipe into the pocket of his tweeds and going forward to greet the visitors one might have supposed it an every-day occurrence for a young person of Miss Vincent's sort to visit Crow's-Nest, instead of its being so rare a happening that all the loungers about the station stared.

Diana guessed at her Swedish Giant instantly. As for him, he took in his impassive fashion the ordeal of being presented, though his cap was off and his pipe out of sight in recognition of her sex. But she—petted beauty—felt that she was being rather ignored as, scarcely glancing at her, he said in a businesslike tone to her father:

"You should have wired me. I would have had a hack here to take you and Miss Vincent to the mine. The best we can do now is for you to drive her over in my buggy. I'll go up on the engine."

He raised his hat stiffly as he handed them into the buggy, and walked away. Indeed, there was a constraint in his manner which might have been shyness, unaccustomedness, or, as Diana was a little inclined to think, a touch of resentment.

She looked after him curiously. The railway track and driving road ran parallel for some little way, so she could see him swing easily to the rear step of the switch engine and crawl over the coal into the cab.

"Who is he?" she murmured as the engine distanced them and disappeared around a curve.

"Did you miss the name—Andersen? That's my superintendent and your Swedish Giant," her father answered.

"Yes, I know," she agreed, a little, thoughtful frown gathering

upon her white forehead. "I heard the name. I should have known him without it. But who was he before he came here?"

Her father smiled.

"I have an idea that it would be safest not to investigate Andersen's record," he returned. "He evidently has something to hide. Very likely he's been in trouble somewhere. But he's the best superintendent I ever had, and that's enough for me. He isn't the kind of man one would like to meddle with."

For a fleeting moment, had he looked, Mr. Vincent might have seen dissent in his daughter's eyes; but instantly she fixed them on the sky-line, where Crow's-Nest cut sharply against the blue.

"Why didn't you tell me how fascinating it is up here?" she asked. "You'll never get me back to Chicago, now."

This launched Mr. Vincent on his pet hobby; he told his daughter again just how many acres there were in this property, how much more he expected to purchase, and went into numerous details as to how certain purchases seemed advisable. She listened with fairly intelligent interest, and when he spoke on that kindred theme, the work of his very competent superintendent, her face would light up with enthusiasm.

And through it all Diana was chasing a fleeting impression that she had seen young Andersen somewhere before. There was something familiar to her in the long, clean-cut jaw, the straight, thick, light hair, the resolute gray eyes; and something that appealed to her as kindred in the whole strong, stubborn countenance.

Clinging to her father's society, Diana Vincent had been thrown much with older men—with those adventurous spirits of the business world who make and lose fortunes in a single day, with railway kings, and with lawyers who move these very men as pawns. It seemed to her, after long reflection, that this familiarity in the young Swede's appearance might be because his face bore the same stamp she had studied upon the countenances of those older men. Immersed in these reflections, she received in silence her father's enthusiastic comments on head towers, engines, boilers, fans, and shaker-screens, and answered in monosyllables.

As at the office the stable boss took their horse, Mr. Vincent cautioned:

"It's not all cakes and ale up here, Di. I'm afraid you'll find it pretty tough there at the boarding-house. I had no idea you'd want to stay over-night, so I didn't telegraph."

But Diana did not hear him. The new superintendent had come to help her from the buggy, and she was absorbed in his statement that he had gone over to the boarding-house to see if anything better than usual was to be had, but that he was afraid it was not.

"That's just what I want," asserted the girl as she settled the folds of her trimly tailored skirts. "I want to live exactly as all of you do. I'm going to stay a month, so I may as well begin getting used to it."

Mr. Vincent and his superintendent looked at each other in some consternation. In the younger man's eyes was reproach; he seemed to ask why so abnormally interested a young person should have been brought up to bother him in his work at Crow's-Nest. In the eyes of the elder was a faint apology, which spoke in his words as he reassured his lieutenant,—

"About two days will do the young lady."

Then to her:

"I may be here as long as that, Diana; but I am sure Mr. Andersen will not be troubled with us any longer."

Diana smiled as the new superintendent, accepting the situation and making the best of it, suggested that he wanted a quiet talk with the proprietor, and that he supposed they might have a few words as they walked over to the boarding-house.

Following the two men along the little beaten path across the open field, she laughed enjoyingly. Evidently the Swede was not one to covet the honor of escorting his employer's daughter. Indeed, as she listened to the abstruse technical talk between them she saw that she was entirely forgotten.

Her attention was sharply arrested by hearing Andersen reply to some assertion of the older man's,—

"You're entirely wrong there, sir—quite mistaken in your premises and deductions."

The statement was made dryly and without apology. It did not sound to her like the speech of the young men who paid court to Hannibal W. Vincent's daughter, and incidentally grovelled at the feet of Hannibal W. and his money. Evidently such speech on the part of the superintendent was a usual matter. Her father accepted the statement and the proof adduced to make it good with perfect equanimity. But she almost laughed aloud when she heard Andersen conclude with,—

"I must do these things in my own way, Mr. Vincent, or they cannot be done at all."

Suddenly, back across her mind swept the lights, the perfume, the low-toned hum of the dinner-table conversation. Then she did laugh aloud—but nobody noted it.

"I suspect that I have found a real man," she said to herself, "and one well worth studying."

And as the boarding-house was reached, she earnestly began that study with the questions whether the Swede really preferred to walk

over with her father and talk business, whether he was afraid to risk a rebuff if he attempted to devote himself to her, or was only too strong a man to allow anything to interfere with the business of the moment.

III.

MRS. MURRAY'S boarding-house was a large, frame structure, painted a livid lead-color, with dull green trimmings, so it looked like a great bruise upon the face of the landscape.

Mrs. Murray herself was a stout woman in a not too clean mother-hubbard wrapper, girt about with a blue apron. As she tilted back against the wall in a cane-bottomed chair fighting with a set of "store teeth" which had been donned to honor Miss Vincent's arrival,—and scarcely, it must be confessed, getting the better of the struggle,—she was not an encouraging looking hostess. The long, oil-cloth covered table was vacant except for themselves, since they had arrived rather late and most of the other boarders had eaten hastily and fled at the rumor of the impending visit.

At one end of the board there was a small, square lunchcloth spread. Miss Vincent wondered whether it had been brought out especially for her, or was usually placed there for the superintendent. Then she was a little ashamed of those speculations as she observed that the Swede used his knife and fork in the prescribed way; that his hands were well cared for; that he had, in short, the ordinary manners and bearing of a gentleman, even if he was a miner.

She had settled down to the comfortable theory that she was studying the superintendent as a "type." This left her free to give him as much mental attention as she pleased without feeling that she committed herself personally. It gave a legitimate excuse to her desire to know him better; and having found a reason, she used it judiciously.

In Mrs. Murray's estimation that dinner was a triumph. She had sent a small boy running for Mr. Murray to preside and dish things, because he always "had plenty of talk."

The Murrays, indeed, were types, if Diana had only realized it; yet, the meal over, she remembered, as one remembers a nightmare, the masculine Murray's clumsy attempts at gallantry, and his wife's brave efforts to keep her "store teeth" in place while essaying intelligible remarks.

The Swede and her father were so deep in the details of the mine that she concluded she was forgotten and left entirely to the tender mercies of the Murrays. But when Mrs. Murray's questions became unconsciously impertinent, and Mr. Murray was too pressing in his well-meant efforts to pile her plate with food she did not want, it was the superintendent who saved her with a quiet word or two to host and

hostess, and the directing of his own attention a little more fully to her plight.

After dinner the Murrays, who addressed each other confusingly as Pa and Ma, were openly disappointed that Miss Vincent elected to return to the mine for the afternoon.

Perhaps the bravery with which she had borne the various shocks of her introduction to this new life appealed to Andersen. Perhaps he had talked out matters with his employer and was now ready to see the beauty and charm of the girl beside him. Be that as it may, she found him looking quizzically at her two or three times as they fared back across the fields. She was astonished and a little amused to find how much she was affected by his regard. She persuaded herself that it was because he was different from the people to whom she was used, attributing her anxiety to a fear that she should not be able to make a sufficiently intimate acquaintance with him to study him properly as a type—an ingenious theory, but one which scarcely accounted for the heightened color in her smooth cheeks and the brightness of her eyes as the young superintendent said:

"I think I'd better take you into the mine myself this afternoon. You'll be wanting to go home to-night, and the mine is the only thing we have up here worth looking at."

This arrangement seemed to suit Mr. Vincent, who had an afternoon of consultation before him in the office. He was as ready to entrust his daughter to the young superintendent as he had been to trust his mine in the same strong, competent, honest hands.

The Swede looked disapproval at his charge's dainty tan cloth. "You'll have to pin that up a little," he said authoritatively.

"It's already short," rebelled Diana, instinctively trying her will against his.

He frowned at her thoughtfully and then smiled. She was astonished to see what a change that rare smile made in his grave face. "I see," he nodded. "I'm not an expert in the matter of ladies' dress. But pin it up, anyhow. Here's a long mackintosh that will come to your heels. Then I will find a clean cap somewhere in the office. We mustn't spoil your pretty hat."

Diana felt inordinately pleased that he should have called her hat pretty, that he should have taken it from her hands and be putting it away with such gentle care in his own desk. She smiled covertly over the methodical little pin-ball he offered for the shortening of her skirts, as well as over the figure she cut in the masculine mackintosh and the clean white canvas cap. Though there was no mirror, she was well aware that the effect must be boyish, but extremely becoming; and the look she caught in young Andersen's eyes as he knelt to fasten the last recalcitrant button of her coat, and remained to turn back the

too long sleeves from her wrists, was balm to her innocent, womanly vanity.

She smiled demurely. The "type" was a real man—in more senses than one, maybe.

"Will I do now?" she asked gently.

She was disappointed as he rose and answered practically, "Yes, that's more sensible. The mine is wet in places, and you'd be almost sure to ruin your dress."

He led the way to the shaft. As they hurried towards an empty cage, unobserved by his companion Andersen held up his hand warningly to the engineer. Noting the young fellow's wicked grin, the superintendent half turned and hesitated; then, catching sight of Sandy MacMurtrie, the old Scotch head engineer, entering the boiler-house, he went on, lighted his lamp from that of the pit boss, and helped his charge into the cage.

His hesitation was contagious. Miss Vincent paused and looked about her, a little daunted. She could not know that it is a common trick to give newcomers and greenhorns a fright by letting them down too rapidly in the cages, and that her protector dreaded such an attempt would now be made. Yet she felt something impending and drew back. Then, catching a look of amusement, almost derision, on the faces of one or two men standing about the shaft, she fancied that the mockery was for the superintendent; the hot blood flew into her cheeks, her eyes sparkled, and, giving him her hand without hesitation, she stepped aboard.

It was a rude carriage, so to steady himself Andersen reached up to catch the cross-bar with one hand, and at the same time grasped her arm with the other, admonishing gently:

"If you get frightened, take hold of me. Feel perfectly safe, even if we go a little too fast."

Then they sank slowly into the darkness, until she could see nothing but the smoking flame of his lamp and the opening of the shaft twinkling above them.

The next second the heart-sickening sensation of falling through endless space made her stagger wildly against her protector. She heard him catch his breath, knew that his arm went swiftly around her waist, pinning her tightly to his side. Her head fell upon his breast; she could feel the heavy beating of his heart, while her own pulses throbbed in unison. The native pride and courage of the girl shut her lips on any outcry; she made no sound, but clung mutely to Andersen. Yet, —and she thought about it a good deal afterwards,—the instant he held her so she was no longer in an agony of fright.

Could sight have penetrated the enfolding blackness, her rich, dark beauty glowing against his massive, fair strength, like a vivid blossom

against a cliff, would have been good to look upon. Neither thought how that enforced embrace was like the bringing together of North and South, the splendid tropics, and the cold, steadfast strength of snow-fields and icy fiords.

While her terrified eyes were fastened on his, questioning wildly; while the thought of the final hideous crash reeled before her mind; ere the heart beating in plunging strokes beneath her cheek had counted a score of pulsations, the horrible speed slackened a little. It slowed more, and more, and more; and Diana breathed a piteous, gasping sigh of relief as, instead of meeting the rending shock that had seemed inevitable, they came, a moment later, to the bottom as lightly as a feather.

Andersen, his wits fully about him, had released her and stood holding her hand with formal carefulness when the cagers saw them. He helped her out as calmly as though they had not lived through hours in those few seconds. But she saw, even by the dim, flickering light of the lamps, that his face was as white as paper.

"Stand here a moment," he said quietly, placing her beside the track. "I want to send a message up to the engineer who let us down."

He stepped to a little distance and stood writing by the light of his lamp. Diana, waiting, heard the cage come down again and the man who got off it inquire of the cager,—

"What did the Old Man say when he lit?"

"Nawthin'; why?"

"Tom's about half full up there in the engine-room, and he fairly burnt the rope when they got half-way down. MacMurtrie come a-run-nin' in and grabbed him away and slowed down. If he hadn't been there, Tom might have killed 'em. I bet he gets his time for it. 'Tain't no use buttin' up against the Old Man. You get left every time."

Diana shivered as she realized that her life had been absolutely at the mercy of that drunken engineer. For a moment she lost courage; had she not been ashamed to face her father after all her loud protestations of interest in the mine and its workings, she would have gone back. But the conclusion of that speech warmed her heart. She had a real man to take care of her; and as he came towards her out of the darkness, where the noise of hurrying mules and rattling cars was interspersed with the lurid language of the drivers, her courage returned—or, rather, she leaned upon his. He carried a flaming gasoline torch now, and was talking earnestly to the driver of an 'empty.' And while the man backed the car up closer and raised its end-gate he smiled cheerfully.

"You've never ridden behind mules before, Miss Vincent," he hazarded, "so here's a new experience for you."

The driver dropped the end-gate, ran around to the front of the

car, and they were comparatively alone. "I thought that was the way cages always came down in mines," the girl began in a low voice. "I was going to reproach you with lack of consideration because you did not warn me of it. But some men coming down in the next load said——"

Andersen turned his head quickly. "I didn't want you to know that until we got back to daylight," he interrupted quickly. "I was afraid you would weaken and go back on me. I can take care of you."

The girl laughed a little at the masterful tone, yet she resented it. "I can take care of myself—on my own ground," she said coolly.

"That's it, exactly," he agreed. "And here you are in another man's territory."

"Father's. Well, father's daughter ought to be safe here."

"No indeed," objected Andersen dryly. "You are in my territory. I am king here."

"Well, then," suggested his companion slyly, "have the man beheaded who frightened me almost out of my senses by letting the cage down too fast."

"I have already done so," returned Andersen grimly, and he displayed a folded paper in his hand.

Diana eyed the paper thoughtfully for some time. "What should you have done if you had been alone in the cage when he played such a trick on you?" she asked at length.

"Nothing," returned the superintendent laconically.

She echoed the word. "Nothing! Why, our lives were in danger," she added.

"And so is the life of every man in this mine," suggested Andersen indifferently. "We're rough and ready folks, we miners, Miss Vincent; a little horse-play isn't paid much attention to. A superintendent who wouldn't be willing to let himself be shaken up in the cage once in a while would be considered a Miss Nancy. When we get down to work, I am on easy terms with my men, and they are not afraid of me."

Again Miss Vincent devoted some moments to reflection. "Then, please, don't discharge the man because *I* happened to be in the cage," she said finally.

Her companion turned and looked at her with real admiration. She felt that she had scored. "Do you truly mean it?" he asked. "It's what I'd like to do. I never give the boys the satisfaction of supposing that I notice their performances. If they could believe that you had confidence enough in me to pay no attention to a thing of that sort, because I was along, I'd rise a good many feet in their esteem."

"I certainly mean it."

"Thank you!"

All this time they had been travelling along the corridors at a lunging trot. Now their driver called back, "Which way—from here on?"

"Take us along the Main East to the Fourth South—I want to see Jim O'Keefe," Andersen called. Then in a lower tone to his companion, "O'Keefe's a character—a type, you would call him, I suppose." And Diana Vincent had the grace to blush, though the darkness hid it.

As they passed room after room she could see the flicker of lamps against the face of the coal, could see huge blocks of the black stuff piled high on waiting cars, and had fleeting views of the men at their work. It was all wild, lurid, glimpsed in snatches like a Rembrandt picture. The car went faster now, swaying from side to side, and she clung to the superintendent's arm to steady herself as they leaned close together that he might speak and she hear his explanations and descriptions.

He was a different man, here in the midst of his kingdom—a genial sovereign. The miners had each some good-natured jest to toss to him as they passed, and he answered in kind. His companion was beginning to understand more fully why he had won where her father's other superintendents lost.

At one place the car ahead of them was off the track. Its driver and three or four men from the adjacent rooms were gathered about, flogging the mule, swearing, pulling this way and that, and following contradictory advice and directions. "Thank the Lord, here's the Old Man," she heard someone shout.

"Excuse me a moment," spoke her companion quickly, then vaulted lightly out of the car and proceeded to apply both his brain and his muscle to the task of clearing the track. He soon had his men in line, with a long, stout pole for lever, and his own sharp, clear voice to give the word. With a shout of laughter they swung the car in place; and with a splatter of mud and a yell, mule, car, and driver disappeared down a side entry.

Wiping his hands nonchalantly on the back of one of the miners and dodging the deserved retributive blow, Andersen climbed back into the car, and they proceeded to Jim O'Keefe's room.

As they spun through the dark, the car lurching and bumping, Andersen tried to prepare her—the young beauty, the ornament of smart society—for the novelty of the meeting with real miners engaged in real work. She was touched by an indefinite wistfulness in his manner of setting forth the poor best with which he sought to entertain her. And yet she felt that he held it poor only in her eyes; that he had a quick, manly contempt for the trivialities among which her life had heretofore flowed.

"Jim's a character," the superintendent began. "An Irishman with true Irish wit, he makes plenty of money, has a good home, and a nice little family; but he will drink. I sent a trapper ahead of us to see that he wasn't under the influence of John Barleycorn this afternoon. While he's infinitely funnier drunk, I thought I'd prefer to present him to a lady when he's sober. The only thing I've got against Jim is that he's on the Committee."

"What's 'The Committee?'" asked Diana. "It sounds Nihilistic. You know I expect to incur your wrath as a superintendent by trying to study the economic conditions of the men in my father's mine and bettering them if I can."

Andersen's reply began with an inarticulate sound which, if he had been old and ugly, might have been called a grunt. Perhaps he did not relish the prospect of Miss Vincent's labor agitations. Finally, "You are going to the right place this minute to learn all about what your father and I ought to do," he said rather sardonically. "The Committee is a representative body from the United Mine Workers' Union. When one of my men has a grievance, he reports it—not to me—or to your father! oh, no! he goes with it to the Committee. They are supposed to come and discuss the merits of the case impartially with me, as superintendent, and my pit-boss. There comes Beasley now. He's pit-boss. He and Jim used to be buddies, but Beasley is a sober man, and he's taken a step. We'll get him to go up to Jim's room with us. I think you'll enjoy it."

The pit-boss's lamp, as they approached, widened its circle of light to disclose a round, red face, a pair of blue eyes, and an expansive smile.

"Miss Vincent, this is Mr. Beasley," announced Diana's conductor gravely. There was evidently no sarcasm in his careful use of the prescribed social form. Diana saw that he meant to treat his men as nearly like gentlemen as circumstances would allow.

Beasley wiped his coal-blackened hands upon his trowsers, pulled off his cap, and presented a grimy paw.

For the fraction of a second the girl hesitated, but before the workman could have felt that she was doing so,—though she was sure Andersen's sharp eyes were upon her, noting that she flinched,—she laid her slender, delicately gloved hand in the big, black one, which gave it a hearty grip.

"Mr. Vincent's daughter," said the pit-boss, quite as one of her father's friends might have done.

"Get in, Beasley," Andersen admonished. "Climb over the end-gate there. We are going on to see Jim O'Keefe."

"Jim O'Keefe?" Beasley ruminated as he settled himself easily upon the edge of the car. "I don't know whether I want to go calling

on Jim or not. Jim's a fool. I come mighty near killin' him last night."

Andersen smiled. The tried affection of these two men was notorious in the mine.

"What did you and Jim fall out about last night?" the superintendent asked.

"Didn't fall out," returned Beasley disgustedly. "Jim wasn't mad; it was me that was mad at him for being such a——" he glanced at Diana's back, apparently ran through the list of available epithets in his mind, and found none suited to the occasion—"for being such a fool," he concluded lamely. "The Republicans had a blow-out over the election down to Turner's Hall last night. Jim's a Democrat, but he had been drinking a little, and nothin' would do him but to butt into that there meetin'. Pat Higgins told me about it. Jim set there, and when they begun to talk about Roosevelt he'd holler every two minutes, 'Roosevelt—who's he?'"

"Rather an innocent way of amusing himself," commented the superintendent. "Did it make anybody mad?"

"Oh, they got back at him, Pat said. One of 'em asked him if he really didn't know who Roosevelt was, and he said, no, he didn't. Then they all yelled together, 'Why, he's runnin' for supervisor.' And Pat said they looked innocent as cats. After that they had it back and forth; Gawd knows wot they didn't do. Finally some feller said that the Republicans was the superiors, and they didn't want any thieving Democrats in the house. Jim threw a spittoon at him. I guess it hit quite a few of the others before it got to the man that was speakin'. Then they put Jim and Pat both out of the meetin'. Of course, they had their work cut out for them to do it," he went on with a sort of rueful pride in his one-time buddy's prowess as a fighter. "It took six or eight of 'em to put him out, and they got some damaged in doin' it—that's the reason we've got no men on the First North to-day—they that belong there was engaged in puttin' Jim out last night."

"But O'Keefe's at work to-day, isn't he?" asked the superintendent.

"Oh, yes," returned Beasley. "It doesn't trouble Jim none to paint the town red all night an' get out coal all day. He was satisfied with the fact that they left him a part of his shirt; and he didn't want to go home; so he took Pat on with him to Louis Spagino's place, and called everybody in the house to drink with him. When he'd treated everything, down to the cat, he told the Dago to charge it; and he got turned out of that place. Then he come up by my house and hollered my name until, for shame's sake, I went to the door. 'Beasley,' says he. 'Beasley—man—in the name of Gawd come out! I've got it!'"

'Got what?' I asks, pretty mad, for it was two o'clock in the mornin' an' none too warm. 'The appointment,' says he very solemn.

"'What appointment, you owl?' asks I. Then Jim sticks out his chest an' thumps it, but he didn't look very grand on account of havin' been mussed when they threw him out of the hall an' th' saloon. 'An appointment as chief Ambassador to Ireland,' says he. And then him and Pat both laughed like loons. That's the first I'd seen of Pat, an' I asked who was that with him. 'Pat Higgins,' says he. 'Tell him about your appointment too, Pat.' And then Pat give me a great song and dance about being appointed to go to Africa. Oh, they was that foolish I never wanted to see either of 'em again."

To the listening girl this talk had a novelty that nothing between the covers of a book or played upon the stage could have. It was her first glimpse of raw life. The idea of the two tipsy miners going about the streets skylarking like a couple of children; of this sober, red-faced pit-boss, who had been unwillingly drawn into their revels; the effort to grasp what-like the affection between two such men would be—these held her until the car pulled up on a switch and they were at the door of Jim O'Keefe's room.

As the tall old miner dropped his pick and came towards them Andersen leaned over and whispered: "Don't mind anything he says. He won't mean to be rude. I think you'll enjoy talking to him if you won't let yourself be offended."

She smiled as she answered: "I'm not likely to be offended. Is he funnier than Mr. Beasley? Oh, I'm enjoying all this immensely."

Jim came up with a grin on his face. Tall, angular, with the genuine Irish eyes beautifying his ugly face, and the typical carrotty hair under his rakishly tilted hat, humor spoke from every line of face and figure.

"Sure, Misther Andersen," he said, lifting his cap with the Irishman's easy grace, "there was no need for you to be afther sending a thrapper around to tell me to put me shirt on. Bless you, mon, I've niver had it off at all at all sence noight before last."

This opening was almost enough to take away Diana's breath. She gasped a little, and drew back into the shadow of the broad shoulder beside hers.

"And so this is your woife?" the big Irishman hurried on before Andersen could prevent him. "She does credit to your judgment, sorr. A foine girrl, sure! The bye tole me there was a leddy comin' that had eyes so foine and Irishy that you had no need to be bringin' a torch. 'Tis a lucky mon you are, certain."

His face was grave courtesy itself, but his eyes twinkled as he saw the confusion of his two visitors, and realized that at last he had one on the superintendent. Bravely resolving to see nothing but the joke,

Diana glanced into the face above her—and saw the red rise over its impassive calm. But when her eyes met those of the superintendent, somehow her glance fell, and she turned aside, at first to examine her surroundings and at length to see what the two miners were discussing.

Beasley was filling his lamp from O'Keefe's oil-bottle, and the big Irishman was complaining. "Do be lookin' at that, Miss Vincent," he said,—he had now been set right as to the lady's name, and received the explanation with many responsive apologies,—“do be lookin' at that. Tell your par of it, please, Miss. This mon, becayse he's a pit-boss, goes around to the rooms of us poor miners—anny one of which, God knows, is more fit to be a pit-boss than what he is—an' fills his dirty lamp out of our oil-bottles. See the shame of it!”

Beasley thumped his lamp calmly on the side of the car to jar the fittings into place. "Well," he said, "I've got to make money for the company someway. This old thief'll steal more than a thimbleful of oil amounts to, anyhow."

"A-h! When me and him was buddies," O'Keefe protested to the young lady, "there was no talk of lamps nor oil in my room then."

"Why?" asked the girl innocently, feeling a comradeship with these toilers which she would, an hour before, have deemed impossible.

Before O'Keefe could offer the cut-and-dried explanation he had prepared, which should have reflected seriously upon the pit-boss, Beasley pointed solemnly to the Irishman's glowing, carrotty head.

"Reason enough," he put in quietly. "What is it but a waste of money to burn a lamp beside that thing?"

Jim turned an aggrieved face to his visitor. "That's just the way he kept me from joining church," he asserted.

"You—join a church!" grunted Beasley as he fixed his lamp in the front of his cap and mounted the waiting car.

"Sure, Mum, don't be goin' away with the opinion of poor Jim O'Keefe that this sinful man would thry to give you," coaxed the Irishman. "I had my application in wid the Baptist church in this here town. And wid my application I sent 'em a letter of recommendation that Beasley gave me. He spoke well of me in that letther. But when they come to see who sent it—when they seen I was one that the likes o' him thought well of—you see—"

Andersen helped Miss Vincent aboard the car and followed her amid the burst of laughter with which the Irishman closed his explanation.

After that they visited the air-shaft and saw the great pumps which render the mine as habitable as many a factory above the ground. All this was a revelation to Diana—the high seam of coal running from seven to eleven feet in thickness; the strong, healthy men in the pure air—all was different from her preconceived notions of coal-mining. Then Andersen's attitude of kindly familiarity, and the independence

of the men under him, left little hold for her theories concerning the abject conditions of the miner.

She said something of this to the superintendent as they were concluding their trip. "Of course," he agreed, "Crow's-Nest is in an exceptional field. In some parts of the State the veins are much lower, the seams not nearly so thick, and the work is much harder and more unhealthy. But there are places that have yet better conditions than we have here, where the mine is drier, and where they have electric light and haulage, such as I am urging your father to put in."

"I have been talking to papa about model tenements for the families," suggested Diana. "I think the home life of these people affords a great field for improvement."

The superintendent raised his brows a line and looked sidewise at her. She was going to be perniciously active and troublesome, after all.

"Not one family in ten cares about keeping such a place up," he said quickly, but not unkindly. "Wait until you've spent a night at Mrs. Murray's. Perhaps you'll then understand that the things you desire are not the things these people want."

"I intend to spend a month here," she said to him over her shoulder as she entered the cage to go up. "I came to see if there was any work for me to do; I shouldn't consider that I had tested the matter short of a month's time."

They were moving upward now, but not at the speed with which they had descended an hour before. The second shift was on, and they had changed engineers; but Diana did not forget, as they passed the boiler-house, to remind her companion that their offender of the morning was not to be decapitated. Her eyes were dazzled as she stepped into the sunlight. She felt as though she was awakening from a dream; but the dust and grime clinging to coat and shoes, and even powdering the clean, white canvas cap to a dubious, dirty gray, were material enough to make it real.

Andersen showed her where she could wash and be clean. A curious feeling of kinship for the laboring man came to her as she looked at her grimy face in the superintendent's tiny mirror—a feeling which she could not lay off with the coat and cap, nor wash off as she laved her face. Nor was she fully convinced that she desired to do so; this crude, primitive life, this battling with the forces of earth and wringing from them a daily subsistence, had its own charm for her.

IV.

It was once more Diana Vincent, Hannibal W. Vincent's beautiful, imperious daughter, who emerged from the little office; and the man who met her and conducted her to the outer room, where her father was

busily engaged with his accountant, was the grave, taciturn superintendent of Crow's-Nest mine, not the "Old Man" of that wild underground journey.

The girl looked about the big office curiously. No carpet covered this floor; no pictures were on the walls; nothing was to be seen but files and maps, with a gray haze of coal-dust over all. A large iron stove occupied the centre of the room, while both sides were taken up with great scale-beams. She watched the weighing of the cars as they rolled past, then stood gazing, fascinated, at the loading-tracks, where a stream of coal poured steadily over the washer and shaker-screens.

She was aroused from her reverie by her father saying, "Diana, I've been trying to arrange for us to go back to-night, but I want to see about the transfer of some land, and it'll make me too late to catch my train. I'll have to stay over night; but if you don't care to, I'll have the farm-boss take you down to the station."

"Why, Daddy," she returned rebelliously, "you know I'm going to be here for a month. I shall be glad to have you with me for a day or two."

Her father laughed at what he evidently considered a jest, then turned to his superintendent, "Could Mrs. Murray put us up over night, Andersen?" he asked.

The younger man nodded. "I'll see that there is a fit place for you," he returned briefly, and Mr. Vincent appeared to dismiss the matter utterly from his mind.

Then a surrey and a better team than the horse they had driven from the station appeared, and Miss Vincent accompanied the two men when they went to see about the purchase of the property.

She remained in the carriage with the driver, and while her father and his superintendent went into the farmhouse to confer with its owner, she gave herself over to reflection. She felt as though a door had been opened and she was stepping inside some truth that had always been to her, heretofore, a painted shell. Her heart awoke to the knowledge that these people had their likes and dislikes, met misfortune and sickness bravely, fought their battles and conquered, or were conquered, just as she herself must do. Indeed, she began to have the feeling that they were more a factor in the world's movements than she had ever been—these people whom she had looked at from afar as an unknown quantity, a class inimical to law and order, people who must be "uplifted" and "reformed" by those above them.

The quick glance Andersen gave her as he came out with her father might have meant that he wondered if she were weary of waiting; or— She wondered whimsically why this quiet young man with the square jaw, the thick, straight hair, the obstinate mouth, should so move her, who was used to remaining unmoved by the admiration of men

greatly his superior in position and attainments. The reflection sent a chill into her manner which was promptly reflected in the bearing of the young Swede. Indeed, he ignored Miss Vincent and monopolized her father's attention rather more than courtesy would have dictated. The thing was suddenly almost an open warfare.

But supper, that night, brought a truce. Mrs. Murray's boarders again fled, and left the newcomers stranded on a little island of damask at the end of a long strait of oil-clothed table.

Pa Murray, however, presided at the board, and Ma Murray, having thrown all scruple to the winds, since this would be her last chance, determined to have her curiosity concerning Miss Vincent's private affairs satiated.

"I expect you go to a party or a taffy-pull," she hazarded, "as much as once a week—now, don't you?"

Before the secrets of her social calendar could be wrested from her young Andersen interposed: "Miss Vincent doesn't know what a taffy-pull is, Mrs. Murray. You tell her. I think she'd enjoy hearing about the surprise party and candy-pulling the folks at Hollister gave to Mr. Murray on his fiftieth birthday."

Andersen, in common with all the rest of Mrs. Murray's boarders, had heard this tale so often that its infliction had become torture; but he listened to it gladly once more, well repaid as he saw the rich color rise in Diana Vincent's cheek, and heard her laugh over its details.

Mrs. Murray once launched on reminiscences, there was little need for anyone else to speak; but the superintendent occasionally jogged her recollection by some adroit query, or turned a highly impertinent question with kindly tact.

Mr. Vincent, a marked type of the American father, ate his meal in silence, enjoying the light banter of the young people and Mrs. Murray's amusing reminiscences almost equally. Diana was secretly chagrined, when she strolled into the small, hideous room which did duty for a parlor and settled herself for a pleasant evening, to be told that both men were going over to the mine again.

"Andersen has some reports he wants to finish and show to me. I could get them in the morning, of course; but he's such a buzz-saw to work that he's not satisfied unless I go with him," Mr. Vincent deprecated.

Diana signified her intention of sitting up for her father, in the unconfessed hope that the young superintendent would return with him. But Mrs. Murray, having decided to know, once for all, just how much per yard she had paid for every frock in her wardrobe, besides showing an alarming tendency to make side excursions into inquiries as to whether she had any "steady company," the girl held out only till about ten o'clock, when she reluctantly decided to retire.

As they left the parlor she gave one shuddering glance back over her shoulder. If it was like this, what would her room be? Mrs. Murray led the way up a narrow flight of stairs, talking, talking, endlessly talking, till Miss Vincent's ears yearned for respite. She opened a door at the head of the stairs and stood aside for her young guest to enter.

"Mr. Andersen, he said for me to give you his room, 'cause mebbe you wasn't used to sleepin' on a straw tick. I changed the sheets and piller-slips, jest like he told me, though they wasn't a mite dirty. I hope you'll find it all right."

Diana stopped upon the threshold and drew back, her haughty head thrown up, her face flushing.

"Oh, I can't do this," she said hurriedly. "I cannot take Mr. Andersen's room."

"He told me to tell you that it was jest like a hotel, and that it was—er—was only courtesy, or something like that," explained Mrs. Murray. Then she added: "He had a kind of long speech for me to say, and I've forgot most of it. But I guess you'll kind of have to take it—I sure don't know of another place anywhere about that'd do at all for you."

Full of a strange, new timidity at the thought of invading the taciturn, grave young man's privacy, Diana crossed the threshold and went in. Once inside the door she halted again—it was like getting home. A good rug covered the stained and polished floor. The furniture was plain, solid, of the best design and workmanship. A woodfire sparkled cheerily on the broad hearth, the slight chill of evening giving an excuse for it in this mountain region. Everywhere were books, not show volumes, but well-worn companions; and the mellow, white light of a big reading-lamp flooded over all.

"Oh," she said softly, "so this is Mr. Andersen's room?"

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Murray in a somewhat embarrassed tone. "He furnished it hisself, and he won't let me touch it, except to make the bed and sweep up. I wanted to straighten things out a little, and one time I did; but he said I wasn't to tire myself, that he really didn't mind how things looked so long as they was handy. It,"—she gave a little, nervous laugh, and the store teeth, never at any time more than half conquered and domesticated, made an ineffectual break for freedom,—“it's a fright, ain't it?"

A quickly suppressed smile lightened across Miss Vincent's face as she looked at wall and ceiling, at chair and table, and realized the sarcasm hidden beneath the kindly tact shown by the owner of that room when he told Mrs. Murray that it would tire her to straighten it up.

It was the hidden side of the man's nature the girl read as she looked

about the home which he had created for it. There were good pictures, plainly framed, upon the wall.

"He won't never tilt none of 'em, like they'd ort to be," Mrs. Murray complained, following the young lady's glance. "I come in here with a handful o' shingle-nails, one day when he was out, an' I took a hammer an' drove in a couple o' them nails under every picture, so's to h'ist 'em jest right. They looked elegant when I got done; but I saw the next day that he had pulled out all of my nails. He's that way; you think he's not noticing, but he always gits things jest like he wants them at last."

There was an odd little feeling in Diana's heart, as she listened to these words, that the young superintendent had had his way with her from the first. There followed it a fluttering apprehension that he would do so at the last of their acquaintance. She turned to scan the book-titles and pictures, that she might learn more of this nature which seemed destined to affect her own so powerfully. Mrs. Murray, fallen silent at last, stood nervously fumbling at the small kerosene lamp she carried, stealing glances towards Miss Vincent, waiting for her to speak. It seemed to the good woman's mind that it could not be otherwise than that this fine city lady was displeased with the clutter in the room, offended by the rather sombre look of use each article had, outraged in soul at the lack of any smell of varnish, any pleasing fancy work, where all should be new, and much flatteringly useless.

"Of course," she broke out finally, "if he'd 'a' let me fix up a little for you, it would have looked better. I had some silkoline throws and some pineapple mats and tidies that I brought in and begged him to use—but he wouldn't."

Miss Vincent looked at her absently, then asked abruptly, "Where will Mr. Andersen sleep?"

"Oh, I've got another—er—place he can have," Mrs. Murray replied hastily. She took herself out of the room with speed, fearing that she should disclose the fact—which the superintendent had strictly enjoined her not to reveal—that he had gone down to the station and would remain overnight at the wretched apology for a hotel.

As the door closed behind the portly form of the departing landlady, almost catching her last voluble "good-night" in its slam, Diana stood listening, and continued so to stand till the retreating footsteps were cut across by the sharp closing of another door. Then she turned the key and looked about her.

The pretty hat and her long, light overcoat had been brought up and laid upon the bed. With a flushing cheek, not at the action, which was a natural one, but at the inordinate curiosity and interest which prompted it, Diana began to make the round of the room. Books in plain, half-high cases, without any glass between them and the world, occupied every available foot of the wall space which was not taken

by some necessary piece of furniture. The pictures showed a leaning to the work of our current illustrators, but they were all originals, the work of one man who was beginning to be noticed in the humorous weeklies and the magazines, appearing again and again with its signature of a single fantastic A in the corner. Oddly enough, in this day of crowded ranks among pen and pencil wielders, Diana had noticed and been attracted by this artist's work. Now, she followed it from picture to picture with increasing pleasure; evidently Andersen liked it as well as she.

Then she forgot this quest in a feminine search for portraits of the superintendent's family or intimate friends. There were none. Every photograph upon his walls, or on the broad tops of his book-cases, she could recognize as that of some person in public life. For some unknown reason she gave a little sigh of relief as she realized that this was so. The pipe-rack and tobacco-jar claimed a moment's attention, and brought a smile as she thought of the stumpy pipe which was never long out of Andersen's fingers. She told herself that it made him look like a workingman; and yet, because it added to his difference from the other men she had known, she liked it.

Then she began to notice some excellent photographs of places. A few were views they had admired this afternoon, and she decided that if Andersen were not an expert amateur photographer, he had a friend in the vicinity who was. A friend up here at Crow's-Nest who could take pictures like that—how likely! And then wonder grew that a man with these tastes and abilities should choose to bury himself in a mining-camp.

She sat down at the big writing-table, in the deep office chair, and tried to imagine what the owner and creator of a room like this would find to fill his leisure moments in such a fag-end of the world. Her reflective gaze, passing vaguely over the neatly piled furnishings of the table, came to a sudden halt on a tray full of crow-quill pens such as pen-and-ink artists use, and fastened itself finally on a portfolio of what might be sketches.

For ten minutes she fought the temptation to untie the tapes and look within. If he hadn't been willing for her to see them, why were they placed there on the table? He knew well enough that he was offering his room to a descendant of Mother Eve—why had he dangled apples in front of her nose? She persuaded herself that it was a natural and innocent action; that she might well suppose the portfolio contained only prints; and that it was as ordinary a matter to look into a thing like that as to open any book in the room. Yet her breath was coming short, her cheeks flamed, and her fingers trembled as she untied the tapes.

Then, with a little cry that was almost rapture, she came upon a sketch showing Jim Beasley and O'Keefe in hot argument.

Nobody but the superintendent could have made it.

She read with keen delight the witty lines pencilled under the sketch—they too were the work of the young Swede. The signature in the corner betrayed him; the superintendent of her father's mine at Crow's-Nest was evidently one of the most popular humorous illustrators of the day, besides showing in his work promise of greater things. Having been successful in her prying, she threw considerations of propriety to the winds, and studied eagerly every sketch in the portfolio. Here was a miner's child, clad in, or rather covered by, a great plaid shawl, and bearing her father's dinner-pail. It was incomplete, and had evidently been re-done and this copy thrown aside, for Diana remembered to have seen the picture in a recent magazine. There were vigorous studies of the men at work, striking sketches of them laughing and joking together, and endless processions of quaint, aged, toil-worn children's faces, but a marked absence of any pictures of women, which somehow gave the girl satisfaction.

It was midnight when she laid the last study down and straightened herself in her chair with a sigh which was partly relief and partly repentance. She would tell the young man in the morning that she had inadvertently surprised his secret—surely he could not greatly care to hold such a thing unknown. Meantime, the house was still, and she must slip quietly to bed. As she opened her bag, which stood upon a small side-table, she noticed hanging above it, beneath the pipe-rack, a flabby football upon which, in dim letters, was painted "Yale, '97."

She stood a moment, fumbling with the catch of her travelling bag, her eyes fastened upon the oval of pigskin. Memory was carrying her back to a crisp November morning in a New England town. Her brother, Ted, had been educated abroad, but her favorite cousin graduated from Yale in '97. She was seventeen that year, and had gone to the Thanksgiving football game. Her cousin, who had expected to play, was laid up with a broken wrist, and sat beside her on the tally-ho. She recollected their wild enthusiasm over the man who had taken her disabled relative's place—a tall, heavily built, quiet fellow, about whom her companion knew very little, and concerning whose play he felt at the beginning somewhat uneasy. When the tall man was given the ball, as a forlorn hope or divine inspiration, when, with a dogged determination to make it, he had bucked his way through and dragged victory from defeat in the very last moments of the game—then she remembered the crazy enthusiasm of the crowd.

Ah, she knew the stiff, thick, straight, pale-colored hair, the stubborn mouth, the resolute gray eyes—this was why her father's superintendent had seemed so familiar to her upon first sight!

"Yale, '97." That was it. A long time ago; yes, truly; but faces like young Andersen's change little with the years. He was a rock for

strength,—sometimes, perhaps, for inexpressiveness,—and once he got his shape, he altered as little as a good gray boulder.

He had graduated from Yale in '97. She remembered the autograph album which she, in common with dozens of other girls, had treasured, with the autograph of the man who saved the day that autumn morning for Yale. Andersen—Krag Andersen—that was what he had written for her, with some quotation from a college song—something like, "Don't decline to buck the line," and some allusions to the loss of teeth and ribs in the course of the proceeding. Then he was not a Swede, in spite of his name and his looks—or was only of Swedish ancestry.

Oh, the small, small world! He had been the hero of the hour to Yale that Thanksgiving Day of '97; and now he was a miner—for so this young person with advanced views regarded the superintendent of her father's mine. Probably his salary did not equal her allowance. And then suddenly she thought—almost with anger—of the dinner-table that day, the social surroundings, the class with which he was thrown. It was all repulsive to her now in this new light. The life structure which had seemed so commendable when she deemed the young fellow a workingman, self-made and rising in the world, appeared pitiful failure for a graduate of Yale, a man of her own class.

His illustrative work would pull him out of this; why did he not leave it all and go to some city where he could be appreciated, could live like other gentlemen, and among his own kind?—she put aside the suggestion that he liked and chose this life. She determined to speak with him earnestly upon the subject the very next day. And with these resolutions Diana fell asleep.

V.

It was late when Diana awakened. She had slept soundly, and for a moment she gazed, almost in terror, at her strange surroundings. Then, with a little laugh, she remembered where she was, recollected what task was before her, and sprang out of bed.

Her father's voice at the door interrupted her toilet. "I'll take breakfast with you if you can be down in five minutes," he said.

Pa Murray was gone, but Mrs. Murray did her best to atone for his absence. "Did you sleep all right in that crazy room?" she inquired with playful vivacity.

This gave Diana the chance for which she was seeking. "I slept admirably," she declared. "I hope I did not inconvenience you nor Mr. Andersen too greatly. By the way, where is he this morning?"

Mrs. Murray fumbled with the dishes and made them an excuse for hurrying to the kitchen. "Not at all—not at all," she faltered, speaking over her shoulder. "He—we—er, that—that is, we fixed it all right."

"But where is Mr. Andersen?" Diana insisted. "I should like to see him and thank him."

Her father laughed indulgently. "He had his breakfast several hours ago; working people like Andersen can't regard time as you butterflies do."

The words grated upon the girl. This had been her attitude of mind yesterday; but when a young person of Diana's sort changes her point of view, she expects the whole world to wheel instantly into line with her.

Mr. Vincent judged her annoyance from the manner in which she cut the shell of an egg. "You don't fancy the Swedish Giant then, after all?" he suggested.

"He's all very well in his place," allowed Miss Vincent, lifting her pretty chin a bit.

"He isn't one who's likely to try getting out of his place, I should think," said her father almost shortly. "I hope to the Lord you won't try raising Cain with him as you did with my junior partner," he added with impatient frankness. "I can't spare Andersen, and I've got to put up with you; so please leave him alone."

Miss Vincent debated the question of being mightily offended at this plain speaking. She decided, finally, not to be. "You oughtn't to have had a junior partner, anyhow," she asseverated, dimpling and smiling with mischievous recollection of how she had turned that young fellow's head and made him insupportable to her respected parent.

"I needed the help," said her father testily.

"Ted should have been the one, then," urged Ted's sister.

"Ted!" echoed the elder Vincent. "If I needed golf played, or a gasoline-wagon speeded, he would be just the thing. As it is, he isn't. Don't you turn in and be unsatisfactory too, Diana. Let my superintendent alone, and come back to Chicago with me."

For a moment Diana was minded to do as her father suggested.

"Come on," he urged. He knew her well, and had suffered more than once from her propensity for trying her feminine power. "Come on, Diana; you'll only be making trouble for everybody—yourself included—if you insist on staying here."

"Poor old Dad, with his unsatisfactory children!" laughed the girl lightly as she left the table and ran upstairs for her coat and hat. "I'll think about it," she called over the banisters. "I'll go down to the station and see you off—maybe I'll go back with you."

Once shut in the four walls of Andersen's room, she paused in a tumult of conflicting emotions. That powerful, virile personality seemed to reach out bodily from every object there to hold her back. In sheer terror of her own agitation she packed her bag, then went to the writing-table and stood long before it. Here was where he sat.

There rested his arm when his hand was busy making those clever sketches.

"Diana!" called her father's voice from the foot of the stair. "The surrey is here."

She started guiltily and went to the mirror to adjust the "pretty hat" over her thick roll of dark hair. In that same square of gleaming transparency was reflected every morning the face which had been dominating her thoughts ever since her eyes first rested upon it. Her heart was water at the suggestion. She fancied it looking out at her now with wearied eyes and a lonely droop about the firm mouth. Should she stay? Her knees shook under her, and her hand trembled very much as she thrust in a hatpin and pulled her veil in place.

"Diana!" came the call once more from the stair's foot. "You'll make me miss my train, child, if you don't get down here pretty soon."

The girl was more afraid of her own emotions than of anything else. They had laid hold of her with whirlwind force, and she was not used to being moved one jot by this side of her nature. Indeed, this side of her nature had, thus far, had little to say in her life.

Suddenly, with crimson cheeks, and not wishing to meet the eyes of the girl in the glass, she flew back to the writing-table, bent and laid her lips upon the spot she guessed his hand touched oftenest. Then she gathered up her belongings and fled, in answer to a third summons from below.

"Fine—isn't it?" asked Mr. Vincent as he handed her into the surrey and tossed her little bag up after her. "I don't blame you so very much for thinking you could stand a month of it."

They stood upon the crest of a small, wooded knoll. Below them lay the valley with its shining lines of steel winding up to the little station, its dozen or so buildings which comprised the town. At this distance they looked picturesque enough; above and beyond them the mountains climbed grandly to the skyline.

"I will stay," asserted Diana, with a mental reservation that she might reconsider her decision after they met the young superintendent over at the office, whither they were now driving.

"Mr. Andersen left these for you," the head clerk said, meeting them at the office steps and reaching forth a packet of documents. "He said he'd see you at the train."

Mr. Vincent buried himself in the papers with a view to mastering their contents before he should reach the station, and while he had yet a few moments to discuss with his superintendent the points involved.

Diana leaned back and reviewed the situation. Should she go home? She had come to Crow's-Nest ostensibly to study the economic conditions among her father's men; she had announced her intention to establish a free kindergarten for the young children and night-schools

for the elders if, in her judgment, this would be wise; she had taken a skittish spin into the field of model tenements for the miners' families: now, what were the actual facts in the case?

She was a clear-headed young creature, and she did not deceive herself. She admitted freely that she had allowed her attention to be monopolized from the first instant by the figure of young Andersen. She had studied—him. She had tried to find what was to charm and benefit—him. She was unwilling to go home and leave—him.

When she came to this conclusion she startled Mr. Vincent by exclaiming: "Good gracious! Papa, I've got to go home this morning. I forgot that I have a positive engagement to assist in opening the bazaar for the Orphans' Home to-night. I'm one of the lady patronesses. It's out of the question to remain here."

All this was said with so much vehemence that Mr. Vincent, when he came out of his bewilderment and realized the trend of her speech, smiled a little.

"Of course it is," he agreed. "I never for a moment supposed that you would stay."

And this brought them to the station platform with its crowd of loafers. As they drew up at the edge Diana's eye caught a tall figure mounting the steps. A quick flutter of color in her cheeks would have told anyone who knew the secret that the tall man was Andersen. She hoped desperately that for the few minutes before their departure she would be able to maintain her ordinary manner with the young superintendent. She resolved to say nothing of her discoveries either as to his artistic work or the fact that he was the Krag Andersen she had met at Yale in '97. Then she was aware that the train was pulling in, that her father was helping her from the surrey—and the next moment she was face to face with the subject of her thoughts.

Mechanically she spoke to him, put out her hand. She was well into a little, formal speech of thanks for all his kindness during her brief visit when the swaying crowd, from the just arrived train, forced them both against the station wall, and she was dimly conscious that Andersen's tall form was shielding her from the crush.

"What's the matter?" she asked him. "Isn't there an unusual disturbance?"

"I came here hunting trouble," the superintendent told her, looking down from his superior height into the small, frightened face. "They told me that a man I discharged two years ago was looking for me; but he hasn't found me yet, or I haven't found him—hullo!"

Diana was aware of a loud voice in the crowd beyond. She heard the man beside her draw his breath quickly and caught sight of his face as he turned about. It was like gray iron, and in his eyes burned a red spark of rage which frightened her.

"I oughtn't to have been near you," she heard him mutter. "I'm afraid you're in danger."

He said nothing concerning his own peril, though the girl noted that the hands which he withdrew from his pockets were without a weapon.

Then she heard a shout beyond, "D— you, there you are! I'll settle with you now."

The report of a pistol deafened her, the smarting smoke flew in her eyes and blinded her. And at the same instant Andersen somehow forced a way for himself in that dense crowd, for she felt him leap free of contact with her and directly at his assailant. He reached the man at a jump, closed with him, and both went down. Half fainting, she turned and caught her father's arm, after one frightened glance at the struggling men before her.

The two forms, tangled in the smoke, soon resolved themselves into those of the superintendent and a man in a miner's blue denim overalls. The crowd surged back to give them room, or to avoid the danger of their struggling limbs or a chance shot. She saw Andersen's left hand gripping the miner's upraised arm, which held a smoking pistol. She saw a bright red streak through the thick, straight, light hair, and closed her eyes.

Then came a dull crash, and she looked just in time to see the gun drop from the miner's hand as his head flew back before a sledge-like blow from Andersen's fist. The next instant the superintendent was kneeling on the prostrate form of his would-be assassin.

Her heart gave a sudden leap. She fancied she knew how the women of the people felt when they fought at the barriers beside husband and sweetheart. Then the crowd surged between, and her view was cut off.

"Come into the waiting-room, Diana," her father said. "I must go to Andersen."

She turned, with rebellion in her heart. Why was it her father's privilege to go and not hers? She glanced back over her shoulder. The crowd had parted again, and she could see a dozen hands stretched out trying to pull the victor off the prostrate man.

"He'll kill him—he'll sure kill him!" someone shouted.

Then Diana saw Beasley's round, red face, and heard him yell: "If the Old Man don't kill him, I *will*! Leave the Old Man be!"

"He ain't no right to pound a man after he's down," protested several voices in various forms of speech.

"That feller hadn't no right to shoot at an unarmed man," boomed Jim O'Keefe's big bass. "We know him, up at Crow's-Nest—he's naded killin' this long time."

Meantime the superintendent was punishing the offender unmercifully. It was not until the town marshal forced his way through the

crowd and lifted Andersen by main strength that the thoroughly enraged man desisted. The miner in the blue denim clothes lay still.

The crowd gave way as Andersen staggered through its ranks; Mr. Vincent caught him just at its edge and near the door of the waiting-room. Blood had begun to run freely from the wound on his head. The collar and shoulder of his light-colored coat were dabbled with it. His eyes had a filmed, dazed look; yet he straightened himself as Mr. Vincent spoke to him, and as he caught sight of Diana's face behind her father's shoulder he managed to say in a relieved tone:

"Oh, you're all right, aren't you, Miss Vincent? I was afraid that—I was glad—that fellow——"

He quietly collapsed into his employer's arms.

It was Jim O'Keefe who cleared a space to get the tall fellow down and then ran for a doctor and a carriage. When the Irishman returned he found that they had taken the seats out of the surrey, and managed to make a fairly comfortable bed in it with a mattress brought from the Depot Hotel.

Diana wanted to climb into that rude ambulance with the wounded man—the hero who had just saved her life, and come so near losing his own—and, taking his head in her lap, to see that he reached his home in such comfort as might be. Nothing but the bonds of conventionality, which she had borne so long, made her submit when her father proposed that they utilize the carriage O'Keefe had brought for their return to Mrs. Murray's.

"It's all right—all right, Diana; you're not in any danger now, little girl," her father assured her as he noticed her pale, stricken face. "I'll not leave you. I'd stay to see how Andersen comes out anyhow. Don't cry."

The girl pressed her lips hard together to shut back the sobs. She shook her head.

"I was wrong to bring you to such a hole as this," her father said fondly. "You aren't used to the ugly realities of life, and I don't intend that you shall be."

"It isn't that," half whispered Diana, speaking almost against her own will. "He came so near to death."

Her father laughed a little grimly. "He wasn't in half as much danger as the other fellow," he said shortly. "And that chap has to face trouble when the boys up at the mine hear what he did to their 'Old Man.' If Andersen's badly hurt, it'll go hard with Capes. He'll not be able to talk back by the time the men get through with him."

Diana was sensible of a wild exultation in her blood—it stirred her deeply to know that she was in a place where retribution followed so quickly upon the offence, where the law was in the strong hand. Her painful sympathy for the young superintendent merged itself in pride

that he was a man fit and able to fend for himself among these rough natures and rude circumstances. She told herself that the pride was because he was in her father's employ; that she felt thereby a sense of proprietorship in an admirable creature; but in her heart she knew that the root struck deep in something more primitive and real.

She began to question her father feverishly about his early life in the West. Were there not such dangers as this at that time? Had they not liked and respected the man who could dominate and rule by his physical prowess, as well as the thinker and the planner? She was glad that her father had lived a man's part in the world, she said eagerly; and he must remember that she was his daughter, that his judgment was hers, and that if she had been a man, she too would have wished to face the real things.

Mr. Vincent hardly knew his daughter in this new phase. Yet he admired her in it, and would perhaps have noted it more, and speculated as to what it might mean, had not his thoughts, like hers, been running ahead to the boarding-house, where even now they might be lifting poor Andersen and carrying him up the stairs to his room.

Suddenly she fell silent, watching, her heart in her eyes, the surrey, whose creeping pace they had overtaken. Jim O'Keefe was with it, and as they neared they saw him take the lines from the driver's hands and turn off towards the mine.

"What is he doing that for?" Diana questioned, her hand upon her father's arm.

Mr. Vincent looked puzzled. "I don't understand it," he said. "Whip up, driver; follow them. I must see what that crazy fool is about."

They saw the surrey stop at the shaft; the quick gathering of men around it; saw O'Keefe rise, stand upon the tongue of the vehicle, and heard him shout something. Then the pit-boss stepped off an empty car and ran in by the engine-house. It was plain to Mr. Vincent, and more slowly comprehended by his daughter, that the Irishman was using the sight of their injured chief to inflame the men against his assailant. Apparently, the latter's life would not be worth a pin's purchase should he come within reach of that crowd just now. Diana was getting an extensive view of the under side of life—its seamy side. And yet the spectacle did not revolt her. She was glad, with swelling heart, that if she could not strike a blow for the man who had thought nothing of risking his life for hers, there were fifty able and eager to do so.

As they drove across to the crowd they heard Jim O'Keefe giving the details of the trouble. The men listened breathlessly, never turning their heads to see that the president of the company and his daughter were approaching. The Irishman recited graphically how the Old Man

had downed the worst character in the district. 'Then he shook a finger towards the bleeding, white, unconscious figure in the surrey and cried out upon those about him to avenge the cowardly attempt at murder. Diana heard without a shudder the oaths and the groans that fell from the listeners' lips. It seemed to her natural and right that they should curse.

But the moment they paused Mr. Vincent was out of the carriage and elbowing his way to the surrey. "Get down from there, O'Keefe," he called urgently, but not unkindly. "Don't make a fool of yourself. You men mean well enough, but you may be murdering Mr. Andersen just as much as Capes did—or tried to."

The voice rang out like Andersen's own. Diana recognized, now that she saw her father in action, why he and his young superintendent were so congenial. The men melted away, a bit shamefaced, but seeing the justice of the thing. The surrey drove slowly on with the carriage following.

VI.

THE anguish Diana endured in that hideous little parlor, with Mrs. Murray rushing in and out, making ridiculous speeches to her, is a thing she will never forget. It seemed to her, when the bearers went stumbly up the narrow stairs with their silent, ghastly burden, that they were taking something from her and carrying it with them into that room behind whose closed door physician and patient were soon shut. She envied her father the privilege of passing that portal. She wished Mrs. Murray would not sob so ostentatiously while she must sit dry-eyed.

She finally decided that she could not bear it any longer, she would go up and offer her services to the Doctor, would beg for the privilege of nursing the injured man. Just as she came to this resolution her father emerged from the door of the sickroom and started down the stairs. Flying to his side, and detaining him as he would have left the house:

"What is it? How bad is it?" she whispered breathlessly.

"The Doctor thinks his skull is fractured," returned Mr. Vincent abruptly. "He says there will have to be an operation; and he—well, he's not willing to undertake it without consultation and a couple of professional nurses from the hospital in Chicago."

"But—but the delay! Oughtn't they—won't it be bad for him—for Mr. Andersen—to put it off this way?" Diana made the inquiry with dry lips.

Her father nodded. "No doubt," he said. "We'll make the delay as brief as possible. I'm going down to telegraph the president of the B. and J., and get him to send the nurses and doctor up on a special engine. He'll do it when he knows what it means to me."

The door slammed after him. He was gone. His last words continued to sound in Diana's ears. What it meant to him! The loss, perhaps, of a trusted employé, a valuable pawn in that financial game which he was playing. To her, as she leaned, shaken with dry sobs, against the panels of the door, it meant the mortal danger of the only man who had ever commanded her wayward fancy, touched her imperious heart.

Mrs. Murray was coming down the stairs, having evidently been turned out by the physician as wholly incompetent. Shrinking from the woman's approach, Diana retreated to the parlor once more. There her eyes fell upon the hat and coat which she had mechanically laid off. She went and looked down at them thoughtfully. She was sure the Doctor had not noticed her at the station. Slowly she put on the wrap and pinned the hat in place. Then, not daring to think, lest she should be turned from her daring enterprise, she ran lightly up the stairs, leaving the outcome to fate.

She pushed open the door. The Doctor was alone with his patient, and was laboring to get off the young superintendent's outer clothing and reduce the room to order. He looked up sharply as the girl came in.

"Oh, you're the nurse," he said absently. "Mr. Vincent told me he would send someone, but I had no hope he would be so quick. Please take hold here and help me—this man needs immediate attention."

"As soon as I get my wraps off," agreed Diana in a low, shaking voice. Her first sight of the unconscious patient was almost too much for her. The face that met hers in the little mirror as she unpinned her hat was white and wild. Was she doing an unmaidenly, immodest thing? She had taken some little training in "first aid to the injured"—might she not put her knowledge to use here? Then the thought of Andersen's danger, and the Doctor's calm, imperative voice demanding once more her immediate assistance, put all questions to flight.

"Get his shoes and stockings off, nurse—cut the strings—there's a knife; ease them off; turn the socks down; that's the way—work them free; don't jerk him. That'll do first rate. Are the feet cold? Rub them—no, no! Like this—with a quick, circular movement. That's it—thank the Lord you've got good muscle, at least! Now fold something—that small blanket—around them, and you stand by to take these things as I hand them to you," went the physician's even, quiet tones.

The undressing was nearly completed when he directed:

"Put a basin, sponge, and towel on this table by the bed. Hunt in that washstand drawer for Andersen's shaving kit—I must get the lips of that wound shaved as soon as I have him made comfortable."

Mechanically, swiftly, and neatly Diana did all that she was told, the fact that she had occupied the room the night before making her quick to find things and therefore a better assistant. Dr. Farraday was one of the few congenial friends poor Andersen had in this corner of the world. Both being men of education, isolated in this crude community, they had seen a good deal of each other. Young Farraday's anxiety now was not altogether that of physician for patient, it partook of the strong concern of one friend for another. And so it was that he paid little or no attention to Diana Vincent, giving her the usual assistant's work to do and speaking sharply to her when, in her ignorance, she failed him.

"Can you make a hospital shirt?" he demanded suddenly when he had given her most of his patient's outer clothing and directed her to fold and put it away.

"I think so," hesitated Diana. "I'll try, if you'll give me some directions. They're open down the back, are they not?"

"Yes—no," returned the Doctor testily. "That's more of a—an operating shirt. There is no operation on this man's body. He'll be easily handled when his head's attended to. I want a garment like this——"

And he went off into a technical description of a one-piece gown which he himself had devised.

Looking at her bewildered face, he ordered her briefly to call Mrs. Murray.

"She was poor help," he complained, "but she'll know how to run a sewing-machine, and she can make what I want. You strop that razor and arrange to shave the patient's head for me."

As they worked over the great, grand body, so helpless and inert now, as Diana looked at the sunken white face, with its closed eyes, and listened to the broken mutterings which fell from the pale lips, tears dropped quietly down her cheeks, and she wiped them away as inconspicuously as she could.

When Mrs. Murray had come and gone, and Farraday turned once more to his patient, lying at last comfortably between the sheets, clad in the Doctor's one-piece gown, hastily improvised from another sheet, he heaved a sigh of relief. An odd sound, coming from where his assistant sat, caught his attention. He looked sharply around. The slender, elegant form stooped over razor and strop was shaking as with an ague. The girl was sobbing softly, and trying desperately to conceal the fact.

"What's the matter?" inquired the Doctor, more in anger than sympathy.

"I'm so sorry," began Diana penitently, "but I can't do a thing with this razor. I should be afraid to attempt to cut Mr. Andersen's

hair with it. I'm almost afraid to touch it myself. This—this hinge—it falls all about. I'm so sorry and ashamed, but——”

“Well, you're a pretty nurse!” declared the young physician, straightening up from the bedside. “There isn't a probationer in St. Luke's that's not able to do a simple job of shaving after she's been in the hospital six weeks. You're a pretty nurse for any man to have.”

The assertion was so absolutely true that an outsider might have laughed to hear it; but no humorous suggestion penetrated to the mind of the young beauty crouched on her chair in tears, the dread razor with its treacherous “hinge” in her lap, her appealing eyes upon the Doctor.

“Where did you come from, anyhow?” he asked with sudden suspicion.

“I'm Miss Vincent—Diana Vincent—Mr. Vincent's daughter,” the girl began in a low, hurried tone. “I felt so dreadfully about Mr. Andersen. He was shot right before me—when he had just put himself between me and that terrible looking man. I thought—I hoped—I wanted to help. You know you didn't ask if I were the nurse. I didn't say I was—I didn't really mean to deceive you. I thought I would do the best I could——”

Young Farraday was overwhelmed. The girl's great eyes turned from him and fastened themselves hungrily upon the face of the unconscious man. In that gaze the physician read the secret of her presence in the room. She guessed that this was so, and forgetting to be cautious, half whispered, in a low, tense, vibrant tone:

“Doctor, is it fatal? Oh, it isn't fatal, is it?”

“Why, Miss Vincent—I—you really must excuse me. I was so absorbed with poor Andersen here that I scarcely noticed you when you came in,” Farraday stammered, and backed away from the couch.

The girl ran to its side and knelt, eagerly gazing into the face of the sufferer. “Is he entirely unconscious, Doctor?” She breathed softly. “Does he know who is here, do you think?”

As if in answer to her words, the patient lifted his hand, groped towards the bed's edge, and the fingers closed over those of his amateur nurse.

Doctor Farraday smiled as he turned aside to gather the shaving tools together.

“It seems he does know,” he said. “Well, I can attend to this bit of shaving if you'll hold the basin for me, Miss Vincent.”

Diana did so, glorying in being of the humblest use; and when the Doctor pushed aside the litter of thick, firm, stubby locks, which had been clipped off with his surgeon's shears, the girl jealously dropped her handkerchief over them, and possessed herself of them, as she thought, quite unseen.

VII.

MEANTIME Mr. Vincent was having troubles of his own. A pole had fallen on his own telephone line, and when he went to the public station he was informed that the long-distance telephone was not working.

"I don't know what's the matter," announced the haughty young lady in charge. "I haven't been able to get a word out of Chicago this morning."

"I'm Hannibal W. Vincent. I want to talk to John C. Anderson, president of the B. and J. System. It's a matter of life and death."

The nymph of the receiver accepted these statements with a calm stare.

"Very sorry, Mr. Vincent," she said at last. "I would get Chicago for one subscriber just as soon as another. If I can't get it for the rest of them, I can't get it for you."

Mr. Vincent left the office at a run and dashed into the telegrapher's little den roaring. Without stopping to write, he cried to the man at the key,—

"Take this message for John C. Anderson, president of the B. and J., Chicago."

"I can't get the line just now."

"Why not?"

"It's busy."

"Just you sit there and call up Chicago—butt in on anyone—tell the Chicago office it's Hannibal W. Vincent, and I want John C. Anderson on the line—and that blamed quick!"

The agent was plainly impressed, but he muttered something in which the word "irregular" occurred.

"See here, young fellow," broke in the irate man, lowering his voice startlingly, "you give me the sort of talk that little poll-parrot over at the long-distance 'phone did, about 'one subscriber's as good as another,' and you'll be in the same fix she'll be in to-morrow." He brought his pale face with its glinting eyes and hard-set jaw yet nearer. "By God! you turn in here and serve my needs—and do it lively—or you won't last longer than a snowbank in——"

"I'm ready, Mr. Vincent; I'm ready now to do anything in my power——" hastened the operator.

"Then do as directed—and do it quick," reiterated the other coldly.

The man set to work with a will, while Mr. Vincent inconspicuously wiped the moisture from his brow. The names of Hannibal W. Vincent and John C. Anderson seemed to quiet all kicks that might have been coming from the interrupted parties. In a very few moments the agent said quickly, without glancing up: "I've got them. What do you want?"

"Is Mr. Anderson there? And have you got his private wire? I want a special out of Chicago in half an hour to bring up a surgeon and a couple of nurses from St. Luke's Hospital."

"Mr. Anderson doesn't have a wire in his office, now that they use the long-distance telephone," the operator said. "Shall I tell them to rush your message up from the station? It's not more than half a block."

Mr. Vincent muttered something profane and impatient; his repeated disappointments were beginning to tell on his nerves. After he had agreed to the agent's suggestion he went on:

"Wire Dr. Cleary, at St. Luke's Hospital and at the Vendome. Tell him that a special will be at the Union Depot in half an hour to bring him up here for an operation. Tell him to bring the nurse and assistant that he prefers, and sign my name, Hannibal W. Vincent, the Rookery, Chicago. He'll come."

As the proprietor of Crow's-Nest mine was turning away, a few moment later, the agent detained him.

"Mr. Anderson has your message," he said. "I will read off his answer: 'Have your message. Will send special as requested. Are you yourself all right? Please wire me who it is that is hurt.'"

"Tell him I'll get him over the long distance 'phone as soon as mine's working and explain," he returned hastily.

As Mr. Vincent moved away the operator's resentment and bottled-up bitterness burst out,—

"Reckon that man thinks he's got a mortgage on the earth from the way he talks," he growled.

"Reckon he has—just about," admitted the agent. "Anyhow, he's solid with the B. and J.—and that settles it for us."

With the coming of Mr. Vincent's special with Dr. Cleary, his assistant, and the professional nurses, poor Diana would have been turned out of the sickroom; but Dr. Farraday pleaded for her. He guessed at the situation between the two young people; and he knew the value of the touch of a loved hand, the sound of a loved voice—if only the girl could control herself, and not break down during the operation.

And so it came about that Krag Andersen swam out of life on the waves of ether and chloroform with Diana's fingers clasped about his. This strange, new intimacy seemed natural and right to both. They were in a world where conventionalities were forgotten, where life and death stalked hand in hand, and openly spoke of parting company.

When the patient was quite unconscious and the instruments were laid out by the deft-handed nurses Doctor Farraday bent and whispered to the girl:

"You'd better go outside to your father, Miss Vincent," he said,

"while we do this." Then, as he saw rebellion in her face: "You'll be of more use to him when the thing is over if you can come to him with steady nerves. Trust me and go—there's a good girl."

At the words Diana relinquished the hand she held and was on her feet, the Doctor smiling a little at her childlike eagerness to be of use to his patient.

"It's a small operation," he pursued reassuringly as he accompanied her to the door. "We all feel safe about it. He took the chloroform splendidly. He'll be a little queer in his head after it, but on the road to mend in five or ten minutes. I'll call you then."

The interval during the operation father and daughter spent under a locust-tree in the squalid, trodden, dirt yard of the boarding-house. They were almost equally anxious. Mr. Vincent took a cigar from his case, but could not smoke, as he paced slowly to and fro, listening to the low sounds from the sickroom above.

Diana sat on a little bench, her hands locked together in her lap, her head bent, and waited silently for that summons which young Farraday had promised her.

"They seem to be a long time about it," murmured Mr. Vincent finally.

"They're so awfully still in there that it makes me want to scream," returned his daughter in the same hushed tone. "But I won't—I'll hang on to my nerves and keep myself calm. Doctor Farraday is going to let me go in as soon as it's over if I can be calm."

The sound of a footstep on the stair cut across their speech. They saw Mrs. Murray, who was standing on the porch, throw up her hands, and heard her cry out, "God be thanked!"

The next thing Diana noticed was that Doctor Farraday had skillfully avoided the embrace which the landlady proffered, and that her arms had fallen, very properly, around the neck of Pa Murray, upon whose bosom she now lay weeping, and telling the world at large that she had been afraid the Lord intended to send for Mr. Andersen because he just wasn't like other folks—he was a little too good for this world."

"You might come in now, both of you," young Farraday said, giving the invitation a most casual appearance.

The girl sprang up and put her handkerchief to her face.

"I wasn't crying, Doctor Farraday—indeed I wasn't," she protested with the eager docility of a child.

"You must both look perfectly natural and calm," cautioned the young physician as they accompanied him up the stairs. "Probably Andersen won't notice you, but he mustn't run the chance of seeing any tears, any alarm or panic in the room."

Not notice them! The wounded man lay upon his bed, with bandaged head but open eyes. He was conscious and sane—yet not him-

self. Or, rather, he was his own real self, and not the self which he had built up. That powerful, arbitrary will was in abeyance, or it operated only along natural lines; for the fumes of the anæsthetic left him stripped of artificialities and still in that native, irresponsible condition when he would have claimed his heart's desire in the face of all men. As Diana met his gaze, her own fell before the unveiled ardor of it.

She had seen that look in many a man's eyes before, but it had always left her unmoved. Now she dropped on her knees beside the bed and hid her face against its pillows, murmuring broken words. The sufferer's regard fastened itself on that little, dark, bowed head; his hand found and clasped her small, trembling one, and drew it close against him.

It seemed to her that his face told everybody of the mysterious tie which she had come to recognize between herself and this man. She felt that her father must know as soon as he looked at them, but she dreaded the reckoning, the bringing of these strange, hazy experiences down to practical facts.

If Mr. Vincent objected to his daughter's prominence at the bedside of his young superintendent, he was in no position to say so. There was trouble at the mines—trouble which had brought the president to Crow's-Nest, trouble which grew and grew with the absence of young Andersen's quiet, governing hand, threatening to overwhelm everything, and keeping the Chicago man racked with momentary anxiety.

When the operation was successfully over and word went that the superintendent might be sitting up inside of a week, even fit to go to the office within the month, the president heaved a sigh of relief. Goulden, who had been Andersen's right hand man, was—as the lieutenants of such forceful, vigorous characters are almost certain to be—a mere machine that rattled wildly in his groove when the guiding and propelling force behind him was removed. He came a dozen times a day to Mr. Vincent in the most trivial crises, asking what should be done—"Now that Mr. Andersen isn't here."

It was near the season when the new wage scale was being talked of, and any little difference between the men and their employers brought about friction. Several locals in this district were making strong threats as to what the outcome of the year's convention of the Mine Workers' Union would be. Mr. Vincent had learned from bitter experience that what went on at these conventions was not all empty talk. Now that he lacked the presence of his superintendent, he dreaded them more than anything.

Had Andersen been well and in his place the president of Crow's-Nest mine would have given not a thought to the matter. At it was, he found himself with a large number of contracts on hand that taxed the

mine to its utmost capacity. The failure to live up to these would mean thousands of dollars out of pocket, not only in the forfeits to be paid, but in the loss of prestige as well. The mine must be kept working to the full time-limit; no reason must be permitted to arise for it to blow over for an hour, while a strike now would mean nothing less than ruin.

From the Chicago end of the work Mr. Vincent had seen to it that there was no scarcity of cars—that terror of an overworked mine superintendent; and, so far, he had kept things going. But if the men should become dissatisfied now, it would be easy for them, by going on strike, to cripple him and pick his bones at leisure. The pit-boss was in too close touch with the miners to handle them well in an emergency like this. Andersen had kept such absolute control, he was so exceptionally active as a superintendent, that he left his reluctant substitute with a well-trained force, but one, indeed, which was nothing without a head.

Not a word of this was allowed to penetrate to the sickroom. Only the outer tables of the skull had been broken, but, as the wound healed, Andersen's watchful physician was continually apprehending some inflammation of the inner plates. His patient was to be kept absolutely free from worry, to have every possible desire granted, and not to be allowed even to think for himself if this latter could be helped.

This young Farraday told everyone who came in contact with the sick man. The help which he had hoped from the nascent love affair that he suspected between Diana and the young superintendent was not forthcoming. The hideous little parlor had been fitted up for Mr. Vincent's daughter, and she assisted the nurse, reading to the patient and sitting with him occasionally; but the Doctor was sometimes in doubt as to whether this companionship did his patient more harm than good.

In any true womanly nature there is no more stirring trumpet-call to love than the sight of manly strength and valor piteously laid low, helpless, and at the world's mercy, beggared of power, mutely asking at the hands of doctor and nurse the care one gives to a little child. All the maternal in her springs to aid him, to nourish and cheer and defend.

And Diana's was a quick, impulsive spirit. Besides, she had been dead weary of the life offered her in her own circle, of the kind of men who there swarmed about her. Never was young, beautiful, petted, and sought-after woman in readier humor to strike her colors to a real, manly man, one who answered to the needs of her own heart, who somewhat filled her ideal.

Had this nursing and serving of Krag Andersen by Diana Vincent been a device of the wayward and irresponsible god himself, it could not have been better calculated as a snare to both young, ardent hearts.

VIII.

It was a little more than two weeks after the shooting. Mr. Vincent had remained steadily at the mine. He was at work one morning in the office, trying, as best he could, to fill Andersen's place, when his telephone bell rang. It was the president of the B. and J.

"Hello, Vincent," he began, "what's been keeping you at Crow's-Nest? I could have put you onto a good thing if you'd been in Chicago last week."

"Got my hands full here," returned the owner of the mine laconically.

"By the way," the other hesitated, and then one saw that it was for this information that he had rung up his old partner—"by the way, Han, you said, when you asked for that special, you were going to call me up and tell me who was hurt at the mine. Who was it?"

"My superintendent," answered Mr. Vincent. "I've been so rushed here—and so worried—that I forgot about calling you up. He's that namesake of yours,—the one Diana called the Swedish Giant at the dinner-table that night,—don't you remember?"

"Oh, the man's a Swede, is he?" Anderson inquired.

Something cold and a little offish in his old friend's tone struck Vincent's attention.

"Cal," he began, "I had to have that special. I thank you for it from the soles of my boots right up. This man is dollars and cents to me. If I had him in the mine right now, I'd give—well—more than I can afford," he ended with a dreary little laugh.

"What's up?" inquired the voice from the other end of the wire. "Anything I can do for you?"

Hannibal W. Vincent glanced through the window of his private office, drew its door closer, and said in a lowered tone:

"I'll tell you all about it when I see you. I was hard hit in Triple X this spring. Then there were some Nebraska bonds—county bonds—I'd floated that went back on me. No use running through the whole list; bad luck's been out gunning for me for nearly a year. My holdings look pretty well—huh! thank God they do look pretty fair; but I tell you, Cal, the whole thing's a sham. It's as hollow as a paper bag when you blow it up ready to pop it—yes, by George, and it would bust for just about as much pressure! The only real thing I've got left is Crow's-Nest mine. Crow's-Nest mine is doing well; and if my superintendent gets on his feet before the men—the rabble of all nations I've got for miners—cook up a strike and we have trouble with our present contracts, the mine will pull me through."

"Where's Ted?" came the muffled query from the president of the B. and J.

"Up on Lake Michigan, helping his mother to sink a fortune in

building an American imitation of a French chateau. Ted's a good boy enough when things are going all right, but he's no comfort to me at this time."

"Where's your girl?" abruptly.

"Right here with her dad," was the hearty response. "She sits with young Andersen, and helps nurse him, every day. I believe she's as anxious as I am to have him well again."

Could Mr. Vincent have seen the man at the other end of the wire he would have noticed a curious expression on that tanned, weather-beaten face. He might, perhaps, have realized that he had never before called his mine superintendent "young Andersen."

"Well, you know you can depend on me, Han," from the Major. Followed a long pause, filled with a curious, irregular sound that was like heavy breathing. Then, in the manner of one who shows a civil interest in a friend's affairs:

"So your superintendent's a young man? But you say he's a Swede?"

"My superintendent—a Swede?" echoed Mr. Vincent. "Why, yes, I naturally suppose so. I don't know a thing—not a thing—about his antecedents, as I told you, you remember. But he spells it with an 'e'—s-e-n—and Krag is hardly a name——"

"What's that?" came the quick, sharp demand from the other. "Say that name again, please."

"I said Krag—Krag Andersen," repeated the mine owner emphatically, "and the man——"

There was a burst of queer sounds from the other end of the line that jarred painfully on Mr. Vincent's ear-drum; then, suddenly, a strange, hoarse, un-human voice broke in:

"Han, I'm coming up to Crow's-Nest. I'll be there in a—a couple of hours." And without any farewell Mr. Vincent heard the receiver hung in place.

He recollected that there was no regular train which would get his old partner to Crow's-Nest before the next morning. Yet he did not for an instant suppose that the Major's statement was a loose or false one. The president of the B. and J. was too old a railroad man to make breaks of that sort.

"He'll come up if he has to be brought on a special," muttered Mr. Vincent. "I wonder what struck him?"

Meantime up in the sickroom the days had dragged heavily for the invalid; his strength came back much more slowly than his attendants had expected. One of the nurses brought by Doctor Cleary for the operation remained with him; she had been told that the case would be a short one, and she was impatient to get back to the hospital. Diana took more and more charge of the sick man, learning under

Miss Morton's teachings to prepare his food, and assuming charge of any recreation he was permitted.

The girl sometimes wondered at herself; was she the same Diana Vincent who had whirled through three empty social seasons in Chicago? How far away and unreal seemed that life now, shut out as it was by the realities of her present days. The first mail after her announcement that she intended to remain at Crow's-Nest indefinitely brought a long letter of protest from her mother. It was more or less perfunctory; the two women were so ill suited to each other that the occasional parting of their ways was likely to be a relief to both. Yet Mrs. Vincent felt it her duty as a parent to point out to her daughter that "girls who do things of this sort lose social caste thereby, and can scarcely expect to be sought after."

Diana smiled as she read this; she wished, indeed, that it were truer as she sighingly pushed back the bunch of social notes and invitations, protestations, importunities to be allowed to come to see her,—all of which must be replied to,—and gathered up a box of violets which one more eager suitor than the rest daily sent, but which found their mission in brightening the sickroom.

It was Diana who suggested, when he was able to be propped up in his bed a portion of the time, that Andersen might amuse himself with his drawing materials. After that they held a long, low-toned conversation as she posed for him. The girl confessed her examination of his sketches; no doubt she expressed her admiration of them warmly, for his nurse noticed, with some uneasiness, that this interview left him fagged and excited.

She followed the Doctor into the hall next day and expressed herself concerning amateur nurses—particularly beautiful and fascinating ones who were in love with the patient.

Doctor Farraday laughed. "I can't speak for the lady's feeling," he said promptly, "but if ever a man was in love forty fathoms deep it's poor Krag. I had an idea her presence would do him a lot of good. It would me under the circumstances," and again he laughed gently.

"What does Mr. Vincent think about all this?" inquired Miss Morton. "I should suppose that his attitude might have a good deal to do with whether or not our patient can get any comfort out of seeing how devoted the girl unquestionably is to him."

Doctor Farraday pursed up his lips and whistled softly. "You women think of everything," he said. "That aspect of it never occurred to me. Of course, the poor chap is just lying there in torments because he knows a man like Hannibal W. Vincent would as soon think of a coachman for a son-in-law as of a fine fellow like Krag who hasn't any money nor any aristocratic family."

The nurse nodded. "I sounded Mr. Vincent on the matter myself,"

she said gravely. "He has never thought of it at all—I soon discovered that, and without committing any indiscretions on my part. He talked of his daughter's marriage as though he had picked out the sort of man he wanted for her—and it was a very different story from his mine superintendent, let me tell you that!"

"I'm afraid I've made a fool of myself," ruminated Doctor Faraday. "A man always does when he meddles with such things—particularly an inexperienced young creature like myself. Will you speak to the girl, Miss Morton? Or have I got to do it?"

The nurse, a middle-aged woman, smiled at the impetuosity of the young physician. Evidently his patient came first with him, and nothing was to be allowed to menace that patient's welfare.

"Perhaps the young lady will see the point for herself," Miss Morton suggested gently. "Indeed, I have some reasons to believe that she has already seen it. As Mr. Andersen grows stronger he seems to be wise for both of them, and it has had its effect on her."

The nurse was right. After those first, dizzy, unreal days, compounded half of physical suffering and half of poignant delight in the girl's presence, Krag Andersen never for one instant forgot that she was Miss Vincent, the daughter of his employer, and he an unknown, poor employé of her father. When she was away from him he dwelt continually upon the reports he had heard of her great social success, of her numerous wealthy and distinguished suitors, and her mother's ambition to make for her a titled match.

This was not exactly the bread of life to a poor fellow with a broken head—one who, silent and self-contained, had cared for few, and who now met the one woman in the world for him. When she was with him he strove to maintain that quiet kindliness of demeanor, that humble thankfulness for her attentions, which he conceived would have been his without the overmastering passion which flooded out his reason.

It was a gallant struggle. His eagerness to see, to hear, to touch the girl he loved, was almost pitiful; his hungry eyes followed her every moment she was in his sight. Then, when she was gone, his feverish weakness and depression were well-nigh appalling.

Used to fight openly, directly, man-fashion, here was a thing gnawing the very life out of him—and he knew not where to strike or where to have the enemy. And he was tied by weakness to a sickbed; he could not, if he would, run away.

This mental strain, these painful alternations of sweetness and wormwood, retarded his recovery, till Mr. Vincent at last declared the necessity of going down to Chicago and sending up someone who could look after matters temporarily, since his business in the city was doing very ill indeed without its head. On the morning of that day when the

president of the B. and J. announced over the wire his intention of paying a sudden visit to Crow's-Nest mine, the father had lingered a moment with his daughter to explain the necessity of leaving.

"You'll go with me, of course, Di? You've been an awfully good girl to stick by the old man so long," he said. "Maybe you'll know, sometime, what it all meant to the Vincent family."

He smoothed back her richly waving, dark hair and looked at her fondly. It occurred to him for the first time that she was thin and pale.

"You've been in the sickroom too much during the last weeks," he said jealously. "I was so anxious to get Andersen on his feet again that I haven't been as careful of you as I ought to be. You look fagged."

The dry, quiet tone—it seemed to the girl that her father spoke of his superintendent as he might have mentioned the lameness of a favorite horse—discouraged the request Diana was about to make that she be allowed to remain at Crow's-Nest till the injured man was well. In the light of her father's plain, practical statement of the case it seemed to her that she would be disgraced by such a request, that she would be publishing her regard for this man, who consistently treated her as though she were a kindly neighbor or another man.

"Yes," she said faintly, "I think I need a little freshening up. I'll be glad to go."

After her father left her she passed an hour in conflict with herself. Why was it wrong for her to remain where she could see the man whom she now admitted to herself she loved? If her brother cared so about any woman, he could—and would—openly seek her society; why was it that she must blush guiltily with the fear that someone should surprise her secret, should guess her attitude of mind towards one who was in no way unworthy?

Ah, Diana—Diana! The question is as old as the world—as ancient as men and women. There is a reply to it, my dear, and it is sounding in your own heart.

So loudly did the mentor speak that Diana finally made herself ready to go up and tell the patient that she was to leave for Chicago in the morning. Her heart almost failed her as she entered the room and met the glance with which she was received.

"She always misses the best part of it, poor girl!" thought Miss Morton to herself. "His preparations for her coming are quite the most delightful thing I ever saw. He's such a masculine creature, and not one to notice details; she could hardly guess that he has made me arrange that table three times and has called for his hand-glass, although I told him that when I washed a patient's face and combed his hair there was no need of consulting a mirror."

The older woman turned aside with cup and tray in hand and left the two young people together. There was an unusual moisture in the calm, cold eyes; and the bib of her nurse's apron fluttered over a heart that ached a little for the woes of these poor children, as she mentally called them.

"I'm going home to-morrow," began Diana abruptly, in very desperation, as she seated herself at the bedside.

Andersen had been finishing up a little pen-and-ink sketch of her beautiful profile; it rested beneath his hand now, ready to show to her, to offer to her. He was so totally unprepared for the words that he could find none in which to answer them. He simply lay and looked at her—Andersen would never turn away from anything that hurt him. And his eyes, the honest eyes of a suffering child, pierced her soul.

"Father thinks I ought to," she went on hurriedly. "He's going back then, and he says—he thinks——"

She fell miserably silent, gazing down at her fingers. Finally tears which she could not control slowly gathered beneath her lids and rolled helplessly down her cheeks.

"You're crying," said the sick man gently. "Is it about me? Are you that sorry for me? God bless you!"

A moment more and the words would have been out; a moment more and the truth would have been said.

With glowing eyes and lips apart he had stretched forth a hand and laid it firmly over hers. She sat with averted head, yet did not withdraw the hand he held. But on the instant through the open window came the sound of the mine whistle. The girl paid no attention to it, but the man, even in his pain,—his desperate preoccupation,—noted its sound at that unusual hour. At its shrill, iterant summons he remained so long silent that she turned to him in surprise.

He was looking through her—past her.

"How many times did that blow?" he asked her in a strange, breathless, altered voice, drawing away his hand to raise himself upon his elbow.

"I don't know. Why?" she returned, wondering at the look in his face. She saw that she was forgotten, that the thought of her departure on the morrow had sunk into sudden insignificance. "What is it?" she questioned, half hurt, half puzzled.

"Hush!" he breathed, as the whistle began to call again. "Count as I count—I can't trust myself."

Mechanically she numbered the blasts, her soft voice blending with his deeper tones. "One—two—three—four—five. Five?" she questioned, still staring at him.

"Five," he groaned in answer, sitting slowly up in bed; then commanded, "Tell the nurse to come here quick."

She rose reluctantly, still looking at him, half afraid that he was delirious.

"Is there anything that I could do for you?" she faltered.

"Nothing but to go and get the nurse," he answered. "Run, quick, child," he added half impatiently.

Diana went; but at the door she turned back, to see him pushing off the covers with a weak hand. "You're not trying to get up?" she cried incredulously.

He nodded, his teeth shut hard together.

"Oh, you mustn't!" she exclaimed. "Wait till the nurse comes—please wait—I'll get her—indeed I will!" And she fled from the room.

Even as they spoke together the whistle blew again and again, and the sound seemed like a spur to poor Andersen. When the nurse came in she found him standing unsteadily upon his feet in his pajamas, holding to the bed with one hand.

"Get my clothes, quick!" he demanded in a tone she had never heard from him before.

Miss Morton took the air of authority which she had found useful with other recalcitrant patients.

"Get right back in bed, Mr. Andersen," she said firmly. "You're not fit to be up. Let me do what you want done. I'll send for Mr. Vincent if you say so."

"Mr. Vincent's got his hands full right now—he wouldn't come if you sent for him," her patient told her. "You get my clothes."

Once more the nurse tried, but he cut her short: "Will you get them, or must I trail around and hunt them?" he inquired. "That wouldn't do me any good, you know."

Miss Morton was wise enough to realize that further argument would only excite and injure her patient. She brought his clothing from the closet, where it had all been placed in readiness for him to sit up the next day. She gave him what help she could to dress, and then, as he started for the door, offered the support of her arm—all this in perfect silence, and with the hope that when he found his own weakness he would desist from the mad attempt.

He paused trembling at his big chair, and dropped exhaustedly into it.

"I guess I'm weaker than I thought," he said. "Go down stairs, please, and get me about six raw eggs and some brandy. And, Miss Morton," laying a hand upon her arm, "be quick if you ever were in your life."

Miss Morton went, for in this mood there was no disobeying him.

Opening the door upon Diana, who was lingering at the head of the stairs, she told the younger woman what her errand was, and sought aid and counsel from her.

"What's the matter with him?" she asked. "Excuse me, Miss Vincent, but have you—is it anything personal?"

Diana shook her head in vehement disclaimer.

"Well, go in and see if you can't persuade him to go back to bed. What do you think did start this crazy behavior?"

"It's some trouble at the mine," the girl answered. "The whistle blew five times, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray have both rushed across the field as hard as they can go. I've seen a dozen men running down the road; and the machinery is stopped. Hark! You can't hear anything but the shouting. The shaker-screens and fans are not running."

"Well," persisted the nurse, "if he won't go back to bed, at least try to get him to stay in his room. It would kill him to go over there and plunge into excitement and danger in the condition that he's in." And she hurried downstairs for the eggs.

Diana stepped haltingly into the room. She saw Andersen sitting, with bent head, in his chair. She felt suddenly put outside his caring—as though she had no influence.

"Mr. Andersen," she began, faltering timidly, "don't you think this is unwise? Surely you ought not to be up this way. The Doctor wouldn't allow it if he were here."

He looked at her wearily. "This is a place where the Doctor has nothing to say," he answered. "I'm losing precious time right now."

"Why must you get up?" she demanded, coming closer to him. "What's the matter?"

"The mine's on fire," he answered, trying to rise. "That's what five whistles mean."

Diana drew back with a pale countenance. The news was startling; but it could not mean to her what it did to the man before her. The sight of him, weak and pale, the thought of his going into that yelling, half-crazed crowd of men, and risking the life which was not yet out of danger from another cause, was more than she could bear in silence.

"Don't go," she pleaded. "Father is over there, and Mr. O'Keefe and Mr. Goulden—everybody but you. Surely they can do all that is necessary. Miss Morton says it—it will kill you to go out this way."

There was more grief and entreaty in her voice and manner than she would have permitted had she felt that he noticed her at all. He turned and rested his bandaged head for an instant against the hand she had placed upon the side of his chair. That infrequent smile which she had found so beautifying to his strong, rugged face was upon it. Yet when he spoke it was only to say:

"I'd rather die there than here; and I certainly should die if I could be kept here while the mine and my men were in danger, while

others worked to save them." Suddenly he reached his hand towards her and added impulsively, "You help—don't oppose—try to understand," and again he smiled at her almost pleadingly.

It flashed over Diana like soft fire: he had turned to her for help—for sympathy and comprehension; he had bent his haughty head to entreat—of her—of her;—he who commanded as of natural right everyone about him, even her father, his employer, and a strong man used to obedience. For a moment she was ablaze with the infection of his generous enthusiasm, but as Miss Morton entered with the eggs the thought of his danger came, clutching cold at her heart.

"Is the brandy in them?" he asked; and both women ran for the flask. The strong nature was asserting its dominance. He was beginning to rule them, as he expected and intended to rule the panic-stricken crowd at the shaft.

Diana held the glass of eggs, beating with a spoon while the nurse poured brandy in—and both wept. Andersen looked at the mixture with a grimace; it had been one of the most difficult features of his convalescence to get him to take sufficient nourishment. "What does a fellow who doesn't do anything want of food?" he would ask contemptuously and turn away from the proffered cup. But now he gulped the foamy mixture down, and in a few moments his dull eyes brightened; he walked with a fair degree of steadiness over to a corner and got a large cane, then—still going pretty well—started down the steps leading to the hall.

Sweetheart and nurse looked after him in dismay. Into what treachery to their trust had they been trapped? Diana caught Miss Morton's arm and shook it.

"Don't let him go," she begged.

The nurse smiled rather grimly.

"If you couldn't stop him, what's the use of my trying?" she inquired.

Their mutual patient—whom they feared perhaps they were mutually assisting to murder—stumbled on the stairs. Diana flew to him and put her hand upon his shoulder. He turned a very white face towards her.

"I'll make it yet," he said through his teeth.

With a heightened color she slipped her arm under his. Then, as she seemed unable to assist him in that way, she let it pass on about his waist, and so helped him down the stairs. She was sure that he had not noticed or cared. She told herself that he would quite as soon have received this assistance from Miss Morton, only that Diana was a taller, stronger woman than the nurse, and therefore better able to help him. She spoke to him gently as they reached the front door, remonstrating, begging him to wait a little. He only shook his head,

with lips pressed hard together. It was plain he did not care to waste his strength in talking.

As they got to the porch they saw a company wagon driven past at a sharp trot. Andersen motioned towards it weakly with his hand; his lips, pale with the struggle down the stairs and along the hall, strove vainly to utter. He leaned panting upon her shoulder, his eyes fixed with wild impatience upon the approaching wagon, and managed only to gasp,

"T-t-tell him—stop him!" Again and again Diana called to the driver without being able to make him hear. Then Andersen gathered himself for one last effort. Hanging hard upon the slender shoulder which supported him he drew a long breath, and his big voice sounded in one sharp word, "Tom!"

The man heard instantly and threw himself far back in his seat, dragging on the lines. The very mules seemed to recognize the tones, for they had checked in their stride before the tautened lines jerked upon the bit. The driver pulled up at the gate. When he saw the superintendent standing on the porch beckoning to him his jaw fell with astonishment.

"Drive closer. Come up to the edge of the porch," admonished Andersen. "I want to go to the mine."

The fellow looked incredulous; but he had been too well trained by this man to argue with him. He backed his team against the porch edge as though the superintendent were a ton of coal; Miss Vincent helped him, and the two climbed into the coal wagon.

"You're not going," remonstrated Andersen, white, trembling, breathing in gasps.

"Why not?" inquired Hannibal W. Vincent's daughter. She pointed to where dozens of women and children were hurrying across the fields to the mouth of the shaft. "If you leave me, I shall just go over with them," she said.

Andersen shook his head a little, but uttered no further word. It was evident to him that he had met a will which at some points matched his own. And as he leaned mutely against her, through all his intense anxiety there stirred a sense of pride in the womanly bravery, the unlooked-for devotion of this child of wealth and fashion.

But the next moment Diana felt the big body relax, its weight sag helplessly against her. Panic terror shook her heart as she saw the clear, resolute eyes film, the lids slowly droop, gray shadows pinch the features, the lips grow white, then blue. It was pitiful to her who loved him to watch that stubborn will battle with the wave of unconsciousness that was sweeping over him.

His agony of resistance awakened her own. A moment since she would have gladly seen the swoon submerge him, that she might carry

him quietly back to the safety of his bed. Now, as the glazing eyes turned mutely to her once more, she looked desperately about for help—and found the brandy flask yet clutched in her left hand. Unhesitatingly she uncorked and held it to his lips. His failing senses recognized her act, and he swallowed eagerly, though stranglingly, the raw, fiery spirit. The color crept back to lip and cheek, the light to his eyes; his head lifted. He spoke aloud:

"You've saved the day—for me—God bless you!"

IX.

THERE was a swaying crowd around the head tower, a crowd swelled from moment to moment by people who streamed in across the fields or came up from the town below. Women and children were there in large numbers, and their shrieks of unreasoning terror added to the din and confusion.

Diana could see her father hemmed in against the south wall of the head tower, feebly arguing with an old woman who was on her knees before him begging to know if her boy Charlie was down in the mine.

"Oh my God, Mr. Vincent! Oh my God! You don't know—and you don't care!" The excited woman's voice mounted to a shriek. "My poor boy goes down there in the dark and risks his life every day that you may ride in your carriage—and now you—and now you don't know where he is!"

"Get up, there's a good soul," urged the president of the Crow's-Nest Mining Company peevishly. "I can't do anything for your boy nor for any other woman's boy unless you get out of my way and let me go over to the shaft."

The crowd groaned at his heartlessness. Half a dozen women flung themselves upon him and demanded relatives. One was dragged back by her husband, just as she got to screaming, with the adjuration:

"Here I am, Polly! Let Mr. Vincent alone."

Nobody seemed to be doing anything systematic except the old Scotch engineer. Sandy had never driven those engines with greater nicety than he did just now. Not a glance from under those beetling brows did he give to the mob which gazed eagerly as the crowded cages came up and discharged their loads. The cage was no sooner empty than he would shoot it to the top of the tower, to hang there until he received a bell; then he made the rope fairly hum, to draw up from the deadly hole below another gang of cursing, swearing, scared miners.

As the wagon stopped, and Diana, jumping out, turned to help the young superintendent, the cage brought up and discharged a half dozen injured men.

"There's the place for that brandy," murmured Andersen to her, with a significant glance, as he plunged into the press.

At sight of the blood on the rescued men's faces pandemonium broke loose. Without once offering to assist them, the crowd pushed itself upon the released ones, shouting inquiries, lamentations, maledictions.

"What's the matter down there?"

"Where's my Charlie? Did any of you men see him?"

"What a devil's way to treat men—the men that work for ye!"

"How many have you left behind you?"

And then a long, shrill howl of, "Cowards—cowards—cowards! To come away and leave them there to die!"

And, "Oh my God! They're burnin' like rats in a trap!"

Diana, making her way swiftly to the group of dazed, bleeding scorched men, saw her father's face light up as Andersen reached his side. As for the young superintendent, the air of struggle, of conflict, seemed as the breath of life to his nostrils; this hideous din of confusion, the bawls of incompetence, the shrieks of unguided, unbridled emotion and unmeaning terror, were as a call upon unsuspected, hidden strength and resources. He whirled about into the crowd. She could see his upraised arm, two fingers in the air, as he gave some order. She heard with amazement his voice ring out full, powerful, dominating. She noticed that the women stopped howling when they saw him, and their faces cleared when those commanding tones clanged on their ears. They were only frightened children, after all, and the one whom they trusted to make everything right for them had arrived. She watched the tall form and bandaged head as Andersen swiftly cleared a little space around the shaft's mouth and guarded it with a cordon of his own instant choosing.

Then, with a sinking heart, she saw him take a lamp from one of the ascending passengers, step on the empty cage, and, alone, sink from her sight. She stood, ministering to the poor fellows about her, unheeding—possibly unaware of—the tears that streamed down her cheeks. Her father saw her, and instantly pushed his way to her through the crowd.

"Why did you let him get up?" he called before he reached her.

"What did you let him go down for?" she demanded almost bitterly, and quite unconscious of the half-humorous sound of her query.

"No—no; true—he—he oughtn't to be here," he said hastily. "But I'm mighty glad he is," he added next moment, with a mixture of anxiety and relief. "The good Lord only knows what I would have done in ten minutes more! The women seemed to think I was responsible for all accidents. And as for the mine—" He made a sort of despairing movement of the hand. They had drawn a little apart.

"What is it?" his daughter asked, her fascinated eyes never leaving the cable which would bring up the cage.

"Nobody knows," he said with gloomy brevity. "We think there was an explosion of gas."

"I thought you said there was no gas in Crow's-Nest mine—that there couldn't be, with the new machinery you'd put in?"

"You can't tell what's in a mine until you put all your money into one—then you know *it's* there," answered her father drearily and more to himself than to her.

A pang of sympathy penetrated Diana's intense anxiety.

"Poor old Dad," she murmured, stretching a hand to him without turning her head. "Shall you be losing a lot of money? I'm sorry."

"If this mine gets to burning, Diana—and we can't put it out—I'm ruined. There won't be enough left to buy you a pair of gloves, my little daughter."

"Oh, hush, father!" moaned the girl, as the cable which drew up the cage began to move. "How can you think of such a thing—with lives in danger—his life in danger?" she added in a lower voice.

Mr. Vincent looked at his daughter, and agreed warmly: "He's a hero—that young fellow. To think of his getting up off a sickbed to come over here and try to save my property for me—no salary could cover that sort of devotion."

"He didn't say anything about your property," burst out Diana almost fiercely, her face bathed in tears. "He said he must come because his men were in danger."

Mr. Vincent took the implied rebuke like the man of action that he was. Turning upon his heel, he pushed through the crowd to the office door. The men who had been hurt in the scuffle to get to the cage lay or sat here, unattended except for their excited friends or relatives. The president took the 'phone down and was fortunate enough to find Doctor Farraday in his office.

"Farraday!" he called; "this is Vincent, at Crow's-Nest mine. Get every doctor you can and come up as soon as possible. There's been an explosion. A lot of men are hurt—we don't know how many."

There was a pause. Farraday was evidently replying or asking some question. Then the president of Crow's-Nest mine went on: "Andersen's here. Yes. I said Andersen. He got up and dressed and came over. They couldn't stop him. Where? Oh, down in the mine—where would Krag Andersen be at such a time? I want you for him. I'm afraid this thing will kill him."

Hanging up the 'phone he began clearing the office to receive any more of the injured who might be brought to it. Then back to the shaft again, where he found Jim O'Keefe had just been brought up with a badly crushed hand, and Diana was talking to him excitedly.

"What keeps him down there?" she was demanding, almost as the poor miners' women-folk had demanded of Mr. Vincent. "Aren't the men all out, now? Why can't they—well, strong men—get out as well without him as with him—him, a sick man, not recovered from a terrible wound?" She shuddered.

"Lord love you, Miss," moaned the Irishman as he nursed his injured hand, "we was like a passel of childer down there—bad, scared childer too—till the Old Man come. Sick, d'ye say? Weak? Not fit to be about at all? Well, ye'd never belave it to see him down there, Miss. He's got things goin' all right. I think he'll be up next load. Hark to that now, will ye?"

The crowd began to cheer, and Diana saw the man she loved get off a newly arrived cage, helping an injured miner. All the feebleness seemed to have left him; he looked alert, competent, almost elated. His quiet tone of command instantly dominated the noisy indecision of the crowd. They felt that this one man held in his steady hands every hope there might be for anyone imprisoned below.

A breathless hush fell as he called for the pit-boss and asked of him a list of the men in a certain entry, where he had now found that the explosion occurred.

Beasley came breathlessly forward; he was gasping like a hysterical woman, but he managed to give the list. By calling over these names, receiving answer from those who were present, or whose friends there present knew that they had been brought up, the entire number was found, with the exception of one gang of track-layers and timbermen and two men who were driving entries on the Last South.

Diana stood where she could see his face and hear every word that he said. Had he turned to her and held out his arms, she would have gone to him (or so she felt) and claimed him before them all. But the young superintendent was far from thought of his love or of his personal affairs. He had forgotten her, just as he had forgotten himself, his terrible, paralyzing weakness, his pains and injuries. Though it wounded her vanity, it mastered her heart that this was so. Here was a man indeed—one whom she, even at that moment, heard giving curt, sharp orders to her father, and nodding with quiet approval as he was told what his employer had done towards securing aid for the injured.

"I want ten volunteers," she heard him call. Then, as the men in the crowd surged forward, her father among the rest, the young superintendent held up his hand and warned them: "Just ten. I'll take you—and you—and you," pointing to one after another in the press. "Hanson—Blake—O'Brien, come with me. No, Mr. Vincent, your place is here. We can attend to the work below. I know just what we have to do."

Men begged to be taken with him, but he shook his head briefly, and without more ado stepped aboard the cage with his selected ten and turned to give minute instructions to Goulden, who was to stand at the head of the shaft and pass on his signals.

A hush was over the whole great crowd, so that one might hear a smothered sob now and again among the women, the murmur of Andersen's deep tones as he detailed his plan, and even the hoarse, labored breathing of some men who were working over a great canvas curtain with which it was hoped air might be cut off from the fire as soon as the miners were all out.

A child whimpered, and a woman's harsh, strained whisper was heard bidding it be quiet.

None among those there gathered but realized how desperate were the chances of this last descent; none but looked on the quiet young fellow with the bandaged head and his ten devoted followers as we look upon those who are going to almost certain death. Yet the venture must be made; for there were human lives in mortal peril below—so many that the risk must be taken, so few that this last sortie would suffice.

All other sounds gradually hushed themselves, till Andersen spoke his last few words amid such a stillness that it was like a man speaking in a church.

Suddenly upon this deep hush a distant sound began to make itself audible, becoming rapidly louder and nearer—the sound of hard-galloping hoofs, of furiously rolling wheels. It was Farraday and his hastily gathered doctors.

Diana strained her eyes towards the carriage, approaching at a run and in a cloud of dust. She descried among the slighter, professional looking figures the broad shoulders and white, leonine head of a man who seemed to be talking excitedly to the others, a man whom at first she did not know. As the vehicle drew up at the edge of the crowd and this person leaped out, dragging Doctor Farraday, whom he grasped by the arm as though he had the physician under arrest, she saw that it was Major John Calvin Anderson—dishevelled, dust-grimed, distraught.

The wild apparition plunged towards the head tower just as the cage trembled, vibrated, and began its descent. The young superintendent turned, lifted the hat from his bandaged head, and waved his hand reassuringly to the crowd, his face lighted by a smile of exquisite sweetness. If he noted the newcomers,—and he must have seen them,—he gave no sign of having done so. He was addressed to something beyond personal affections, personal ties.

The Major saw this; he made one last, frenzied lunge, still pulling young Farraday with him, crying out:

"Krag—Krag! Boy! Let me go down with you, then! Oh my Lord—he's gone!"

He stood at the yawning mouth of the shaft, in which the cable of the departed cage hummed and vibrated. It seemed as though he would wrench loose the gates and throw himself after those who had descended.

Suddenly he felt a touch upon his arm and looked down. Diana was clinging to him, pouring out in broken sentences the story of Krag Andersen's heroism, and revealing with every artless word the history of her love as well.

The next moment Vincent pushed his way excitedly through the crowd towards them. With a distraught movement the Major reached up and plucked off the hat from his head. His clothing, his thick white hair and his face, were covered deep with the dust of that furious drive; it lay heavy on his bushy eyebrows and mustache; everywhere sweat had channelled it, and down his cheeks the tears now followed. Vincent laid a shaking hand upon the dusty shoulder.

"So he's your boy, Cal, is he?" he asked brokenly. "I knew there was good stuff in him. He's a man—a son to be proud of. God knows I only wish he were mine."

Anderson whirled on him like an old lion—it was not by choice he stood and wept in the market place, uncovering a father's bleeding heart in the sight of men. Somebody must pay for it when John Calvin Anderson endured such public humiliation of grief—and the Major was keen for a reckoning.

"You! Han Vincent," he roared. "Give me back my boy—my only son! What did you let him go down in that death-trap for? To save you a few dirty dollars?"

Vincent drew back and the color went out of his face, leaving it white and angry-eyed. But before he could speak Diana interposed:

"No, no, Major—oh, no, that wasn't it!" she pleaded. "I—we all tried—but nobody could stop him. He said he must go when the lives of his men were in danger, and that nobody could do what he could."

Over the Major's fierce, angry, grimed, and distorted countenance there went a beautiful change. His lips moved.

"That's my boy—that's Krag, all——"

A sob tore his voice in two.

Meantime Mr. Goulden at the head of the shaft stood ready to execute any orders which might come up from below.

"Oh, hush! Listen! There's a signal now!" cried Diana, and the crowd heard a tapping on the signal-pipe which conveyed the orders to him. Goulden listened intently. It grew silent.

"Change the fan!" he shouted to one of the engineers.

The man leaped up and ran for the fan-house. Diana and the Major, standing hand in hand like two grief-stricken children, followed him with their eyes. They heard the little engine stop for a moment, then start up at an increased speed. Presently, while all listened and watched, smoke was seen coming through the open door of the fan-house.

A universal moan went over them all at the sight. Minute dragged after minute, and still the smoke wound out in long, thick spirals. Then another signal sounded, and Goulden called for ten more volunteers.

The two old friends turned to each other with one impulse. There was a look, a hasty hand-clasp, and they stepped into the cage together. Goulden had difficulty in keeping the men from overcrowding it after that; but he finally succeeded in slamming the gates upon the desired ten, and they were sent rapidly down.

And now, with the new excitement, and lacking some controlling spirit, it was impossible to hold the crowd back. Men, women, and children, they jammed up until only the gates saved them from being pushed into the open shaft.

There was not long to wait; matters in the mine below them were evidently getting to the point that only instant action would serve. The cage came swiftly up. Diana drew back into the crowd. She heard groans and cries from the people in front of her, and not until a lane had been opened and strong, ready, willing hands were carrying out the injured ones could she see whether many or few had returned. Then she hid her face. The glimpse she got showed her only strangers, with burned, blackened countenances, lacerated hands, and clothing scorched and torn almost from their limbs.

But the cage was going down again, and she remembered with a gasp that it would not have been able to carry the ten volunteers and any injured at one trip. There was a sound of deep, gasping breathing beside her, and she looked around to see O'Keefe.

"Mr. Andersen didn't come up in that load, did he?" she asked. "Did my father? Did Major Anderson?"

O'Keefe shook his head; neglecting the two unimportant persons she had mentioned, he said, in the tone of one paying a tribute to the dead: "No, Ma'am. *He* won't come up till the last man's out. *He's* fighting the fire, and putting the other boys in the cage.—Down there doing that—while we stand here safe. Oh my God! It don't seem as if I can bear it!"

Just then the smoke burst so heavily through the open mouth of the shaft that the crowd reeled back groaning and coughing; Diana's knees sunk under her. Her father—the man she loved—*his* father—all—all down there!

Then a feeble cheer wavered up as the people saw that the rising cage was what had pushed the smoke out!

It seemed to come so slowly! Would it never be here? Old Sandy was speeding it all he knew. Yet when it swung level with the earth more than one blaze had caught upon the hair and forms of the three men within it. Two of the three were on their feet and apparently unhurt. Two old men they were, and they supported between them a tall young fellow with a bandaged head. So grimed and blackened by smoke and fire were they that one would scarcely have known them; yet Diana fought her way through the crowd and flung herself against the gates as they came up.

The next moment she felt a kind hand on her arm; Doctor Farraday was beside her; he drew her gently back, and the gates were opened.

"Make room, people. Let him down—let him down quick!" exclaimed Farraday sharply the moment the two old men were outside with their burden. "Down—down, flat! It's a faint," in answer to the startled looks of the others. "He's in a dead faint—and no wonder!"

Diana was crouched at one side of the prostrate form chafing a hand, Major Anderson upon the other.

"You're sure—oh Doctor, he isn't dead, is he? He isn't dying?" breathed the girl—the old Major was past speech.

Farraday had got his patient down as flat as possible—he had even thrust under Anderson's feet and lower body the coats that were put forward as pillows, leaving the head below their level. He had the man's own coat and vest off, the shirt cut wide open on neck and chest. He had applied no restoratives save the cold water with which Diana was now laving the smoke-grimed face. He tried the pulse, listened long and attentively to the heart, then, while those about held their breath in an agony of apprehension, looked up with:

"No—no, he's not dying; I don't think he's going to die—not this trip. It seems to me that this is nothing more than a dead faint—the swoon of exhaustion. Aside from this—and I don't believe it's going to last long—the boy's in as good condition, every way, as he was when I saw him yesterday."

He took a bottle from the hands of an assistant and began carefully bathing Anderson's temples, holding the stopper to the swooning man's nostrils. He glanced around at the strained, anxious faces. "Why, all things considered, he's in better fix; for he was dreadfully depressed then—I couldn't get him stirred up to any real life. He just drooped on my hands—and on his own."

"Oh, I forgot," murmured Mr. Vincent, starting to his feet. "The last thing Andersen said when we were coming up—and after I thought he'd fainted—was to have them shut the safety gates and let the fire

choke itself. He said it hasn't done much yet;" and he hurried away to give the order to Goulden.

Next moment, almost without warning, the fainting man opened his eyes. They stared bewildered for a instant, rested on Diana's face, wandered to that of his father, seemed to go past, unseeing; the colorless lips moved; as the Doctor leaned towards him, "Safety gates!" he whispered.

"All right, old man," smiled Farraday. "They're being shut. Your men are all out—every one—not a man lost nor fatally injured."

X.

ONCE more in the big, cheery, comfortable room, with its picture-hung walls and its worn, restful colorings.

How much had come and gone since Krag Andersen lay last between those sheets! Now he had been made comfortable, and Miss Morton was assuring herself for the seventeenth time that he was in no deadly condition, that he was apparently somewhat the better for the escapade, and that her professional reputation need not suffer through his disobedience.

When she was thus satisfied, it appeared that she would go downstairs and have her lunch, leaving Diana to fill her place. Perhaps Krag was willing for the change; at least he assumed an air of extreme vivacity in making his personal statement that he had never felt better in his life.

At the open window the two fathers sat, renewing old ties of their early manhood and talking over the recent happenings.

"Krag Andersen—it's not a common name, even with the different spelling; I wonder that you didn't recognize it," the Major said.

Mr. Vincent looked embarrassed. "There *was* the spelling, you know, and it set me to thinking that the man was a Swede."

"So his grandfather was," the Major suggested. "And so his grandfather spelled the name. It's one of the things I quarrelled with the boy about back in those infernal times when—when he left me."

"Cal," began the other, with the air of a man determined to make a clean breast of it, "I guess I'll have to tell you what's the fact—I didn't know for sure you had a son living."

As the other would have interrupted him he raised a hand for silence. "I'm ashamed that you should have had such a grief, and I—your old partner that always thought the world of you—should know so little about it. But, you know, I never saw him after he was five years old—for the life of me I can't remember that we ever called him anything but 'Son.' Surely if I'd ever heard his name of Krag, I'd have remembered it. You went to South America and we drifted apart. I recollect a letter from you about the time you married Krag's stepmother. That was the last I heard from you for years."

"Pretty mushy communication to quit on," commented the Major grimly. "I was all sorts of fool in those days."

"I read what was in the papers," went on Mr. Vincent, "at the time you divorced her."

He recalled now that the statement ran that John Calvin Anderson had married a Spanish widow, a lady in reduced circumstances, keeper of the boarding-house in which he lived, and that after a brief, stormy marital experience he had bought her off with a pension and divorced her.

Krag's father looked relieved. "I'm glad you know something about it. It's not a subject I like to talk of. She had children of her own, and she was desperately jealous of Krag. I told you I was all sorts of fool about her, and she got me to thinking that the boy was headed straight for perdition and needed sharp discipline."

He glanced towards the bed, where his son was just now getting rid of Miss Morton in high-handed fashion. "You know what sharp discipline would be likely to get out of Krag at fifteen—he, a boy who had been raised with me, and treated from his babyhood like a gentleman and a friend—used with the same respect I'd show another man. Well, he was a terror for about six months. Then he ran away. I was still the husband of one wife, and I let her persuade me not to look for him. She was sure that he'd come back, and she made me believe that the experience would do him good."

The Major glanced at his former partner and shook his head. "It's a pretty tough thing for a man to tell on himself, that he let a fifteen-year-old boy start life on his own hook and never put out a hand to stay him. I couldn't have done it if it hadn't been that Krag carried with him enough money of his own to keep him for a while. That he had from his mother, and that he took along; but he left most of the gifts I had ever given him—and that hardened my heart. After things got too bad and I divorced that woman I set in to hunt my son. But a thing like that—when it's been neglected for a year and a half—isn't so easy picked up. Then I was fool enough to search for him in the slums and gambling-hells of Rio and the other coast towns. That was where his stepmother had got in her work on me. I'd as soon have thought of looking for him in the presidential chair as in the preparatory at New Haven—but that's right where he was about that time. I got some information that made me think he was dead; and I came on other clues that suggested that he'd gone further south—that's one thing that made me take the big contract in Argentina and Uruguay, where I made more money than I'd ever expected to. That contract took me five years to complete, and after it I shaped up my affairs to come back to God's country. I never gave up looking for my boy; I've been a gold mine to detectives and secret information

gatherers; but I guess I'd pretty well given up hope, for when you said 'Krag Andersen' to me on the wire I——" He faltered, laughed a little, nervous laugh, and finished, "Well, I felt as though I could run every step of the way to Crow's-Nest."

"And when you got here you heard from Farraday about your son's danger," supplied Mr. Vincent sympathetically. "Lord! I don't wonder you were wild. Well, I suppose I'll lose my superintendent now—the only one I ever had that was worth his salt to me."

"I guess you've got another position that would suit him pretty well," said the Major smilingly.

"Another position?" echoed his friend. "I? You forget, Cal, that I told you I was as good as ruined if Crow's-Nest mine got into any trouble—that I've got almost nothing of real value outside of this mine."

The Major glanced once more at the two young people. "Didn't you say you wished he was your son?" he chuckled.

"O-o-oh!" said Mr. Vincent.

Meantime the two of whom they spoke were blissfully unconscious of them, as well as of their other earthly surroundings; they were wandering, hand in hand, into the Land of Heart's Delight.

"She's gone," whispered Krag as the door closed behind Miss Morton.

"Oh, but your father,—and mine,—are both right over there," came the murmured reply.

"That doesn't matter. They aren't thinking of us," protested the sick man mendaciously. "You promised—you said you would."

"But the Doctor said you weren't to be excited or—or disturbed in any way! You were to be kept as quiet as possible."

"It wouldn't disturb me—not near so much as—as the lack of it does."

The girl glanced apprehensively at the elders by the window. Their heads were close together, and they were talking in low, earnest tones.

"See how wicked you are," Krag whispered. "You don't mind the Doctor any more than I did. He told you to keep me quiet; and here you are making me talk and beg for what you—oh!"

For Diana had slipped her arm beneath his neck and lifted the bandaged head to that blessed haven of her breast, a haven such as should be for the pillowing of all the ailing and the weary.

A moment she held him so, looking down at his face as through unshed tears, which made the features dim to her. Then, with an unexpected strength, his own arm stole about her, his fingers touched her cheek, drew the proud head lower, and their lips met in one long, clinging kiss.

OUR CHRISTMAS IN BETH-LEHEM

EPISODES AND REFLECTIONS OF A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

By Marion Harland

“Through date and palm the breezes, softly stealing,
The lily stir upon her graceful stem;
And on the air are whispered tales of healing
And speech of Beth-lehem.”

THE Grotto, which all sects of believers since the Christian era began have agreed upon as the birthplace of Our Lord, is directly under the Church of the Nativity, and entirely dependent for light upon artificial means.

It would be interesting to test the various links in the chain of proofs, furnished by such authorities as Justin Martyr and St. Jerome, showing the site to be the genuine one. There is not a flaw in the evidence upon which we ground our belief that this is the place hallowed for time and eternity by the Incarnation of the Redeemer of Mankind.

A silver star is let into the pavement of a semicircular niche, above which is an altar adorned with the usual churchly symbols. By the light of fifteen colored lamps suspended under the altar we read the inscription in Latin:

“HERE JESUS CHRIST WAS BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY.”

The long line of pilgrims prostrated themselves, one by one, and kissed the star, some with dropping tears,—all, as we were touched to see, silently,—solemnized beyond the range of speech.

It did not add to our solemnity a few minutes later to be shown the manger, decorated with lace and an embroidered altar-cloth, and defended from sacrilegious fingers by a gilded railing; then, another altar where, we were asked to believe, the Wise Men offered gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the Infant King; again, the corner in which Joseph was sleeping when warned by a dream to escape into Egypt with the Young Child and His mother. The really impressive things were occasional glimpses of the rough stone walls and roof of

the ancient stable, visible here and there between the gaudy decorations. Over and again we wished that the semi-barbaric taste of Constantine and his successors in church-building had confined its sphere of operations to the upper edifice and left untouched the underground stable—which is just such as the modern traveller often sees in a country where the hills are perforated by natural caverns.

The little city set upon a hill which is crowned by the Church of the Nativity was full to overflowing on Christmas Eve, and pilgrims of all complexions—traders, curiosity-seekers, devotees, and what an irreverent youth (American-born, of course) called in my hearing, “the omnipresent Saint-chaser”—crowded street, market-place, and housetop. For late-comers there was not even standing-room in the poor apology for an inn in which we had engaged quarters a fortnight before.

With all this, the atmosphere of the Grotto itself was hushed and reverent, the rudest and least thoughtful treading softly and speaking in whispers—a marked contrast to the bustle in the upper church; where strangers strolled and stared and commented, indifferent to a Mass going on about the altar, and where vergers drove a lively trade in painted candles and rosaries.

The service of Christmas Eve was, to me, utterly devoid of the elements of true worship,—gorgeous, yet unsatisfying, a matter of drill and display and repetitions,—or so it seemed to a calm observer, mindful of what the ceremonial assumed to mean. With my natural disrelish of ecclesiastical display, I was languidly interested in the various changes of the Bishop’s gowns, slippers, gloves, and caps, and gathered but a hazy idea of what each stage signified. The backing and tacking, the marching and countermarching, of the attendant priests, literally “gleaming in purple and gold” and floating in snowy vestments; the clouds of incense; the nasal intoning of the four Gospels in Latin by as many readers for two mortal hours—and other details too many to enumerate—were weariness to the flesh, for the service began at half-past ten at night, and concluded at *half-past two* in the morning!

At midnight a lullaby from the organ preluded the supreme moment of the occasion—the sudden folding-back of a curtain above the altar, revealing a manger-cradle and a big wax doll. The exulting outburst of organ and choir in a magnificent Gloria in Excelsis accompanied the stately processional of the entire staff of priests and acolytes, chanting and swinging censers while they bore up one aisle and down another, back to the High Altar, the same doll, dressed in cambric and lace, and nestling in the cuddling embrace of the richly apparelled Bishop.

“I should think you would almost hear the Angels’ song!” a friend

had written to me across the sea when he heard of our design of spending Christmas in Beth-lehem.

The words recurred to me when the vast throng, packing every foot of space in the seventeen-hundred-years-old temple, sank to their knees, as ripe grain bows before the mower, at the advance of the glittering line, headed by the bambino. But the service was a grievous fall to my excited anticipation.

No temptation to remain indoors was offered by the cheerless bedrooms of the hotel, and the big, unfurnished common hall below-stairs, so while in Beth-lehem we passed all our waking hours out-of-doors.

The chief industry of the place is that of the mother-of-pearl workers.

The shells are brought from the Red Sea, and in the hands of native artisans are polished and carved, the larger into elaborate designs; the smaller are cut up for rosaries and crosses. The work is all done by hand, and the methods are amazingly primitive to a spectator from the home of steam and electric power. But the results are extraordinary. The largest shell we saw was carved in scenes from the Birth of Christ, the Agony in the Garden, and the Crucifixion, and had the general effect of delicate frostwork. Under the magnifying-glass every detail was seen to be perfect in outline and in finish. It was executed to order for a wealthy American, and was to cost one hundred and sixty dollars.

About a hundred and fifty people make a living by this industry, which is five hundred years old. In the shops the workmen sit upon the floor, their benches in front of them; the air is full of whitish dust, and the light, admitted by the single window and the open door, so dim that the exquisite tracery of the wrought shells is a mystery even before the visitor notes how few, simple, and crude are the instruments employed.

Through the kindly offices of our incomparable dragoman, David Jamal,—who, Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant writes, was “the Providence of her family party,” as he afterwards proved himself to be of ours,—we were admitted to the homes of several Beth-lehemites and enjoyed glimpses of a life unchanged in general aspect from that of two thousand years ago.

Our longest call, and the most interesting, was upon a family of some note in the town, and so well-to-do that they occupied the whole of a three-storied house. Christmas being a holiday, men as well as women were at home, and all the members of the family were invited in to see us in the paternal abode. The host was formerly the Sheik

of the town, and in more troublous times than ours a mighty man of valor in the region. He sat upon a cushion near the door, a fine-looking patriarch in white turban, white tunic, and full, white trousers. His beard looked the whiter for the black eyebrows drawn strongly above a pair of piercing dark eyes. He was in holiday mood and dress, full of pleasant courtesy to us and good-humored banter to the others present. We were hardly seated upon the divan running around three sides of the room when he ordered his wife to bring him a bottle of native wine and a glass, in which he drank to my son's health. Syrian etiquette forbade him to drink to the health of a woman or to name her over a draught of wine, but he hedged cleverly by tossing off a second bumper, and, holding the emptied glass in his hand, expressing the hope—still addressing my travelling companion—that "Madame, your honorable mother, will have a safe and prosperous journey to her distant home." For the next five minutes he kept his gentle wife, his daughter, who had the face of a Madonna, and his beautiful daughter-in-law busy in making ready for the inevitable coffee-drinking.

A brazier of charcoal stood beside him, but his wife blew up the coals and added fuel; the daughter brought the raw coffee-berries in a round, shallow vessel with a long handle, like a straight-sided frying-pan, in which the ex-Sheik himself roasted the grains as a special compliment to us. To a brother-in-law, who had dropped in, was assigned the task of pounding the coffee to powder in a mortar of olive-wood—"an heir-loom," as the host told us proudly, "and over a hundred years old." The pestle was, likewise, of olive-wood; both were as hard as *lignum-vitæ* and black as ebony with age and use. In pounding the coffee a tune is rung by beats of the pestle against the sides of the mortar. When this is done skilfully every part of the rim is touched in turn by the pestle in rhythmic resonance. The hostess put the coffee-powder into a copper pot, added water, sugar, and a pinch of allspice, and set it to boil, her lord directing the process and watching the pot until the contents foamed up to the top, when he lifted it off, waited until the bubbling ceased, and put it back over the coals. After three boilings-up the beverage was ready for use. The daughter brought a tray on which were tiny, handleless cups. Her father filled them and she passed them to the guests.

The hot coffee, spiced and over-sweetened, made me thirsty, and the Sheik ordered his son, a young man of twenty-three, with a pale, handsome face, to fetch me a drink of water "from David's Well." Having visited three of that celebrated fountain that morning, we had our mental reservations, but gratefully accepted, and, unlike thirsting David, drank the water when brought.

The son, whose gentle pensiveness gave him the air of a hero of a three-volume romance, seemed to us to bear the same relation to his im-

perious father that the mildly submissive Isaac bore to Abraham. The parallel had held good even in the matter of the selection of a wife. The modern Rebekah justified the patriarch's taste. She was extremely pretty, amiable, and well-behaved, and although but three months married, held her small head erect and gracefully under the weight of the distinctive headdress of the wedded Beth-lehem woman. It consists of a stiff, helmet-like cap of red-and-green woollen stuff. Across the front is a row of coins—golden Napoleons, when the bridegroom, or his father, can afford to give them. If the parties are poor, imitation-coins are substituted. A strap or throat-latch of silver coins falls below the chin upon the chest, and a veil of homespun linen, embroidered and fringed more or less elaborately, is thrown over the cap.

This insignia of honorable matronhood is undeniably picturesque,—upon a pretty woman,—but cruelly heavy by reason of the weight of coins, the long linen veil, and the stout material of the cap. I have one, bought on that memorable visit to Beth-lehem. The embroidered veil was six months in making, and the whole construction weighs *three pounds and three-quarters!* The display of gold and silver coins is the wearer's dowry and her pride. The husband presents them on the wedding-day, and it would be a disgrace were she to part with one unless to save her children from starvation. So strong is public opinion upon this head that the loss of a coin would compromise her character in the community unless, by finding and showing it, she could prove that the misfortune was accidental, and that she had not secretly disposed of the treasure. This lends probability to something I was told that Christmas Day by one who ought to have known whereof he spoke. According to my informant, the pendant coins falling upon the neck are known by a term that corresponds with the "piece of silver" of the parable. Admit this, and the anxiety of her who lost it, her frantic search with a lighted candle (*that too we comprehend better after seeing the ill-lighted rooms*), her call upon her neighbors to rejoice with her when it was found, mean much more than appears upon the surface of the story. The question involved was far more serious than the loss of a single bit of silver money.

Upon our pretty Rebekah, helmet and veil had a queenly yet a coquettish look, bewitchingly at variance with her air of demure submission to Abraham's behests. It was he who bade her, with authority that had yet in it a touch of affectionate pride that was pleasing, "go upstairs and put on her wedding-dress for Madame's diversion, since Madame had, doubtless, never beheld the like in her own country." We thanked him politely for the kind thought, and yet more cordially when dutiful Rebekah delighted our æsthetic senses by appearing before us presently in all the bravery of her bridal attire,—the costume

worn by every Beth-lehem bride of fair means,—a skirt of green-and-red silk, alternate gores of these colors being joined together with rows of herring-bone stitching, done in silk on the right side. Over this is a sleeveless jacket of the same colors, opening to show an astonishingly embroidered vest. The costume harmonized charmingly with the head-garniture, and the brilliant colors were toned down by the veil, caught up gracefully upon the arms and falling low upon the skirt.

This uniform is for Christian women only, and the majority of the Beth-lehemites being Roman Catholics, it is the fashion of the vicinity. The women do not cover their faces in the street or in the presence of men at home, after the manner of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Protestant women of Jerusalem and some other Syrian towns.

"Isaac has a pair of clear eyes in his head," observed Young America as we strolled through the noisy streets back to "Hotel Bethléem," "yet he let Abraham do his courting for him. It strikes me that is carrying early Hebrew a little *too far*!"

"I beg pardon, Captain!" said David respectfully.

"The Captain" did the sentence into unfigurative English. Feminine Young America may frown at our excellent dragoman's rejoinder, uttered in gravest sincerity:

"He did seem somewhat uneasy in mind for a time, but now he is quite happy with the wife of his father's choice, as is altogether natural! The parent is a better judge in such affairs than a young man who has not lived so long in the world by thirty years."

Our second visit to Beth-lehem (the "House of Bread," in the Hebrew) was paid on January 6, the Greek Christmas. Warned by the memory of former discomforts, we encamped upon a plateau on the outskirts of the town thronged now with twenty thousand Russian pilgrims. Always excepting the Grand New Hotel in Jerusalem, we found no house of entertainment in Syria that compared in comfort, and even elegance, with David Jamal's camp. The exquisite cleanliness, the quiet, the dainty appointments of the table spread for afternoon tea at the door of my tent, were like a breath of home-welcome after the passage through the heart of the overcrowded town. The streets were wet, sloppy, *slimy*! for a shower had set afloat the refuse heaped on both sides of the way until there was barely room for man or beast to walk, even in the middle of the narrow thoroughfare, and the air was positively heavy with vile odors. By the time tea was over we were able to forget the horror of it all in watching the sunset and the afterglow pass from the fair fields of Boaz stretched out before us.

Every incident of what we knew was to be our last night in Jamal's

camp in Beth-lehem recurs to me with peculiar and even mournful distinctness. How, as the darkness deepened, the red, blinking eyes of the charcoal craters of the wonderful portable stove presided over by our accomplished chef in the door of the kitchen-tent—the night being breezeless—shone upon the under-side of the olive boughs over our heads; how the same red gleams lighted up the dark faces of the servants we had learned to like and to trust as they passed back and forth within the ruddy ring of radiance, while our quiet talk went on of what had happened in the old town behind us. We had gained a strange sense of familiarity, that will never leave us, with the personality of Boaz, and Ruth, and Naomi; with their descendant, Jesse, who went among men for an old man in the days of Saul, and sent three of his eight sons to the battle with the King; with the youngest, the boy whose “beautiful countenance” won Samuel’s heart and Saul’s confidence; the man who was taken from the sheepfolds and raised up on high to be the anointed of the God of Jacob and the sweet Psalmist of Israel.

We spoke longest of David’s Greatest Son, and of the Birth that was to draw the eyes and thoughts of all nations to the little city on the hilltop in the land of Juda.

At midnight, kept wakeful by the rush and burden of thought, I arose to look from the tent-door upon the watchful stars that here have a conscious majesty I had never recognized elsewhere, and wondered anew where, amidst the glittering hosts “marshalled on the nightly plain” had flashed the Star of Beth-lehem. For the last time in our eventful series of journeyings we saw the dawn redden the Mountains of Moab, the thin crescent of the waning moon dying, while we gazed, before the brightness of the coming sun.

I shall always be grateful that that night of ineffable calm and the beauty of the new day are prominent among the pictures conjured before my mental vision, as at the wave of an enchanter’s wand, by the name of “Ephrath—which is Beth-lehem.”

VICTORY WITH HONOR

A HUMOROUS AUTOMOBILE STORY

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Author of "An Orchard Princess," "Kitty of the Roses," etc.

WE were down at Billy Duncan's place on Long Island—Tommy Winslow, the Duke, Dickie Boswell, and I. Billy calls his place "Kumonin," and there's a swinging sign down at the gate. The Duke got gay one time and painted under the "Kumonin" "The Water's Fine," and it's been there ever since. Billy says it helps him to remember what a cussed fool the Duke is. Dickie says if he can't remember without that he's got a bum memory. But this isn't what I started out to tell about.

It started when Dickie got to telling about his bubble in the smoking-room the night he came down. He'd driven it all the way from New York in two hours—or that's what he said—and it hadn't occasioned him a moment of anxiety. He said that, of course, there were other bubbles on the market, and some of 'em weren't half bad when they were on their good behavior, but when it came right down to brass tacks there was only one machine for a gentleman to use, and that was the Fearless. He said the Fearless could give any other machine five miles start and beat it out by ten minutes on a twenty-mile course with the carburetor in stays and the muffler dragging astern. He also said a lot more, and every minute Tommy got madder and madder, and when Dickie stopped for breath Tommy jumped up and said it was all bally nonsense and that he had a friend who knew of a man who had owned a Fearless and had given it away three weeks after buying it because dray horses climbed in over the back and made him nervous. And that set them a-going and they had it hot and heavy until the Duke put down his glass and told 'em to shut up.

"What is needed," he said, "is a practical demonstration of the respective merits of the Incomparable Fearless"—bowing to Dickie—"and the Unequalled Apley"—bowing to Tommy. "After listening with much interest to the arguments of both sides I am forced to the conclusion that theoretically the two makes are on a par. For, while the horizontal four-cycle psychologically-cooled engine, the jump spark, automatic brake, the direct lubricating muffler, and the double-distilled, artillery-wheeled transmission gear of the Fearless stamp it as a machine of first importance, yet, on the other hand, so to speak, the—er—the non-skidding, float-spray chassis, the planetary, directly

mounted roller bearings, the swivel-end, thirty-six-tooth odometer, and the non-vibratory, reverse-speed mud splashers of the Apley prove it to be a close rival. Thus, gentlemen,—and automobilists,—we may truthfully say that so far the honors are even and that theoretically the Indefatigable Fearless is the equal of the Ever-ready Apley and that the Apley is every whit as good as the Fearless. Therefore I offer the suggestion that a race between the rival machines be run to-morrow afternoon over a course to be decided upon later and that the owners back their steeds to such extent as their indiscretion allows. And I should like to add carelessly that I am eager to bet one hundred miserable dollars that the Stout-Hearted Apley will win."

Billy Duncan said he didn't like to take money from his guests when they were looking, but that he could use about a hundred and had clairvoyant advice to the effect that Dickie and his Fearless would come in ahead. So they made their bet. And all the time Tommy and Dickie were shouting at each other about what *they'd* bet.

In the end we fixed up the details. The start was to be made at two o'clock next afternoon from the house, and they were to run over about a forty-mile course, finishing at the Country Club. Each machine was to carry two passengers besides the driver, and the machine that reached the club-house first was to take the money. Dickie wanted them to make the course a hundred miles, so as to make endurance a factor in the race, and Tommy looked anxious, because his machine always breaks down at the end of an hour's run if it hasn't done so before. But Billy said he thought forty miles would be enough; that he didn't like to have dinner much later than half-past nine. Dickie snorted and said he could cover forty miles in an hour without hurrying. Tommy looked awfully relieved when they finally decided on forty miles and offered to bet Dickie another fifty, and Dickie took it. That made three hundred. Then we had some more quenchers all around and hit the downey.

The next morning Dickie and Tommy were up early, long before nine, fussing around in the stable with oil-cans and dirty rags and tools. They came in to breakfast at ten smelling something awful. The Duke said that on a fragrance showing the Odorous Apley was several amperes to the good, and would Billy mind having the rest of the windows opened. That started Tommy and Dickie up again, and by the time they had finished all the breakfast in sight the figures had gone up to four hundred and fifty. Then they went back to the stable, and all the morning we could hear them hammering and tinkering except when they were taking breathers, as Billy called it, up and down the drive. We had luncheon early, and at a little before two the machines were out front, all shined up and smelling beautifully.

Dickie's bubble was a two-cylinder touring-car of surrey pattern, with

a glass front that sloped back when you wanted it to so as to reduce the air-resistance, a whole lot of brass thingamabobs, and a coat of shiny blue paint that made you want to whistle "Boola." Tommy's machine was a bluish-white car of tonneau pattern, two-cylindere, that was supposed to make thirty-five miles an hour and usually took it out in supposing. He called it The Lead Nickel, because it couldn't be passed, but Dickie said it meant that it was a counterfeit and not a real automobile. That brought the bet up to an even five hundred. The Duke and I climbed into Tommy's machine and Billy and his sister Bob—her real name's Roberta—got into Dickie's

The thing had got out and there were about fifty folks over from the hotel and club-house to see us get away. It was quite inspiring, the Duke said, and it was a shame there was no music. We appointed a chap called Van—I don't know what the rest of his name is—as referee, and he was awfully tickled about it until he found he wasn't to go over the course, but was to hike back to the club-house and wait on the porch till we came along. He got sarcastic then and said he always got sleepy along towards one or two o'clock in the morning and wouldn't we fix a time-limit for the race. We hadn't thought of that, and Billy said it sounded quite reasonable and that if neither of the machines had finished by six, Van might go home to dinner.

We were all ready to go then, and the Duke was saying something about fouls and penalties and looking at his watch, and the butler was stowing a hamper of rations under our feet, when a funny old guy with gray whiskers moseyed up and said he'd heard there was going to be an automobile race, and it was his duty to warn us that the laws of the county or State or something forbade automobiling at a speed exceeding twelve miles an hour. The crowd cheered and the Duke got up and made him a speech. He called him "Bill the Constable," and told him he had been misinformed, that the contest about to come off was not a contest of speed, but one of endurance and skill, and that if he would honor them with his company they would show him some high-class chauffeuring, garaging, and vibrating such as had never before been witnessed within the sacred precincts of the benighted town. But the Constable said he guessed he could see better from the road, and that if we got to going too fast he'd raise his hand and we must stop. And the Duke said, "Without a doubt, Bill," and asked whether the law prohibited celerity. The old duffer said he didn't know as it did,—he wasn't up on scientific terms,—but he was dummed sure it prohibited going more'n twelve miles an hour. The Duke said we didn't want to transgress the laws, and that if Bill the Constable said so we'd throw the celery overboard. But the old chap said no, he guessed there wasn't any objection to celery, though he didn't just understand how they used it. Well, by that time everyone except the Duke was purple

in the face, and if the Duke hadn't given us the word just then I'd have burst. They gave us a cheer and we hiked out kind of cautious on account of Bill.

It was pretty warm, and the Duke got out the syphon and some glasses and stuff and we had a drink; we had to hold Tommy's glass up for him because he wouldn't take his hands off things. Then the Duke said he guessed we could let her out, and Tommy pulled something and I hit the back of the seat so hard I saw stars. We got around the corner first, and I looked back and saw Bill the Constable starting to run across lots to head us off.

"Is she doing her best, Tommy?" I asked. Tommy said "Hell! no, she could do ten miles better." I said she'd better do it if she wanted to beat the Constable, because he had only a couple of hundred yards to cover to reach us at the crossroads. Tommy said maybe she had, and I saw him pull something. But I was ready this time and only had my teeth jarred. We got around the corner about fifty yards ahead of Bill, although the Duke said he'd never seen better knee action than the old duffer displayed. The Duke waved to him gayly and we made believe we didn't understand what he was shouting and waving for.

"Hope he stops Dickey," yelled Tommy over his shoulder, and we turned and watched. Well, Bill just saved his life by making a jump for the bushes at the last moment, because Dickey didn't seem to understand him any better than we had.

After that the race began. A few folks had started to follow us in runabouts and buckboards and such foolishness, but they dropped out of sight pretty quick. Things were flying by fast, and the way we passed the club-house was a shame. We had a brief glimpse of Van sitting on the porch drinking out of a tall glass; he raised his hand to wave to us, and then we were a quarter of a mile away, it seemed, in front of a big red barn. Back of us about a couple of hundred yards was Dickie's big blue monster just eating up the road, only we couldn't always see it on account of the dust. The only thing we passed in the first five miles was a white horse hitched to a Kentucky break. The Duke said it was undoubtedly a valuable animal; that any horse that could dance a skirt dance as gracefully as that one did was sure to be worth a lot of money. The dust was awfully thick, and it just naturally rolled in over the back of the tonneau like waves. It made the Duke very thirsty and we had another drink about that time; the Duke said he guessed it lasted him pretty near a mile and a half and was one of the longest drinks he had ever had. We had a lot of trouble feeding it to Tommy. Most of it went down his coat.

"What we doing now?" yelled the Duke.

"Darned if I know," shouted Tommy. "She never did it before."

"Good old girl," said the Duke. "Hope she won't stop until she gets to the club."

And just then she began to sound kind of funny inside of her, kind of jerky and shaky, and Tommy put his head on one side and began to say things we couldn't catch. And we could see at once that she wasn't going nearly so fast.

"Something wrong?" asked the Duke.

Tommy nodded.

"What?"

"Darned if I know," yelled Tommy.

"That's what I like about one of these things, Annie," said the Duke. (My real name's Annismeade, but the chaps call me Annie; they think it's funny.) "When they get out of whack you have a chance to exercise your imagination. Now, if it's a horse, you just get down and look him over and you darn soon see what's wrong, but with one of these——"

I didn't hear the rest, for there was an awful tooting alongside of us and Dickie's car went by in a way that made us think for a moment we had stopped and begun going backward. Tommy said lots of things then, but it didn't seem to do any good, so for the next ten minutes we just sat and watched the blue car move away up the road in front.

"Give her some more coal," suggested the Duke. "Dig the spurs into her! Try the spinaker!"

Tommy just gibbered and felt of things and pulled 'em around. Then we had another drink and that made him feel better.

"They can't keep that up long," he shouted over his shoulder.

"How do you know?" we asked. But he wouldn't tell us; just wagged his head and muttered. The Duke said he was undoubtedly going crazy, and the only thing that could save him was a drink. So we saved him. By that time we had covered about eighteen miles, so the Duke said, and the other machine wasn't anywhere in sight. And then the *thump-thump-thump* stopped all of a sudden and Tommy grabbed at the brake and we slowed down in front of a cow pasture. Tommy swore horribly; it made the Duke shudder; he said so. Then he climbed out and began looking into the machine's vitals and poking around in them with tools.

"Is this a regular stop?" asked the Duke, "or were we signalled?" But Tommy had his head underneath the bubble and didn't answer.

Well, there's no use dwelling on the ensuing half hour, as the writer folks would say. Tommy pretty nearly took the machine to pieces and put it together again. The Duke and I sat quiet and looked on and operated the syphon. The Duke said that we could aid only by remaining cheerful and calm. But he offered a whole lot of advice, such as:

"Maybe the muffler's got unwound, Tommy, and her throat's cold,"

or "Have you examined the garage?" or "Perhaps the odometer's overheated, Tommy." Every now and then Tommy would stop swearing long enough to ask one of us to "turn her over." And after we'd turned her over about a million times she started *chug-chugging*, and Tommy made a flying leap and got in and started off, leaving half his tools on the road. The Duke swore he'd left a good deal of the machine's insides there too, but it didn't seem to make any difference.

Of course, we knew now that, barring accidents to Dickie, we were out of it. But, as the Duke said, accidents will happen to the best regulated chassises, and we must hope for the worst. She went pretty well then for awhile, and about four miles beyond we spied something ahead of us and Tommy let out a yell. When we got pretty near up to it he slowed down and we went by treading softly, as the Duke had it. Dickie was standing off with his cap on the back of his head and his hands in his pockets looking—well, you know how they look those times! It was awfully hard on him, for there was Bob Duncan in the tonneau looking very sweet and sympathetic, and, of course, Dickie couldn't do himself full justice in the swearing line. We made polite inquiries as we came up, and offered a tow, but Dickie seemed a bit cold considering his appearance, and so, after Tommy had inquired after the health of the Fearless in awfully sarcastic tones, we opened up and moved into the distance. Then nothing happened until we had covered about thirty of the forty miles. We had only ten more to do, Dickie wasn't to be seen behind us, and the old girl was going finely. We had been out just one hour and thirty-eight minutes. And then something went off with a sound like a pistol and the old thing stopped again.

It didn't take so long that time to find out what was wrong. I think it was the crank-shaft, or maybe it was something else; Tommy stuttered so it was hard to understand him. But something was broken short off. Tommy looked as though he would weep if he had had a handkerchief that wasn't all over grease.

"It's all up," he said sorrowfully.

"We couldn't push her, I suppose?" asked the Duke hopefully. Tommy shook his head.

"Besides," he asked, "what's the use?"

"Well, we might possibly get there ahead of them and save my hundred," said the Duke.

"It wouldn't count, would it?" asked Tommy, looking up suddenly from his boots.

"Why not? The wager was that the first machine reaching the club-house was to win. There was no mention made of how it was to get there."

Tommy gave a yell and sprang off up the road. There was a farmhouse about a quarter of a mile away and Tommy got to it in about a minute. We waited. After awhile back came Tommy with a pair of brown nags and a young fellow with lots of freckles and a pair of blue overalls.

"It's all right," yelled Tommy. "He's going to pull us to the club-house."

We got out the cable and hitched up. We didn't make very fast time, for the machine was pretty heavy and there was a hill every few feet, but we went ahead. Tommy made us get out now and then to help the horses, and the Duke said he guessed if he won that hundred he'd have blamed near earned it. We covered the next mile in twelve minutes. And just when we had turned off onto the Echo Harbor road there was a lot of noise back up the pike and along came that old blue machine in tow of a big pea-green steam touring-car. Well, maybe they didn't yell and roar when they came up. The Duke and Tommy and I were just having a wee nippee when they overtook us, and we were too much astonished to drink what was in our glasses until long after they'd gone by. Then Tommy took his at a gulp and broke out horrible. His language pained the Duke so that he had to take another drink right on the spot. Well, after that there didn't seem to be much use in trying, but we had to get home, win or no win, so we just let the beasts ramble along and made ourselves as comfortable as we could. Tommy was mighty poor company; he just dropped his chin on his breast and refused to be comforted or even moistened. We calculated that we had about another three miles to go when the chap in the freckles and overalls, who was walking with the horses, called to us and waved ahead. Hope returned as we looked. The blue car and the light green one had stopped about half a mile ahead of us. We yelled at the nags and got 'em into a trot, but it seemed a long time before we reached a place where we could see what had happened, and every minute we expected they would light out again. But they didn't, and after a bit the Duke yells:

"It's old Bill the Constable! He's got 'em nabbed! Whoa up, there, Blue Jeans!"

And sure enough, we could see the Constable and two other hayseeds laying down the law, and Dickie and Billy Duncan picking it up again and handing it back. They were too excited to see us.

"There's just once chance," said the Duke. "Bill's going to make those fellows go to the magistrate down at the village if they don't run away from him. And he'll include us in the party if we give him a chance. We've got to get by without stopping to say 'Howdy' and we've got to do it—er—with celerity. So let's get a good start and go right through without pause. Luckily, there's considerable of a

down grade and after we once get well started all the nags will have to do is to keep out of the way."

The fellow with the freckles kicked a lot at first; said we'd kill his horses and a lot of stuff like that; but we overruled him three to one and promised him another ten dollars if we got to the Country Club before the others, and finally he gave in. The Duke climbed up onto the back of the off horse and we set out.

It was great sport. We got a fine start and went by the group on the road at a twenty-mile clip, the Duke slapping the nags and yelling like crazy, Tommy sitting in front and steering and yelling like sixty, and Freckles and I sitting in the tonneau yelling like one hundred and twenty. You should have seen Bill the Constable and his two friends light out when they saw us coming. Bill climbed into Dickie's lap and the other two made for the bushes. We went by like a band of Indians and never pulled down to a walk until we were half a mile away.

"Our money's still good, Tommy," yelled the Duke. "I'll just stay where I am, and after these nags have had a breathing spell we'll push on. If they get away from Bill back there we'll give them a good run for their money. Annie, you might see what's left in the larder and throw a little of the combustible into Blue Jeans."

You see, he had started to make objections again; I never saw such a kill-sport as he tried to be; kept threatening us with the law if we didn't stop trotting his horses, and wouldn't take a drink on any account. However, the Duke didn't pay any attention to him, and Tommy just told him to forget it, and I didn't see why I should let him bother me. So once when he wasn't looking I pushed open the door and gave him a shove. He landed on his back, but he was up in a minute, and if the Duke hadn't guessed what was doing when I shouted to him Blue Jeans might have caught us. As it was, he never had a chance, and after a quarter of a mile or so of it he gave it up. Tommy didn't look around at all, just kept his eyes fixed on the road ahead and chewed on a cigarette.

The shadows were getting pretty long, and I looked at my watch; it said ten minutes of five. I told Tommy and he nodded. And about that time we spied the gate to the club-house grounds and set up a shout. The club-house was about an eighth of a mile from the gate,—that is, from this gate,—although on the other side the road ran right along the front. We looked back. The road curved considerable and there wasn't a thing in sight as far as we could see. So the Duke pulled down the nags and we walked 'em to the gate. Just as we were going in I looked again, and there, a little ways back, came those two machines just hitting the high places. I passed the word along and the Duke kicked his heels and we started up that winding gravel road like one of those chariot things the Roman Johnnies used to ride in. And

half way up, with the house in sight and the veranda chock full of folks waving their handkerchiefs and caps and golf-clubs, we looked back again and there was the pea-green tea-kettle swinging around the gate with the blue machine bumping along behind. And then we saw what had happened, for in the blue car, with Dickie and Billy and Bob, was Bill the Constable, and from the way his arms worked we could see he hadn't given his consent. But we weren't troubling about any old Constable just then. The Duke was shouting and kicking and whacking, and those two old plough-nags were hiking up that road like kittens, throwing the gravel and panting as though their mufflers were out of order.

But it didn't seem as though we were going to make it, for that steam machine was more than hurrying and they were gaining on us every second. Up at the club-house they were shouting and laughing like mad, and the chaps were loping in from the links and the tennis-courts to see the finish, laying bets as they came. There was a sort of a curve in the road near the house and the Duke calculated that it might cause delay if we went that way. So we crossed over two oblong beds of those plants with different colored leaves and one large round bed filled with red geraniums. That move pretty near dished us, for the nigh horse stumbled and went to his knees, and if Tommy hadn't been mighty quick with the brake we'd been on top of him. But as it was the Duke had him up in a second and we went on, headed straight for the steps, while the pea-green steamer and Dickie's Fearless came swinging around the curve in a way that was breathless and beautiful. And they'd have beaten us too by fifty feet, only just then something went wrong with that tea-kettle. There was a gentle, sobbing sort of sound, like someone taking a long breath through his nose, and the pea-green thing went off the ground about six inches, came down with a thud, slid a little ways, and stopped a hundred feet from the front entrance. Dickie got his brakes on in time to keep from smashing into the other machine and leaped out. Meanwhile our off plough-horse was walking up the club-house steps and the Duke, on his back, was bowing to the assembled multitude.

"I win!" cried Tommy, jumping out and grabbing Van by the arm.

"I—I protest, Mr. Referee!" yelled Dickie, falling up the steps in his hurry. "I protest! This—this gentleman put water into my gasoline and I ran out of fuel, and——"

"Prove it!" cried Tommy, grinning defiantly.

"I will prove it, Mr. Referee. I—I can produce witnesses——"

"That doesn't affect the result, Mr. Referee," shouted Tommy.

"What occurs before the race has no bearing——"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said Van, waving his hands, "it doesn't

really matter a particle, you know, for the time-limit expired just when the first auto came into sight."

"What!" we all shouted.

He bowed smilingly. I looked at my watch; it still said ten minutes of five; it had stopped!

"Gentlemen," said the Duke sadly, "all bets are off. We will now adjourn to the refectory and drown our sorrows——"

"You'll come along with me, that's what you'll do!" said an excited voice behind us. We turned.

"Ah," said the Duke, "it is my old friend, Bill the Constable. Bill, will you join us?"

"No, siree! You're under arrest, you and that little feller there, and that other feller, and this feller, and——"

"Enough, Dear Heart," said the Duke gently. "On to the Magistrate!"

And we flocked down the steps, the lot of us and about half the folks on the veranda, and started off to the village, Bill the Constable and the Duke leading. It was rather imposing and very gay; Billy Duncan said it looked just like a pleasure exertion. I found myself alongside Tommy. He was grinning like one of those Chinese gods in the joss houses.

"Did you water his gasoline, Tommy?" I asked.

"No, I won fairly."

"But he swore you did and said——"

"He's an awful liar," said Tommy sweetly. "You see, he filled my two cans half full of water last night, but I heard him moving about at about three A.M. and got up and investigated. I found what he'd done and just shifted the cans around; they were all just alike; and so this morning when he filled his tank he must have got the stuff he was going to work off on me. Cheaters never prosper. I won on my merits. I am satisfied. I didn't want his dirty old money, anyhow. The Lead Nickel proved her superiority; that is enough."

Then we passed in through a doorway and the Duke introduced us one by one to "Dan, the Magistrate."

HOW CONDY DHU RAISED THE DEVIL

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "Through the Turf-Smoke," "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," etc.



CONDY HARAGHEY was his correct name, but he seldom went by that. Condy Dhu we always called him, because, judging from his appearance, he would pass for a Moor rather than a Milesian. Of course, Condy never dreamt of objecting to the nickname. In those days the men of Cornakelly who could not boast the possession of a nickname were about as plentiful as black swans. Everyone was nicknamed except the priest and the doctor—some for qualities they had, some for qualities they had not, and still others not for qualities at all. Micky the Bear was noted for his cantankerousness; Shan Fadh, for his height; Brian Bakkah, for his halt; Caen-Ban, for his white head; Charlie Ruadh, for his red head; Charlie Dharrig, for a coat lined with red flannel which he had the misfortune to wear, a long generation ago, to school; Hughey the Ghost, because of some supernatural visits he was honored with; Corney the Lord, from his dignified bearing, and Pat Waury Aimon, because, strange to say, he had a mother named Mary (Waury), and she had a father named Ned (Aimon).

Condy Dhu had been a "thravellin' man"—a hawker—in his day, and having now, in the evening of his life, settled down with Nancy in a comfortable cottage in Cornakelly, rented at no less than sixpence a week, was looked up to as an authority of much weight on all subjects that cropped up in our local debates, from divinity and medicine down to cock-fighting. He nightly expounded the law and the prophets to an interested and admiring audience of good Cornakelly folk, and when weightier subjects flagged and the temper of his audience required it he entertained them to a wonderful tale drawn from his inexhaustible store of personal reminiscences—be the same truthful or otherwise. And we loved to listen to him.

Not less attractive was his cottage. It was one of those neat, thatched little shanties, affording just room to swing a cat, with scrupulously scrubbed earthen floor and ashes always tidied up on the flagged, open hearth, where fir and peat shot up their forked tongues of flame,—the only light in the house,—causing the big shadows to dance

on the walls and dally with the rows of shining delft on the dresser, and anon, in a freak of wilder merriment, bounce half-way up the black rafters of the roof. The smoke ran gayly up the wallside and out by the hole which answered for a chimney, and through which the urchins sitting by the fireside would often amuse themselves counting the stars that winked back at them from the blue patch above. From the crannies of the hearth too a goodly choir of crickets, indisputably the best, both respecting the quantity and the quality of their music, to be found in any cabin in Cornakelly, chirruped a cheery caed mille failte to every welcome neighbor that entered at the low door.

"Now, you youngsters, can't ye behave yerselves when there's oulder people nor yerselves present? I'll tell ye what it is, begorra, if ye'll be good childre', and show yer breedin', an' listen to me an' Paddy Cosh-dhu discussin' what Pal said to the Corinthi'ns, I'll make Nancy, afore ye go away, put on a pot for ye an' boil ye a pot of the best rottin' praties in Cornakelly. Now!"

"Well, we will behave oursel's, Condý; but let you an' Paddy laive Sent Pal *by* to some other time, an' tell us one of your own most wondherful adventhirs."

"Well, well, lads, an' ye would sooner hear about Condý Dhu than about Sent Pal any day. An' ye want one of my most wondherful adventhirs?"

"One of yer wondherfullest ones."

"An' afhter ye hear it ye won't be goin' round the naybors' houses, like Jaimsie Kittagh there did, I'm tould, the other day, sayin' yer under the sthrong belief that half the lies Condý Dhu tells isn't throe."

"It's a lie; I never said ye tould a lie in yer life," put in Jaimsie Kittagh from the corner. "What I said was that ye tould more throe lies than any man in Cornakelly."

"Thanky, Jaimsie, for the good corracthur. It's me belief that there's a regular goold-mine of truth in ye."

"How is that, Condý?" we exclaim, scenting a joke at Jaimsie's expense.

"Why, there must be a lot *in* him, bekase it's very little of it ever come out. But ye want a throe story of one of my most wondherfullest adventhirs. Well, I'll give ye a good one providin' none of ye spaiks a word till I'm done."

We see the catch and remain stoically silent.

"Do *you* hear me, Jaimsie? Sure ye won't spaik a word till I'm done?"

"Of coorse I'll not"—for Jaimsie is surprised off his guard.

"Go long, ye brat, ye've bruck the rule already; so I'm out."

It takes a round of forceful persuasion then to bring Condý to the point again; but on Jaimsie Kittagh's two neighbors giving him a

severe cuffing for his latter misdemeanor, Condý consents to consider the god of order appeased, and with a preliminary clearing of his throat he begins:

"Well, I suppose it's now near about—let me see, five, or maybe I might say six, an' thirty years ago that I was one night belated on me thravels in the County Managhan, in a purty lonely counthry about half-a-score miles from the place they call Carrickmacross I had the pack on me back, an' I was a fine, sousy, sthrappin' young fellow, with a loose leg an' a fella for it, an' was noways afeerd of the worst thing—man, mortal, or divil—that I might happen to meet on the road. But the night was about as dark as the first dhrap of tay Nancy there dhraws for herself in the mornin'—an' atween yous an' me an' the creepy-stool, ye'd see as aisy through a blind window as through that same—but don't let that go no farther! Well, the night was that dark, an' the counthry was, as I remarked, purty lonely, far from a town where a man would expect to get a bit of lodgin', an' with more hills than houses—when ye wanted a house ye didn't meet it, an' when ye met a house they didn't want ye. So I pushed on, strikin' up a whistle for company sake, an' I thravelled on an' on, naither meetin' luck nor a likely place, till tors't twelve o'clock, when I dhrew on a light that I saw about ten parches off the road, makin' up me mind to go no farther that night, even if I had to sleep in a byre. When I got close to it the stream of light from the open door showed me a horse ready saddled standin' by, when out comes an elderly man, an', mountin' the horse, says to the girl—the sarvint girl, I suspected—standin' in the door:

"'It's now near twelve,' says he, 'an' I expect to be there an' back by two, so ye may as well sit up to let me in. The childre's all asleep, and they'll not stir till I'm with them again.' Then he rode off. Meself remained in the shade of the hedge till he passed, an' then I lifted the latch an' walked into the house.

"'Sakes alive!' says the girl, startin'; 'who are ye, or where did ye come from, or what do ye want?'

"'Well,' says I, 'ye'll excuse me, I know, answerin' all yer questions at once. But regardin' the first, I'm Condý Haraghey to the rest of the world an' Condý Dhu to my aiguals. I come from as good a county as is to be found in Ireland,—if not betther,—the county of Dinnygal; I suppose ye've heard tell of it, where the boys are the str'ightest an' colleens the purtiest, where no man's afeerd of his naybor, an' his naybor's afeerd of no man, an' where ye can christen ye, coort ye, marry ye, wake ye, or bury ye with more rale divarson and credit to yer family than in any other corner of the island. An' as to where I'm goin', I can't give ye a *straight* answer, for I lost me way an' am wandherin' about for the past two hours with more turns an' twists

than dhrimin dhun's tail on a hot day. But I hope I'll be able, with yer kind permission, to set meself down in a corner here an' wait for mornin'.

"'Oh, not at all, Misther Dhu,' says she. 'Ye must move on an' look for lodgin' elsewhere. Considher that I'm a lone girl here, with my masther just gone off, an' ye know it wouldn't look well.'

"'Well, I have considhered, Ma'am,' says I, 'an' on the whole I bl'eeve I'm content to put up with it.'

"But she raised such a roolye-boolye, an' commenced makin' such a sore lament, that meself hoists me pack on me back in the divil of a fine humor, an' wishin' her pleasant dhreams,—from me teeth out,—I left the house an' commenced pokin' about for a byre or barn where I could keep a corner of the floor warm till mornin'. But, avic, I wasn't scarcely out as long as the routin' of a cow when I found a knock at the door, an' it was opened by the girl, an' there I saw a fine young fella at it, with the appearance of a sarvint boy; an' oh, but she had the caed mille failte for him, an' she was so glad to see him, shakin' him by both hands, an' she thought he wasn't goin' to come, an' hadn't she the purty fright with a rascal of a pedlar, with an outlandish name, all the way from the wilds of Dinnygall—a fella with the look of a murderer an' a thief in his countenance, that walked in on her just two minnits after the masther left, lookin' for lodgin', no less, an' if she hadn't the deuce's own throuble gettin' him away!

"Both of them retired inside, an' they closed the door; an' I know it was wrong, but I couldn't resist it—I stole to the window at the other end of the house to watch the proceedin's. She first hauled out a kilt goose from where it was hid undher some sthraw, an' both of them took to the pluckin' of it for life an' death, an' they put it in the pot over a roarin' fire till they give it a good plump of a boil. An' when it was done she put it on the table, an' beside it a big loaf, an' beside that he put a black bottle of a very respectable size that he had in his pocket, an' I tell you it wathered me teeth to watch the two of them sittin' down to the feed, an', Heaven forgive me! I could almost have prayed in me heart for the first bite to poison them.

"But maybe it wasn't the delight to me to hear, afore the two wratches had right begun to enjoy their feed, the thramp of the horse comin' back to the house—an' this nearly as good as an hour afore his time. In another minnit I saw that they heerd it too, for she got as white as Tommy Pat's gable-end below, an' a big fadge of the goose stuck in her throat, till he clapped her on the back like a man thrashin' an' clapped it up.

"'Run for yer life,' sez she, when she got the breath with her, 'for there'll be red murther.'

"'He'll meet me if I go out,' sez he. 'Melie murther!'

“‘Undher that heap of straw with ye, for Hiven’s sake,’ says she.

“Under a heap of straw beside the door he got, an’ she had only just got the black bottle hid up the chimbley, an’ the loaf under a tin basin on the dhresser, an’ the goose undher a creel, when in walks the man of the house; an’ meself didn’t wait for him to be in long till I walks in afther him with the pack on me back. He turned an’ he looked at me.

“‘Who are ye, or where are ye goin’?’ says he.

“‘Isn’t it the grand night entirely, Lord be thankit,’ says I, layin’ down me pack coolly in the corner an’ dhrawin’ forrid a chair to the fire. ‘Won’t ye sit down, good man,’ says I, takin’ out me pipe an’ tobaccy, ‘till we have a dhraw of the pipe?’

“‘Well, that’s what I call deuced cool,’ says he, lookin’ hard at meself.

“‘Yes, frosty,’ says I, purtendin’ I took him to be referrin’ to the night—‘I wouldn’t wondher if we’d have a little frost. Ye have yer tatties all pitted, I hope? Were they good with ye?’

“He made me no answer, but, pullin’ forrid a chair, he took the pipe I offered him an’ lit it. While he was smokin’ I looked about me, an’ I obsarved the sarvint lookin’ at me an’ puttin’ that many throws an’ twists in her countenance that I wondhered how she ever got it into shape again. I only smiled back at her a very satisfied smile, an’ looked at the sthraw, which gave her to understand, ‘I have ye in me power now, me throoper, an’ see how I’ll handle ye.’

“When he had pulled long enough at the pipe he handed it back to me without lookin’ me in the face, only just lookin’ into the fire.

“‘Where do ye come from?’ says he to a big black turf at the back of the hearth.

“‘Dinnygal,’ says I.

“‘Hum!’ says he.

“‘Hum!’ says I.

“‘Freemasons there?’ says he.

“‘No end of them,’ says I.

“‘You one?’ says he.

“‘Since I was able to creep,’ says I.

“He said nothin’ more, but kept lookin’ hard at the turf. Says I:

“‘What about somethin’ to ate, good man? I feel my stomach cryin’.’

“‘It’s all it’ll have for it,’ says he. ‘There’s nothin’ aither aitable or dhrinkable in the house. Is there, Maury?’ says he.

“‘Sorra take the morsel,’ says she, putting throws in her face at me again.

“‘If ye’re a Freemason,’ says he, ‘ye should have been able to tell that much yerself.’

" 'I'm sore afeerd ye're denyin' me meat,' says I, 'an' I'll soon tell ye whether or no.'

" So, gettin' up off me chair an' puttin' the pipe in me pocket, I picked up a riddle was lyin' behind the door.

" 'Can ye give me about two yards of a string?' says I.

" He gave me the string, an' though Maury's face was a-goin' again fit to frighten a sinner, I tied the riddle up to a hook in the middle of the kitchen ceilin', an' then gave it a good twirl.

" Well,' says he when I done that, 'what do ye make out now?'

" 'I make it out,' says I—an' I gave Maury a hard look—I make it out,' says I, 'that if ye'll look under a tin basin on the dhresser ye'll find a large loaf with a very small fadge cut off it.'

" 'I'm thinkin',' says he, startin' for the dhresser, 'that if I find ye playin' any purtensions on me ye'll go out while ye'd be sayin' Jack-hop, an' yer pack on top of ye.' An' maybe he wasn't flustered when he lifted the basin an' seen the loaf just as I described it!

" 'So far so good,' says I; 'we'll thry the riddle again; who knows but maybe we'd get somethin' to wash down the loaf with?' So I gave the riddle another twirl.

" 'Well?' says he.

" 'If ye put yer hand into a cranny up the chimbly,' says I, 'ye'll be afther findin' a black bottle three parts full of somethin' taistier nor wather,' an' I give Maury another look an' a smile, an' the craythur had baid's of sweat standin' on her the size of wren's eggs.

" 'By the good daylight,' says he, haulin' down the bottle an' tastin' it, 'yer right again.'

" 'If the whiskey's good,' says I, 'a loaf of bread is but poor aitin' to it, afther all. Let us see if we can't find betther in the house.'

" A third time I twirled the riddle.

" 'Well, what's the luck?' says he.

" 'Good luck,' says I, 'as Murty Curran said when he buried his third wife. If ye look under the creel below, ye'll find a cooked goose wantin' both legs.'

" An' sure enough, out, he hauls it.

" 'Well, that bates the wee wheel that ground the millstone,' says he. 'I'll swear that there was naither loaf, black bottle, nor cooked goose in the house this evenin' afore. Isn't that so, Maury?'

" But poor Maury wasn't able to answer, so I give her another hard smile, an' sat down along with the good man to the loaf an' the goose an' the bottle. An' if we didn't do them justice call me a magisthrate. The bottle made me friend's tongue as loose as Mickey Hanney's waistcoat, an' he talked like a counsellor an' lied like a lawyer; an' at length begun tryin' to find out the Freemason saicrets from me, an' how I was able to do these tricks at all, at all.

"'Ah,' says I then, 'that's nothin' at all to what I could do if I thried.'

"'I know one thing ye couldn't do,' says he.

"'What's that?' says I.

"'Raise the divil,' says he. 'No Freemason can do that, though they purtend they can.'

"'Would ye be prepared to venture a small bait (bet) on it?' says I.

"'I'll wager ye a crown,' says he.

"'Well an' good,' says I, settin' about sthringin' up the riddle again.

"'Ye're sure ye don't want to back out?' says I, 'for it'll be a bad business, I'm afeerd.'

"'Don't think ye'll scare me that aisy,' says he.

"'All right; stand by,' says I, 'an' hand me that flail there.'

"I thought now that Maury would go into a faint, but I never minded her. I twirled the riddle again an' watched it till it settled.

"'Ready?' says I, grippin' the flail.

"'Ready,' says he, with a mock laugh on his countenance.

"'Stand,' says I, 'atween that heap of straw an' the door an' watch me thrashin'.'

"He got atween it an' the door. I dhrew the flail with what ability I could an' come down a soundin' whack, an' there was a screech from the sthraw like a pig a-stickin'. Up rises the sthraw in the centre, an' out jumps a man just in time to get the second whack of the flail fairly on the ribs, knockin' him right over atop of the dumfoundhered good man of the house, both of them fallin' flat, with the moroder on top. There came one screech from the moroder, an' another screech from the man undher him, an' a third screech from Maury, who fell over in a faint. The schoundhrel was up an' at the door in a jiffy, but I caught him another nate one just as he was disappearin' right on the skull, fetchin' another yell out of him that—it's a fact, boys, as thrue as I'm (not) sitting here—wakened every sleepin' sowl in Carrickmacross, ten miles away, an' made a man who lived half way, an' who had been deaf an' dumb since afore he was born, ax what was that thunder, an' set all the cocks in the barony to crow at four o'clock on a winther's mornin'!

"When I got masther an' maid back to life again I would get anything in the house if I'd only consent to go me ways; but I wouldn't move till daylight, an' then went off with me crown in me pocket, an' five an' thirty shillin's besides for the makin's of a woven all-wool suit made of pressed rags that cost six an' ninepence ha'penny.

"Now, Jamie Kittagh, it's near about time ye would run home to yer mammie, an' wash yer prayers, an' say her feet, an' go to bed."

DON CUPID

By E. Ayrton (Mrs. Israel Zangwill)



"DON CUPID is her master's name,
Full ancient is his pedigree."

—*Old Song.*

I FIRST met him toddling down an empty street in the little sun-baked Spanish town. He had been marketing, evidently, for he carried a basket over his arm,—one of those boatshaped wicker things such as the peasants use,—and it was all brimming over with gay red tomatoes and shapely bunches of purple grapes. On his feet he wore a smart little pair of leather shoes and bright plaid socks; these and the basket completed his costume. "Good-morrow, Don Cupid," said I.

He stopped short and stared at me wonderingly, this naked brown baby. At first I thought that he was afraid—afraid of my foreign face, my strange dress, my hard northern speech, or embarrassed, perhaps, at the exceeding limitedness of his own attire. But no, he was far too young, far too old, to think of such things. When was Cupid disconcerted by a girl?

"Good-morrow, Señorita," he said at last gravely. A dandy at the Escorial might have envied him his composure. He stood there waiting for me to speak further.

"And where are thy bow and arrows, Don Cupid?" I asked. "Hast thou then bartered them for these fruits of the earth, little, shameless one?" The fancy pleased me and I had gone on heedlessly, but the brown baby was clearly puzzled. He had set down his basket, but now he stooped for it, if it can be called stooping to bend such a little way. He evidently considered there had been sufficient conversation with an incomprehensible foreign female.

"Addiós, Señorita," he said, and he turned to go. His little, naked flexion had a touch of hauteur.

But this I could not bear. I was lonely, so lonely and sad in this gay Castilian town. The very sunshine hurt with its bright mockery of happiness. It seemed hard and pitiless, like all the world beside. For I was sick, sick in body and sick at heart with the thought of the might have been. Truly I had turned my back on Cupid in the cold northern land, but now in the sunshine was he to turn his back on me?

"Don Cupid, do not leave me, thou must not leave me," I cried. "The basket is very heavy; let me bear it a little way." I had noticed the semicircle of pressure on the fat, brown arm.

So he stayed, and together we bore the basket, little Don Cupid and I. And as we walked he told me of many thing in the strange language that I was just beginning to understand; he told me of a mother and of a mother's love and the warm softness of her circling arms; and he told me of his father, so mighty and tall, who could toss a baby up into the air, almost to the clouds, it seemed; also there was an aunt, a certain Juanita, not so entirely satisfactory. "But you shall see them all," quoth he.

So I went to the brown baby's house; I went many times, indeed, and I grew to know tall José and sweet-faced Maria and even the lively young aunt, Juanita. José was a carpenter by trade, "one of the best in Malagon," his wife told me proudly, and it was in the shop among the clean-scented shavings that the brown baby would be found at play. "I shall be a carpenter too when I grow big," he told me one day, "or else a general with a plumed hat, grand, oh, so grand, and weapons that shine by my side. And when I go forth to shoot, then men shall fall for the fear of me, for I shall be the great lord of all."

"Oh Don Cupid, thou hast no need to grow big," said I. "Art thou not already the great lord of all?"

"But I have nothing to shoot with," said he.

So I got him a little bow and arrows, and his joy in their possession was alone enough to prove his identity. "Indeed, the niño will surely be a master archer; he even sleeps with them by his pillow," his mother would tell me.

One day I explained to these simple folk the reason of my gift and spoke to them of our little northern deity. But pretty Juanita only laughed at me for my pains. "Ah Señorita," she cried, "to us also of Spain he is not unknown, el fuertissimo hidalgo don Cupido." From the window we were watching the brown baby at play in the street with the wonderful new toy, but suddenly Juanita blushed and ran away. Was it because Lorenzo had stopped underneath—Lorenzo, the gay muleteer?

"It seems almost unfair, Señorita," the mother was saying, "that Cupid should come to us women in the shape of a little child. For how can a girl's heart be barred so close, so firm, that a niño shall not find a hole?" Her own little Cupid now ran into the room and she picked him up and began kissing him thoughtfully. "You see, Señorita, I know that my José is one in a thousand," she explained. But I had turned away, for my eyes were full of tears at the thought of all that I had thrown aside.

Sometimes when the sun shone warm and the sky was blue (and, indeed, that was nearly every day) little Don Cupid would be lent to me and we would go out walking together. Only on these great occasions he would masquerade as an ordinary, every-day little Spanish boy in a cotton blouse and funny full knickerbockers, and I alone knew who was hidden underneath. But, however he was dressed or undressed, on one thing he insisted, that he should carry the little bow, while the arrows in their gaudy case were slung about his waist.

And so we would wander out fully equipped, Cupid with the bow, while I bore his basket, only now, as well as grapes, it held tortitas and other dainties, for Cupid had a sweet tooth and the cakes are good in Spain. "Shall we go to the chestnut grove," I would ask him, "or to the castillo, the great, ruined castillo that stands at the edge of the plain?" Then Cupid would decide, but ever as we went he practised shooting his arrows.

"See, I can send them a great way now," he would cry.

Thus the time passed, and always we were alone, little Don Cupid and I. But one day as we approached the old castillo someone came up behind us. Then, why I know not, but suddenly, before I could check him, Don Cupid turned and shot an arrow. "Oh, it has hurt the Señor, the strange Señor," he cried, and he ran to me sobbing, frightened at his own marksmanship. Cupid did not know before the surety of his aim.

But the Señor was not hurt—neither was he very strange. So he and I entered the old castillo, speaking of Don Cupid and many things, but silent as to the cold northern land; and the little one searched for his arrow.

"It must have gone right into the Señor, for I cannot find it," Don Cupid cried gayly, as at last he joined us once more in a castle in Spain.



THE CROSSROADS

BY BENJAMIN GRIFFITH BRAWLEY

WE have been together in love and hate,
We have been together in sin,
But we're standing now at the postern gate
And the future folds us in;
And whether we laugh on the boundless sweep
Or plod on alone in tears,
The best of the days that are gone we'll keep
Till we meet in the after-years;
Farewell!
Till we meet in the after-years.

THE WILDWOOD LIMITED

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Story of the Railroad," etc.



HENRY HAUTMAN was born old. At fifteen he had the face and figure of a voter. His skin did not fit his face—it wrinkled and resembled a piece of rawhide that had been left out in the rain and sun.

Henry's father was a freighter on the Santa Fé trail when Independence was the back door of civilization, opening on a wilderness. Little Henry used to ride on the high seat with his father, close up to the tail of a Missouri mule, the seventh of a series of eight which his father drove in front of the big wagon and the trailer. It was the wind of the West that tanned the hide on Henry's face and made him look old before his time.

At night they used to range the wagons in a ring, in which the freighters slept.

One night Henry was wakened by the yells of Indians and saw men fighting. Presently he was swung to the back of a cayuse behind a painted warrior, and as they rode away the boy, looking back, saw the wagons burning—and guessed the rest.

Later the lad escaped and made his way to Chicago, where he began his career on the rail and where this story really begins.

It was extremely difficult, in the early days, to find sober, reliable young men to man the few locomotives in America and to run the trains. A large part of the population seemed to be floating, drifting west, west, always west. So when this stout-shouldered, strong-faced youth asked for work the round-house foreman took him on gladly.

Henry's boyhood had been so full of peril that he was absolutely indifferent to danger and a stranger to fear. He was not even afraid of work, and at the end of eighteen months he was marked up for a run. He had passed from the wiping gang to the deck of a passenger engine, and was now ready for the road.

Henry was proud of his rapid promotion, especially this last lift that would enable him to race in the moonlight along the steel trail, though he recalled that it had cost him his first little white lie.

One of the rules of the road said that a man must be twenty-one years old before he could handle a locomotive. Henry knew his book well, but he knew also that the railroad needed his service and that he

needed the job; so when the clerk had taken his "personal record"—which was only a mild way of asking where he would have his body sent in case he met the fate, so common at that time on a new line in a new country—he gave his age as twenty, hoping the Master Mechanic would allow him a year for good behavior.

Years passed, as did the Indian and the buffalo. The railway reached out across the Great American Desert. The border became blurred and was rubbed out. The Desert was dotted with homes. Towns began to grow up about the water-tanks and to bud and blow on the treeless plain.

Henry Hautman became known as the coolest and most daring driver on the road. He was a good engineer and a good citizen. He owned his home, and while his pay was not what an engineer draws to-day for the same run made in half the time, it was sufficient unto the day, his requirements, and his wife's taste.

Only one thing troubled him. He had bought a big farm not far from Chicago, for which he was paying out of his savings. If he kept well, as he had been all his life, three years more on the Limited would let him out. Then he could retire a year ahead of time, and settle down in comfort on the farm and watch the trains go by.

It would be his salvation, this farm by the roadside, for the very thought of surrendering the La Salle to another was wormwood and gall to Henry. It never occurred to him to quit and go over to the N. W. or the P., D. and Q., where they had no age limit for engineers. No man ever thought of leaving the service of the Chicago, Milwaukee and Wildwood. The road was one of the finest, and as for the run—well, they used to say, "Drive the Wildwood Limited and die." Henry had driven it for a decade and had not died. When he looked himself over he declared that he was the best man, physically, on the line. But there was the law in the Book of Rules,—the Bible of the C., M. and W.,—and no man might go beyond the limit set for the retirement of engine drivers. And Henry Hautman, the favorite of the "Old Man," would take his medicine. They were a loyal lot on the Milwaukee in those days. Superintendent Van Law declared them clannish. "Kick a man," said he, "in St. Paul, and his friends will feel the shock on the lower Mississippi."

Time winged on, and as often as Christmas came it reminded the old engineer that he was one year nearer his last trip, for his mother, now sleeping in the Far West, had taught him to believe that he had come to her on Christmas Eve.

How the world had aged in three score years! Sometimes at night he had wild dreams of his last day on the freight wagon, of the endless reaches of waving wild grass, of bands of buffalo racing away towards the setting sun, a wild deer drinking at a running

stream, and one lone Indian on the crest of a distant dune—dark, ominous, awful. Sometimes, from his high seat at the front of the Limited, he caught the flash of a field-fire and remembered the burning wagons in the wilderness.

But the wilderness was no more, and Henry was grimly proud that the world's greatest civilizer, the locomotive, had been the pioneer in all this great work of peopling the plains. The Pathfinders, the real heroes of the Anglo-Saxon race, had fought their way from the Missouri River to the sundown-sea. He recalled how they used to watch for the one opposing passenger train. Now they flashed by his window as the mileposts flashed in the early days, for the line had been double-tracked so that the electric-lighted hotels on wheels passed up and down regardless of opposing trains. All these changes had been wrought in a single generation, and Henry felt that he had contributed, according to his light, to the great work.

But the more he pondered the perfection of the service, the comfort of travel, the magnificence of the Wildwood Limited, the more he dreaded the day when he must take his little personal effects from the cab of the La Salle and say good-by to her, to the road, and, hardest of all, to the "Old Man," as they called the Master Mechanic.

One day when Henry was registering in the round-house he saw a letter in the rack for him, and carried it home to read after supper.

When he read it he jumped out of his chair. "Why, Henry," said his wife, putting down her knitting, "what ever's the matter, open switch or red light?"

"Worse, Mary, it's the end of the track!"

The old engineer tossed the letter over to his wife, sat down, stretched his legs out, locked his fingers, and began rolling his thumbs, one over the other, staring at the stove.

When Mrs. Hautman had finished the letter she stamped her foot and declared it an outrage. She suggested that somebody wanted the La Salle. "Well," she said, resigning herself to her fate, "I bet I have that coach seat out of the cab; it'll make a nice tête-à-tête for the front room. Superannuated!" she went on with growing disgust. "I bet you can put any man on the first division down three times in five."

"It's me that's down, Mary—down and out."

"Henry Hautman, I'm ashamed of you! You know you've got four years, come Christmas. Why don't you fight? Where's your Brotherhood you've been paying money to for twenty years? I bet a 'Q' striker comes and takes your engine."

"No, Mary, we're beaten. I see how it all happened, now. I began at twenty when I was really but sixteen, that's where I

lose. I lied to the Old Man when we were both boys. Now that lie comes back to me, as a chicken comes home to roost."

"But can't you explain that now?"

"Well, not easy. It's down in the records—it's Scripture now, as the Old Man would say. No, the best I can do is to take my medicine like a man; I've got a month yet to think it over."

After that they sat in silence, this childless couple, trying to fashion to themselves how it would seem to be superannuated.

The short December days were all too short for Henry. He counted the hours, marked the movements of the minute hand on the face of his cab clock, and measured the miles he would have, not to "do" but to enjoy before Christmas. As the weeks went by the old engineer became a changed man. He had always been cheerful, happy, and good-natured. Now he became thoughtful, silent, melancholy. There was not a man on the first division but grieved because he was going, but no man would dare say so to Henry. Sympathy is about the hardest thing a stout heart ever has to endure.

While Henry was out on his last trip his wife waited upon the Master Mechanic and asked him to bring his wife over and spend Christmas Eve with Henry and help her to cheer him up, and the Old Man promised to call that evening.

Although there were half a dozen palms itching for the throttle of the La Salle, no man had yet been assigned to the run. And the same kindly feeling of sympathy that prompted this delay prevented the aspirants from pressing their claims. Once, in the lodge room, a young member, eager for a regular run, opened the question, but saw his mistake when the older members began to hiss like geese, while the Worthy Master smote the table with his maul.

Henry saw the La Salle cross the turn-table and back into the round-house, and while he "looked her over," examining every link and pin, each lever and link-lifter, the others hurried away, for it was Christmas Eve and nobody cared to say good-by to the old engineer.

When he had walked around her half a dozen times, touching her burnished mainpins with the back of his hand, he climbed into the cab and began to gather up his trinkets, his comb and toothbrush, a small steel monkey-wrench, and a slender brass torch that had been given him by a friend. There he sat upon the soft-cushioned coach seat that his wife had coveted and looked along the hand-railing. He leaned from the cab window and glanced along the twin stubs of steel that passed through the open door and stopped short at the pit—symbolizing the end of his run on the rail. The old boss wiper came with his crew to clean the La Salle, but when he saw the driver there in the cab he passed him by.

Long he sat in silence, having a last visit with La Salle, her brass bands gleaming in the twilight. For years she had carried him safely through snow and sleet and rain—often from dawn till dusk and sometimes from dusk till dawn again. She had been his life's companion, while on the road, who now, "like some familiar face at parting gained a graver grace."

Presently the lamp-lighters came and began lighting the oil-lamps that stood in brackets along the wall, but before their gleam had reached his face the old engineer slid down and hurried away home with never a backward glance.

That night when Mrs. Hautman had passed the popcorn and red apples and they had all eaten and the men had lighted cigars, the engineer's wife brought a worn Bible out and drew a chair near the Master Mechanic. The Old Man, as he was called, looked at the book, then at the woman, who held it open on her lap.

"Do you believe this book?" she asked earnestly.

"Absolutely," he answered.

"All that is written here?"

"All," said the man.

Then she turned to the fly-leaf and read the record of Henry's birth, the day, the month, and the year.

Henry came and looked at the book and the faded handwriting, trying to remember, but it was too far away.

The old Bible had been discovered that day deep down in a trunk of old trinkets that had been sent to Henry when his mother died, years ago.

The old engineer took the book and held it on his knees, turned its limp leaves, and dropped upon them the tribute of a strong man's tear.

The Old Man called for the letter he had written, erased the date, set it forward four years, and handed it back to Henry.

"Here, Hank," said he, "here's a Christmas gift for you."

So when the Wildwood Limited was limbered up that Christmas morning Henry leaned from the window, leaned back, tugged at the throttle again, smiled over at the fireman and said, "Now, Billy, watch her swallow that cold, stiff steel at about a mile a minute."



THE LAST STRAW

By Josiah Allen's Wife



CURIOUS, hain't it, about the last straw on the camel's back? To think how much that homely, patient critter will stand without flenchin'; what heavy loads it will stand to have heaped onto its tired back, and then how it will crumple and break right down under a straw. Curious, but so it is.

And camels and wimmen are alike in lots of things. Now wimmen and camels hain't obstropolous as a general thing—they're patient and long sufferin': Both on 'em willin' to kneel right down in front of a duty or a load of truck and load themselves with panniers and cares and things and lope off on the sandy path of life, a-carryin' 'em stiddy and oncomplainin'. Both on 'em swift runners when necessary, self-denyin', goin' without the refreshment of water or appreciation for a long time. Both on 'em willin' to carry tremendous loads for them they love. Both on 'em liable to break right down under a last straw.

Now there wuz a neighbor of Uncle Darius Smith, Zenas Stone by name, who used his wife mizable, and everybody wuz blamin' him and he deserved it; but I laid quite a little on't to her. She didn't begin right, she begun by makin' a perfect Dagon on him and bowin' down before him. She begun by givin' him the cream whilst she dranked the skim milk. She hadn't ort to; 'tain't right for wimmen to so demean themselves. Not that I want them to have the cream and their consorts the blue milk. No, I advise young married folks to stir the cream into the milk and then fill up the goblets of life even and square, cream and milk both, and drink it down standin' side by side.

But 'tennyrate, whether it wuz the result of her pompeyin' him or whatever wuz the reason he misused her like a dog and worse than any dog I ever hearn on. I used to hear on't every time I'd go visitin' over to Uncle Dariuses or when they'd come to visit me.

And they said and everybody knowed that as bad as he used her she kep' on a-standin' it and standin' it jest like a camel, kneelin' right down under it, lettin' him load her up with work and abuse and bearin' it first-rate. Why, it wuz the town's talk how he used her. And he wuz good enough to her when they wuz first married, though he always had a quarrelsome and venturesome disposition and a tendency to new kinds of original meanness that nobody else would

a-thought on. He wuz spilte some in bringin' up, a only boy amongst a houseful of wimmen and old maids. He wuz real handsome as boy and man and wuz pompeyed too much.

And then, as I have foretold, Sarah Ann finished the job. Why, one day when she'd madded him—and he madded easier than an old hen on a stolen nest—he up and put her in the poundin' barrel with the dirty clothes, the water squishin' and spurtin' up round her and she a-yellin' and usin' real bad language. I spoze even a camel will beller if it is pounded, and Sarah Ann had hearn Zenas swear so much, before she knowed it she used profane swearin' quite considerable. That wuz the difference between her and the dirty clothes—sheets and piller-cases don't screech and swear nor tablecloths.

And then ag'in he got mad at her and rubbed Balsam of Fir, a kind of turpentine, into her hair. And she broke away from him and went runnin' down the road towards Uncle Dariuses with her hair all stuck up and she a-cryin' and takin' on and workin' her hair up on top of her head so it stuck right up, red hair too. And she busted right into Uncle Dariuses and he and Aunt Almina worked over her head most all the afternoon a-tryin' to git it out.

Uncle Darius wuz dretful good-natured and tender-hearted and so wuz Aunt Almina. They tried karseen and hot water and sand soap and everything they could think on. Why, Uncle Darius and Aunt Almina worked more'n five hours at it, and then they had to cut it most all off, she a-cussin' fearful at her husband and life in general, every cuss word learnt from Zenas, a-cryin' that never, never would she live with him a day ag'in, every yank they gin her hair seemin'ly makin' her determination more solid and cast iron that never, never would she live a day with Zenas Stone ag'in.

But she did (jest like a camel bellerin' and then submittin'). Before the week wuz out they wuz livin' together, and the more he acted the more she forgave.

It wasn't long after that he got mad because she didn't black the stove to suit him, and she spunked up and sassed him back and told him if he didn't like it he might black it himself. And he vowed he would. He had a lot of coal-tar out to the barn and he brung it in and sopped it all over the stove, nickel and all. She wuz rippin' mad at that and sez, a-pantin' for breath,—

"You'd better paint the floor."

"All right, just as you say," he answered back, and swashed on a lot onto the floor round the kitchen stove. And she, madder than a hatter by this time,—and who could blame her?—yelled out, "Keep right on; I'd paint the outside of the house if I wuz you."

"All right, mom, just as you say," sez he. And so he up and painted the front of the house black as a coal. I recollect it wuz about

the time McKinley wuz shot, and strangers who rode by thought they wuz mournin' for him, mournin' deep. But they wuzn't, the neighbors all knew; it wuz pure meanness in him. But after a spell she forgave him and kep' right on livin' with him. Of course, after he got over his tantrum he painted the house all over quite a good-lookin' buff with green trimmin's, but it took quite a number of coats to cover up the black on the house and floor. It cost Zenas money, that skoorup of hisen did.

And it wuzn't long after that the hired man got mad and left him and he made Sarah Ann go into the woods and saw wood with him for a hull day. And, what wuz the most gauldin', he pretended to have a crick in his back and made her carry the saw on her shoulder all the way hum, a cross-gut saw—the idee!

But she forgave him, or to all human appearances she did, 'tenny-rate she kep' on livin' with him. Curious, hain't it, how much that patient creeter stood? But when she did have him what do you spoze that last straw wuz that driv her out? Well, if you'll believe it, it wuz jest seein' Zenas tuck a buffalo round a woman's feet and help her into a cutter. That wuz the most there wuz to it so fur as we could see at the time. And we talked a lot about it to think what she had stood from him without flenchin' and then to fly off the handle at jest this.

And still, take the hull circumstances, it wuz galdin', but nothin' painful or dangerous as she had been through. The way on't wuz Grass Widder Bardeen, she that wuz Nett Snyder, had come from the West and wuz visitin' round the old neighborhood, and she'd spent that forenoon with Sarah Ann, and they both wuz goin' in the afternoon over to Sarah Ann's mother's over to Loontown to take supper. Mandy Shuecraft wuz there that day helpin' Sarah warp a rag carpet and the petickulars come from her.

She said when they started Zenas stood by the gate talkin' with Grass Widder Bardeen. Sarah Ann clambered in alone or tried to, Zenas not offerin' to help her. And she most fell, for the sideboards of the cutter wuz high and Sarah Ann had been through with so much and had such a hard time her legs wuz kinder stiff and lumbbersome. And she got her right foot in and the other one wuz out and she couldn't lift it up over the cutter side to save her life. And so she stood there as the him sez:

"One foot on sea
And one on solid land."

(In poetry you can call the snow the sea and the cutter bottom solid land, poets do take such resks.)

Well, Zenas never offered to help her by so much as holdin' out his

little finger. He stood there leanin' on the gate a-passin' compliments with Grass Widder Bardeen and kinder grinnin' to see Sarah Ann histin' up her foot and then lettin' it fall down ag'in, her face gittin' redder and redder, for she kinder wanted to show off before Nett Bardeen, for they'd been schoolmates and sort o' tried to outdo each other way back in their school-days, and this wuz the first time she and Sarah Ann had met since they wuz young girls together.

And there Grass Widder Bardeen stood a-smilin' and talkin' to Zenas and he to her and both on 'em makin' light of Sarah Ann's struggles to hist her right foot up, till Mandy Shuecraft said:

"I stood it as long as I could, and I run out and boosted her and she got most in but fell back onto me and we both most went down, but I righted up and bent down and lifted up her foot and she made out to git it up over the sideboard and sunk down completely exhausted, her face red as blood."

Then Grass Widder Bardeen got in on the other side. She wuz always a great climber in school days, real limber-jinted and spry always, and she didn't need a mite of help. But Zenas advanced gallantly and as if it wuz the aim of his life to help her, and jest lifted her right in over the side of the cutter and tucked the robe so clost and tenderly round her that it dragged it all offen Sarah Ann.

And she sot there not sayin' a word, Mandy said, and with a dretful curious smile onto her face, lookin' some as if it wuz made up somewhere else and brought there and glued onto her face for the occasion. It didn't look nateral at all, so Mandy always said. But 'tennyrate Sarah Ann never said a word but sot there with her knees all out in the cold and that queer smile on, and so they driv off.

And it wuz noticed all that afternoon, so folks thought back on't afterwards, how almost over polite Sarah Ann wuz to Grass Widder Bardeen. Sarah Ann's mother had invited a number in to visit with Nett because she used to live next door to her. And they all said that Sarah Ann never made a move or showed in any way, shape, or manner that anything wuz the matter or that she laid anything up exceptin' jest that queer smile, which she wore most the hull time. I spoze mebbly camels might do jest so, be cool and stiddy actin' on the outside but doin' a lot of thinkin' on the inside, and mebbly gittin' ready in their own mind to give a good, hard kick.

The afternoon passed away, supper wuz over, and the neighbors all went home, Nett goin' home with a cousin for the night. But Sarah Ann didn't make no moves to go, and finally when it got dark she sez:

"I guess I'll stay here with you, mother, I guess I won't go home ag'in."

And the old lady wuz real pleased to have her home ag'in, for she wuz quite well off and gittin' along in years and Sarah Ann wuz a

great worker and neat as a pin, and then Sarah Ann's sufferin's with Zenas had worried her ma most to death. And we spoze she told her mother all about it and lifted up that last straw and displayed it to her ma on every side and condoled with her. "Tennyrate when Zenas come after her in the mornin'—he wuz a real helpless critter about the house and he hadn't had no breakfast to speak on and he wanted her to go back in time to git dinner—and she sez to him, so I hearn and it come straight, sez she:

"You can git your own dinner and your own meals for the future. And you can keep right on tuckin' that buffalo round Nett Bardeen and liftin' her in and out of that cutter all winter and all summer for all of me—I'm done with you."

He plead and he begged on her to go back. I guess he realized then what a good, patient wife she'd been and how he'd used her. And he promised everything a man ever promised. But no use, this wuz her stiddy reply,—

"You can keep right on tuckin' that buffalo round Nett Bardeen's feet through time and eternity for all I care, though I don't believe you'll either on you need a buffalo there or have any use for a cutter, fur from it."

Twittin' him about the climate of the future spear they wuz goin' to; sassed him right up and stuck to it. It wuz the last straw, but a heavy one, as he found out.

"I'm done with you," sez she. And that remained her ultimatum and duz remain to this day, three years later. After bein' pounded with dirty clothes, stuck up with Balsam of Fir, wore out with sawin' wood with a cross-gut saw, etc., etc., jest that one act did the deed.

And I d'no' how it is a-comin' out. I heard that Zenas wuz kinder makin' up to Grass Widder Bardeen now she's out on another visit and thinkin' of a divorce. But you can hear most anything.

But I know one thing, he goes round and has gone round lookin' like a mournin' dove (a he one, of course). And I believe he feels to regret bitterly his treatment of that patient, long-sufferin' creeter that stood everything a woman or a camel could stand only jest that last straw.

THE MODERN LYCEUM

ITS GROWTH AND MISSION

By Paul M. Pearson

Editor of "Talent"



SINCE Horace Mann gave us the Lyceum system, American culture has progressed in so many ways and great that, naturally enough, there has been a resultant falling off in the demand for lectures that should merely inform and instruct. Instead, has grown up the present-day system of public professional discourses that do far more than convey information; for the best "Talent" now aims to inspire audiences to vital interest, not only in things literary, artistic, and musical, but also in all those philanthropic, social, and civic questions which so deeply concern every wideawake community.

The Anti-Slavery movement gave our Lyceum system this broadened and broadening scope. Hardly had the Lyceum found a general reception in New England than men began to debate the question of slavery, and quite naturally the public platform became the arena for the all-absorbing discussions. Professional public speakers partially forsook their colder instructive addresses and turned to the eager art of persuasion. With the plea to the intellect was blended the warmth of appeal to the higher emotions. In this manner did the Lyceum take on that ethical import which has dignified it ever since the days of those early giants, Emerson, Phillips, Parker, Sumner, Anna Dickinson, Beecher, and Gough.

Professional Lyceum leaders of our time believe the modern institution to be more significant than was its predecessor of forty years ago. It keeps pace with every new manifestation of progress in thought and religion, in science and ethics. Though exercising less apparent sway over men's decisions,—because more fully sharing that power with the public prints than did the platform four decades ago,—the modern Lyceum is an increasingly powerful factor in arousing, convincing, informing, and entertaining men. Now as never before multitudes everywhere hang upon the lips of those who have pushed farthest into remote climes, delved deepest into science, mastered the difficulties of government, penetrated the secrets of spiritual life, or in any way shown aptitude in popularly interpreting for men the vital thought or emotion of the hour.

In a recent interview Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis says: "The Lyceum is in its infancy. We talk about the days when we had with us great kings of the platform, and yet I am persuaded that there never was a time in history when there were so many able and so many sincere men on the platform as now. Its day has not yet fully come; the day for the preacher and the orator lies ahead. We hear all this talk about the power of the spoken word passing away, the press displacing the preacher. It is all nonsense. In a recent city election all the papers, save one, were entirely for one ticket, and yet the election went for the other side. The press has no influence, except the influence of news. The press does not lead, and does not try to lead. The preacher, and the teacher, and the speaker are still the prophets of society. There never was a time in the history of the world when men and women loved so much to hear a good speech as at present. The lecturer of to-day has three times the audience and five times the pay that the lecturer had in the so-called palmy days of the platform."

In the early years of the Lyceum, known among older men as "the palmy days," the movement was confined mostly to New England and to the large cities east of the Mississippi. To-day there is no State so distant from the centres of culture, and scarcely a town so small, that the Lyceum system has not penetrated. So great is the enthusiasm aroused by these courses, in the smaller communities, at least, that not only the literary, the musical, and the studious support the movement, but practically the entire community turns out to applaud—what sometimes proves to be unintelligible eloquence or frenzied musical efforts.

The first Lyceum, organized at Concord, Massachusetts, in 1829, still maintains a lecture course, and many New England towns continue courses begun more than forty years ago. In the West are many towns, like Elkhart, Indiana, and Eldora, Iowa, where courses have been managed for twenty years.

At Emporia, Kansas, a town of nine thousand inhabitants, twenty-five hundred dollars were spent last year for "Talent" for three different courses. Avondale, Pennsylvania, a village of about six hundred souls, has built a special auditorium for its lecture courses, and its cultivated citizens demand the superior platform orators. Citizens of Canton, Ohio, last year bought thirty-six hundred season-tickets for the popular lecture course. In this way the movement for popular education and ethical uplift is becoming firmly established in nearly every enlightened community.

In the cities it finds, of course, its widest fields. In Chicago three neighboring churches support their own separate and flourishing lecture courses, and throughout the entire city one may find similar con-

ditions. Religious and educational associations in many metropolitan centres are actively contributing to the cause. Five thousand season-tickets to a Star Lecture Course were quickly sold in Nashville during the fortnight preceding the sale of reserved seats. In Philadelphia the Central Young Men's Christian Association maintains a course on Wednesdays and Thursdays during twenty weeks each winter, and the Pennsylvania Railroad Young Men's Christian Association has a course including ten Friday nights. The Temple Baptist Church of the same city has a "Star Course" of eight numbers in the autumn, but there is scarcely a week of the entire season when this great church does not present a lecture, reading, or concert by professional "Talent." The number of persons attending each of these larger attractions is about the same as one would find in any of the best theatres in Philadelphia.

Though Massachusetts, the cradle of the Lyceum, still supports many courses, it is in the West that the movement finds largest and most enthusiastic acceptance. In so young a State as Kansas there are this year over two hundred and fifty courses, while Iowa maintains more than four hundred. Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Nebraska each support more than two hundred courses, as do Pennsylvania and Massachusetts in the East. In fact, almost every State in the Union sustains at least one hundred Lyceum courses.

The cost of these courses varies greatly, naturally depending upon the kind and number of "attractions." The average is probably five hundred dollars, though many are secured for as little as one hundred and fifty dollars for four or five numbers, while others cost as much as two thousand dollars for ten numbers. The little city of Hutchinson, Kansas, has this year a course of ten numbers which costs the committee two thousand dollars. The twelve numbers on the Nashville, Tennessee, course cost about eighteen hundred dollars. In Iowa and some of the States in the Northwest there are courses of five numbers each that are priced at two hundred dollars, while one bureau, adopting bargain-counter methods, sells five attractions on a course for seventy-five dollars and half the door receipts above that amount.

The growth in the number of courses has been met by a remarkable increase in the number of bureaus and platform speakers. From a single Lyceum Bureau and two or three independent Lyceum agents of the early days the movement has grown to nearly fifty bureaus, each employing from one to fifteen representatives and scores of independent agents.

Most of these agencies assume large financial risks, for the old percentage basis is being gradually superseded. In order to secure the exclusive management of desirable "Talent" they generally guarantee a lecturer, reader, or musical company a definite number of dates

between September and May at a stipulated price per night. The amount of business thus guaranteed by any one of the three largest agencies exceeds a quarter of a million dollars annually.

It will doubtless surprise *many* to learn that few lecture courses are run to make money, but are considered a means of popular education. In starting a course it is usual for a committee of from ten to twenty public-spirited men to raise a guarantee fund. Should the course fail to pay expenses, the loss is then divided among the guarantors; but should a course more than pay expenses, the surplus is usually given to the town library or held as an emergency fund, laid up against possible losses in lean years. There are many courses, however, which always make money. In a little Missouri town an enterprising young fellow worked his way through college by maintaining a lecture course, and when he graduated he sold the business for five hundred dollars.

Though no one lecturer on the platform looms as large in the public eye as did Beecher, Phillips, and Gough a generation ago, yet there are several men who, for equally generous fees, are filling as many engagements each year as did these great men of the early Lyceum. Emerson, Lowell, and some of their contemporaries before the war lectured in many of the New England towns at from ten to twenty-five dollars a night. In what are referred to as the palmy days of the Lyceum, Anna Dickinson, John B. Gough, and Henry Ward Beecher received two hundred dollars a lecture. This was, however, in the days of high prices following the war, when a number of popular Lyceum people made as much as eight thousand dollars a year, and Gough, for a few years, had an income from his lectures of thirty thousand dollars.

It is interesting to compare the fees received by the kings of the platform three and four decades ago with the sums charged by the present-day leaders. The highest price reached by a few of the early lecturers is equalled to-day by five times the number who attained that goal in the old days. Dr. Russell H. Conwell has refused thirty thousand dollars a year to devote all of his time to the platform, and the Lyceum engagements of James Whitcomb Riley last season are reported to have amounted to fifty thousand dollars. Booker T. Washington gives only a limited time to lecturing, but almost any Lyceum Bureau would jump at a chance to guarantee him one hundred and fifty dates next season at two hundred dollars a night. Though Maude Ballington Booth cannot give so many nights to the Lyceum as did Anna Dickinson for several years, yet she receives about the same fees, and she has to decline more dates than she fills. George Kennan's fee was as large as that of the giants of the early days, and when he returns from the Far East his time will be eagerly sought after at

even higher fees. After a year or two of indifferent success in Lyceum work, Jacob Riis has attained to such popularity that now there is a growing demand for his time at high figures. Sam Jones now gives all of his time to lecturing, with an income that must reach the maximum quoted for Gough. His Chautauqua season of ten weeks brings him more than ten thousand dollars a year, and the summer fees of William J. Bryan and Governor La Follette exceed that amount. Another Southerner whose yearly fees approximate the same amount is ex-Governor Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, while the annual platform income of still another son of the Southland, Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, reaches twenty-five thousand dollars.

The list of Lyceum "Talent" who receive from five to fifteen thousand dollars a year is long enough to fill a catalogue. Of the younger generation alone there are at least forty or fifty whose fees each year are more than five thousand dollars, while among the older lecturers whose fees exceed this sum are George R. Wendling, Colonel George W. Bain, Bishop C. C. McCabe, Bishop Charles H. Fowler, Bishop John H. Vincent, John B. DeMotte, James Hedley, Senator J. P. Dolliver, Hon. Champ Clark, Rev. Dr. D. J. Stafford, and there still remain many names scarcely less widely known.



HORA, CHRISTI

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I MARY, trembling wait
 The hour so soon to be;
 I shall have played so high a part
 In His nativity.
 Oh, wonderful, thrice wonderful
 My God hath been to me!

For this mine hour of pain,
 The travail I must know,
 There shall be gladness through the years;
 And where my tears shall flow
 The bloom of Love shall burst in flower,
 For God hath told me so.

How gladly shall I bear
 All sorrow for His sake!
 I only tremble lest with love
 Mine eager heart should break,
 For He shall rest within mine arms
 Ere the white dawn shall wake!

A MOMENT OF CONFIDENCE

By *Ella Middleton Tybout*

Author of "The Wife of the Secretary of State," "Poker-town People," etc.



"I CONGRATULATE you," remarked the Judge urbanely, "upon the engagement of your niece."

Miss Weston smiled as, with hands almost as fragile as the Dresden cup, she passed his tea.

"My greatniece," she corrected quietly; "you forget the flight of time."

"Only when I am with you," he responded with a slight bow.

The Judge, who prided himself upon neat speeches of this character, admired his white gaiters as he stood with his back to the fire. The Judge's left great toe was gouty, but his boots were immaculate notwithstanding.

"I knew her mother," he resumed reflectively,—“yes, and her mother's mother."

"Also his father," said Miss Weston tentatively, "and perhaps his father's father too?"

"I knew his grandfather certainly; also his grandmother."

The Judge drew up a chair and sat down. From the other room came a murmur of young voices enlivened by little bursts of laughter, and he involuntarily smiled as he listened.

"I wonder you allowed it," he suddenly remarked.

"On the contrary," said Miss Weston briefly, "I encouraged it."

"It's in the blood," slowly resumed the Judge, "they cannot help it. Always the prettiest face. There's heartache for every woman who marries a Grayson."

"Heartache for every woman who loves a Grayson," amended Miss Weston quietly.

The Judge looked curiously at his companion as she rested her head against the high, carved back of her chair a little wearily. Miss Weston resembled a delicate flower which has begun to fade, and most men felt an instinctive desire to shield and protect her.

"I am not sure," he remarked at last, "that I understand you. Let us return to the young people. The boy suggests his grandfather."

"Who married Lucy Lincoln," said Miss Weston in her soft old voice. "I was bridesmaid, you were best man. It seems but yes—"

terday. Do you remember how your white glove burst in the thumb, and how she stumbled and fell as she left the church?"

The Judge frowned impatiently.

"An ill omen," he rejoined; "she was most unhappy. It was the usual thing with men of his race. Another woman."

"She faded very soon," continued Miss Weston reflectively, "blondes generally do. And I remember she would continue to wear the pale colors which used to suit her as a girl. Poor Lucy!"

"Poor Lucy, truly," said the Judge with a slight sigh as he brushed a crumb from his knee, "a neglected, unloved wife. She suffered acutely. She used to tell me her troubles."

"Ah," said Miss Weston, smiling, "how like Lucy. She always told her troubles—especially to men."

"He was a brute," remarked the Judge in the impersonal manner in which one refers to a well-established fact.

"He was nothing of the sort," contradicted Miss Weston with unexpected asperity; "he needed the right woman, that was all."

Outside the winter twilight deepened and the snow fell in large, thick flakes. The gas had been lighted in the outer drawing-room, and a girl, the centre of a little circle, held her hand beneath the chandelier that the diamonds upon her third finger might flash more brilliantly. Her cheeks were flushed and she laughed nervously as she replied to the congratulations of her friends, while her eyes continually sought the door, expectant yet a little timid.

In the small inner room there was as yet no gas, but the fire glowed red and comfortable, its flickering light falling softly upon quaint bits of china and rare old engravings. Its ruddy glow even gave a faint pink tinge to the cheeks of the old lady in her carved mahogany chair, and touched the old gentleman so gently that the ravages of time were almost obliterated.

"He married," the Judge declared, "the best woman on God's earth, and his neglect killed her."

"Lucy died of diphtheria," corrected his companion dryly; "it is not usually produced by neglect."

She clasped her hands loosely in her lap, and their delicate transparency was accentuated by the black velvet of her gown. There was something strangely ethereal about Miss Weston, which the Judge admired, though he did not understand.

"Is Mildred the right woman?" he interrogated as a ripple of laughter arose from the next room.

"He is a nice boy," she returned slowly; "he deserves a chance."

"She is very like you," he continued; "but for the difference in dress and arrangement of the hair I could fancy the past fifty years a dream."

"His grandfather never had a chance," resumed Miss Weston in a reflective tone; "Lucy did not know how to love."

A flush not entirely due to the fire overspread the wrinkled cheeks of the old man.

"I beg your pardon," he interrupted, "she knew——"

The French clock on the mantel seemed to tick more hurriedly as Miss Weston leaned forward, looking up at her companion upon the hearthrug.

"So it was you," she said with an odd little laugh; "I knew there was a man in it, of course, but—you."

"Oh, I assure you," he exclaimed, extending a deprecating hand, "there was nothing——"

"Discreet, even in her indiscretions," murmured Miss Weston appreciatively, "dear Lucy."

A slight stir in the outer room announced a new arrival. The Judge looked with a good deal of interest at the last comer, but Miss Weston bent her reflective gaze towards the heart of the fire.

"So it was you," she said again,—"*you*."

"Why not?" he inquired imperturbably.

"To be sure," she acquiesced, "why not?"

The old gentleman drew his chair forward and crossed his knees with deliberation. He liked to discuss every subject dispassionately and was quite celebrated at the Bar for the justice of his decisions.

"I was sincere," he said to her, "in what I told you the night they were married. At the time, I meant every word of it. But you were right, as usual."

"Pray don't discuss it," indifferently replied Miss Weston.

The Judge seemed relieved and tapped the arm of the chair with meditative fingers.

"You know," he remarked impartially, "you were never just to Lucy. You did not appreciate her."

"Perhaps not," acquiesced Miss Weston. Her tone was enigmatic.

The Judge understood law better than he did women or he would hardly have ventured on the foregoing remark. He felt intuitively, however, that the situation was becoming somewhat tense, and was about to introduce a safer topic when a frank, boyish laugh from the next room caused Miss Weston to raise her hand with an involuntary smile.

"Listen," she said softly. "Listen."

The Judge nodded in comprehension.

"The Grayson laugh," he said.

"There's not a trace of Lucy in the boy," she exclaimed, "not a trace." This with something like exultation.

Again the hearty, mirth-compelling laugh, and again the old lady's

eager listening, while her companion changed his position and curiously watched her.

"Old friend," he said at last, an unwonted tenderness in his voice and laying a shaking hand on her arm, "let us be frank with each other. We have not much time left, I fancy, for we have already outlived most of our companions."

"We *are* old," assented Miss Weston equably; "sometimes I think we are very old."

"Therefore," he persisted, "let us be candid."

"As a last resort," she calmly suggested, raising her lorgnon indifferently.

"I want," he continued with quietness, "to tell you about Lucy; I have always wanted you to know."

She sighed a little and dropped her lorgnon impatiently.

"Let us live openly in the past for a time," he gently urged; "we live there in secret always, you and I—in common with all old people."

A servant entered and replenished the fire, which flamed an eager welcome to a fresh log; its light fell full upon the erect figure in the carved chair and reflected itself among the diamonds which weighted down the fragile hands.

"Do you recall," he resumed, "how small she seemed in her wedding-dress, and how her veil fell about her like a cloud? She looked so innocent—so appealing?"

Miss Weston nodded.

"And I remember," she remarked musingly, "how angry she was because her gown wrinkled in the back, and how she——"

"Grayson and I stood waiting," he continued, disregarding the interruption, "and when she reached the altar she looked at him—and smiled. I never forgot it."

"That very night," came the quiet response, "you asked me to marry you."

Suddenly the leaping flame died down, leaving the room in semi-darkness.

"I sometimes think, Dorcas," remarked the Judge reflectively, "that it would have been better for us both had you done so. Life might have been different."

The flame leaped up again so quickly that Miss Weston had hardly time to move her head into the shadow. She raised a fan of peacock feathers and held it between her face and the fire, waving it slowly at intervals, as though to brush away from her mind the mist of accumulated years.

"You were speaking of Lucy," she said suggestively.

The fan made a long sweep and paused in uncertainty, its feathers expressively quivering, but the Judge failed to observe.

"Ah," he said with a lingering intonation, "yes, so I was—of Lucy."

"I went to see her," he continued after a pause, "soon after her return from the honeymoon, and I found her—a bride—alone and in tears."

"The honeymoon," interpolated Miss Weston, "always brings April weather."

"Poor little soul," he resumed thoughtfully, "she was hurt to the heart, her sensitive nature irrevocably wounded by his coarse brutality and his inability to understand the finer fibres of a woman's nature."

"I seem to hear Lucy say those words," murmured Miss Weston in evident retrospect.

"With her blue eyes raised to mine, all cloudy with tears," he went on, "she looked so innocent and childlike that I——"

"Kissed her," suggested Miss Weston.

"No, Dorcas," replied the Judge with firmness, "you wrong us both. I did not kiss her until the next time I called."

"And the first kiss," she said thoughtfully, "is the open sesame."

The group in the next room had dwindled to two. They stood before the window and watched the quiet descent of the heavy snowflakes for a moment, then simultaneously and involuntarily turned towards each other.

"Put out the gas," said the girl, her voice a little muffled, "I like the firelight better."

"Yes," assented the Judge, as the outer room grew dark, "it is the open sesame."

And for a time silence reigned in both rooms.

"Well?" said Miss Weston at length, "well?"

Her companion roused himself abruptly.

"There is not much to tell," he said unwillingly; "after that we drifted."

The Judge leaned forward and arrested the slow motion of the feather fan.

"Don't misunderstand me," he said earnestly, "and don't judge her harshly. She was a good woman always,—one of God's saints,—and her life was a long martyrdom. He—her husband—slighted and neglected her; he tired of her almost immediately, grew dissipated, and—like the butterfly, Dorcas, so I've heard—fluttered from flower to flower."

The peacock feathers quivered again and the nails upon the hand which clasped the ivory handle grew suddenly very pink.

"Mated with a clown," quoted the Judge with melancholy satisfaction. "Oh, I know all about it—a pitiful case indeed."

The old lady dropped her fan and leaned forward suddenly.

"Did you know," she said a little breathlessly, "that she never opened a book or read a paper, and that her neglect of her child (this boy's father) made her husband what he was? Had you any idea how she could whine and sulk for days together over trifles? Did you realize how untidy and slovenly her dress became when alone with her husband, and how she wore away his love by constant nagging? Did you know that his unhappy home drove him to drink and that she—not he—is responsible for his ruined life? Did you know all this?"

Her companion paused a moment; he liked to go to the root of a matter before flatly contradicting it.

"What is your authority for such extraordinary statements?" he inquired judicially.

"The best," came her quick response, her sweet old voice breaking uncertainly, "the very best. He told me so himself."

An occasional murmur arose from the next room, but the two old people, completely absorbed in the past, no longer felt interested in the exponents of the present.

"He told you so," repeated the Judge, loftily tolerant of the illogical conclusions of the weaker sex, "and you believed him! Oh, the credulity of the female mind! Why, Dorcas, Tom Grayson was bad clear through!

"His wife," he continued firmly, "tried in every way possible to make a happy home for him. She strove nobly to reclaim him, notwithstanding his neglect and abuse. She endured many things and suffered in silence——"

"Indeed!" interrupted Miss Weston sharply, "and what is *your* authority, if you please?"

"I know it to be true," said the Judge, still calmly superior, "because she told me so herself."

The Judge was not blessed with a sense of humor, else he would have understood the short laugh with which his companion leaned back in her chair and contemplated the fire. As it was, he merely continued a train of thought and promptly voiced his sentiments.

"I never could understand," he remarked sententiously, "why good women always defend worthless men. Now, Grayson——"

"I'm not defending him," interrupted Miss Weston a little wearily, "I know he was dissipated and all that. But it was *her* fault—yes, it was," she continued, once more sitting erect and returning to the subject with some warmth.

"We remember him, you and I, when he was like that boy in the other room—handsome, generous, careless, and care-free; quick-tempered and full of faults, perhaps, but with the making of a man if he had had a fair chance. You know it in your heart as well as I do. The right woman could have been proud of her husband. He found

her too late to marry her, but he realized what she might have been to him. He knew that he loved her and told her so, asking for her love in return and her help."

"And she?"

"She loved him because she could not help it. But she was a woman and had the scruples of her sex; she feared the criticism of the world and would have nothing to do with him—*nothing*. He went from bad to worse until he met his miserable death, the result of a fall when he was drunk. You know all about it. Whose fault was it that he lived as he did—his or that of the two women who might have helped him? I mean his wife, had she been different, and—the other. Come, you are a Judge. Whose fault was it?"

"We all have our idols," said the Judge slowly, "and they often have feet of clay."

"I am waiting for an answer to my question," insisted the old lady, her voice trembling noticeably.

But her companion did not reply. Instead, he rose slowly, for his joints were somewhat stiff, and prepared to take his leave. Miss Weston rose also and extended her hand in silence. The Judge bowed low and held the little hand a moment, admiring the delicate tracery of blue veins and the smoothness which had defied even the wrinkles which usually mark the trail of passing years.

"Dorcas," he said gently, "this has been an afternoon of confidence; probably we will never indulge in such another. Tell me the name of the woman who could have made a man of Grayson."

"Her name," said the old lady, quietly withdrawing her hand, "was Dorcas Weston."

An hour later a girl strolled into the little back drawing-room and seated herself upon the rug before the fire, leaning her bright head affectionately against Miss Weston's knee and taking possession of the hand which had excited the admiration of the Judge.

"It's funny," she remarked thoughtfully, "how awfully confidential the fire makes you feel, isn't it?"

Miss Weston agreed.

"Now Harry," she continued almost shyly, "has been saying all sorts of things in there. He actually wants to be married in April, but I would rather wait until fall. What would *you* do?"

And Miss Weston told her.

MEMORIES OF SOME GENERALS OF THE CIVIL WAR

By Wimer Bedford



FIRST PAPER

GENERAL LOGAN was popular in the army. His friends called him John, and he generally had his room filled with officers, he "receiving" in shirt-sleeves. He was part Irish, part Indian, and wholly American—a handsome man slightly above the medium height, having coal-black eyes and long, straight, black hair, which hung all about the head and, if I remember correctly, turned in all around. His hair was probably accounted for by his Indian blood. As to the Indian blood, I had that information directly from one who knew him very well. He was impulsive. Being a good stump speaker, he was frequently called upon to speak for the veteran cause—that is, to urge the men who had enlisted for three years and served that term, thus entitling themselves to be regarded as veterans, and who wished to stop at the expiration of their term, to reenlist as veterans.

By the women he was greatly admired. When in the different towns he was deciding in regard to giving the citizens rations, many women stood about—I used to think more for an excuse to see him than to find out about their rations. Logan was known in our army, as Van Dorn in the Confederate Army, as a regular "ladykiller."

When I was in the post-office at Cairo, Illinois, after having served about a year in the army, I got leave from the Postmaster and went down to the front to see General Logan. I told him that I came to get that staff position he had promised me when he was in Cairo. He said I was too late, that an order had just been issued from Washington saying that no staff appointments could in future be made from civil life. "But," said he, "I can get you a horse, and if you can get a blouse and sabre you can ride with me as a volunteer aide, paying your share of the mess-table." I did so, forgetting to go back to Cairo (which remissness was afterwards condoned), and when I had been with him about two weeks, I think, I was offered the adjutancy of the Forty-eighth Illinois, which I gladly accepted, for there was no other position in the army I would rather fill than that of regimental adjutant.

Once when General Logan was coming in from the front at Shiloh I handed him a despatch which had been on the road two weeks before

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I received it, which said I was wanted at home, that my father was dying. Just then the guns at the front were heard by both of us.

"Well, my boy," said the General, "your father will be buried by the time you get home. Don't you hear those guns? 'The war-horse snuffs the battle from afar off.'"

"All right, General," I answered, and went back to work, to mourn alone.

While Logan commanded a brigade at Vicksburg I was sent to an elevation some distance away to carry some word to him. There I witnessed an exhibition of General Grant's famous coolness under all circumstances. Around him were clustered a number of generals, including Logan. They were looking through their glasses away to the left to see whether or not General McClelland was coming up with his division to take command of the left flank, preparatory to a charge on the works of the enemy. All were excited but General Grant alone, who sat on his horse, quiet and unmoved, with the inevitable cigar in his mouth.

At Raymond, the place at which the first battle was fought after Pemberton came out from Vicksburg on the march to Jackson, Mississippi, Logan gave me and one other of his officers (I think L.) command of two regiments each, while he commanded the brigade. I may be allowed to state with gratification that he commended us both highly for our conduct in that fight. It was at that time I saw Colonel McCook, one of the fighting family, wounded and being taken to the rear.

GENERAL HAYNIE.

Before the war General Haynie had been a circuit judge in Southern Illinois. During the war, when he was promoted from colonel to brigadier-general, he had to go to General Grant to report. The latter gave him ten days' leave of absence to form his new staff, of which I was to be assistant adjutant-general, having formerly served as his regimental adjutant, and having accompanied him on his visit to General Grant.

Generals Price and Van Dorn, of the Confederate Army, had been cutting the railroads, and we were fortunate enough, before communication was ended, to catch the last train for Cairo from General Grant's headquarters in Mississippi. On reaching Jackson, Tennessee, however, we were forced to stop, as General Forrest had cut the road above Jackson and made a feint on the town. General Sullivan, of our army, commanded at Jackson at that time, and made a spurt out after Forrest. With him he took General Haynie as a volunteer and me as adjutant of the expedition, leaving his own adjutant in Jackson, which was barricaded against Forrest or any other Confederate general. Colonel D., who was in command of a brigade, the Second, was to leave at five o'clock that evening, and Colonel F., who commanded another brigade,

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the First, was to leave at five the next morning. An entire regiment was to be the rear-guard.

General Sullivan with his staff started early the following morning. I took a hurried breakfast in Jackson and rode out with my orderly, joining them on the road. We stopped at a small village. General Sullivan and General Haynie went into a house to get breakfast. As my horse's saddle hurt his withers, I went into a saddler's of the village to get another saddle. After coming out and fixing the new saddle on my horse I chanced to look along the road, and across it I saw a troop of the enemy's horse drawn up in line.

I shouted, mounting as I did so, "General! General!" and the two Generals came to the door. I said, "Look there!" They came out and mounted their horses. General Haynie started to charge the enemy, but General Sullivan called out, "This way, Haynie," pointing in the other direction, whereupon we galloped that way. Coming to a ploughed field down the road, the orderlies, who are the body-soldiers of officers, were commanded to take down the bars, and we rode through. The orderlies remounted, coming after us. When we got through the field and reached a road we saw a lone woman sitting on a porch. General Sullivan called out, "Which is the road to Huntington?" but the woman was too scared to reply; however, some paroled Union prisoners, whom we soon chanced upon, showed us a path through the woods.

We came out of the woods to find ourselves just in front of our rear-guard. As this regiment was within reach, and he learned that the First Brigade was not far ahead, General Sullivan gave orders for the staff to return to the village, which it appeared was about half way between the two bodies of men. On our return I went into the saddler's to seek information, and heard from him that it was Captain Forrest, the brother of the General, who was in command of the company I had discovered. While we had scampered off in one direction, he had taken the other, just as frightened as we: he, because, seeing Union men, he supposed he was in the Yankee lines; and we, because we were so few. But Captain Forrest might that day have gathered in two generals away from their commands and some of their staffs, eight in all.

We had scarcely got rid of that false alarm when an aide from the First Brigade came galloping back to us with a message for General Sullivan. Colonel D., in command of the Second Brigade, was surrounded and actually surrendering to General Forrest, and unless commanded was not to do so, the Colonel of the First Brigade would order his men to double-quick to his rescue. General Sullivan sent him back word to go ahead, and, turning to us, said, "Gentlemen, let us gallop too." We did so.

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Soon we came up to the First Brigade. General Sullivan, so that they could double-quick faster, gave the command to the men to "sling knapsacks," as we galloped by on their right to the top of a hill, where we came in sight of Colonel D.'s command in the hands of the enemy. I was sent by the General to find out if the command was actually surrounded by the enemy and was surrendering. I rode down the hill and soon discovered that Colonel D. was indeed in the act of surrendering.

When the First Brigade came to the brow of the hill they formed in line of battle, and—*mirabile dictu*!—without any further effort the enemy scattered. Instead of their taking our brigade prisoners, we captured Forrest's Adjutant and Colonel Seay,—a volunteer aide,—eleven staff officers, four hundred and fifty enlisted men, and nine field-guns. That night I wrote out General Sullivan's orders sitting at the feet of a dead officer, as handsome a man as I had seen in the service. He was from Georgia, and was known as the Guerilla Chief.

In the meantime we had taken a farmhouse for headquarters, and I had ordered supper. General Sullivan and General Haynie were in one room, and in the next Major Strange, General Forrest's adjutant, was lying on a bed with two others. There were three beds in the room, and each bed contained three men. They were cursing the Yankees. You see, while they had fully expected to capture an entire brigade, they were themselves captured.

I had my four clerks in the room writing out paroles for them and for the enlisted men to report in Cairo the fourth of the next month. An order was sent in from General Sullivan to the effect that while wishing to treat them well, he could no longer put up with their cursing, and that if I needed further instructions at any time headquarters would be under two specified trees near by. I endured a little more of the cursing, and then said: "Boys, I respect your position as prisoners-of-war, but I cannot stand the cursing any longer; and if you do not stop it, I'll put each one of you before a bayonet and make you walk guard duty and go without supper." It was efficacious. The next morning all was quiet, and we proceeded on our march.

General Haynie was a good-looking man of about average height, with gray eyes, chestnut-colored hair, and of gentlemanly appearance. He did not remain long in the army. He expected to be promoted to major-general, and was, I think, much disappointed that he was not so promoted.

Once when we were lying idle at Lake Providence, Louisiana, Mr. Shaw, who occupied the house of Senator Sparrow, of the Confederate Senate, and was a bitter partisan himself, courteously offered General Haynie a room in the house, and gave me a carpet and bowl and pitcher

Yule Song

for my tent, with an invitation to call. Someone discovered that the Shaw family were suffering for the necessaries of life, so we had a barrel of flour and a couple of hams put in the house. After that we were urged to visit them, and frequently availed ourselves of the opportunity.



YULE SONG

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

HIGH are hearts in hut and hall—
 Cry "*Noel!*" sing "*Noel!*"
 And in stall
 Lowly kneel the cattle all.
 To the merry Yuletide bell
 Shout "*Noel!*"

Bees in slumber buried deep—
 Cry "*Noel!*" sing "*Noel!*"
 Out of sleep
 Into mellow murmur leap.
 To the joyous Yuletide bell
 Shout "*Noel!*"

At the dawning if ye mark—
 Cry "*Noel!*" sing "*Noel!*"
 Ye may hark
 Voices in each airy arc!—
 To the blessed Yuletide bell
 Shout "*Noel!*"

Angels that with triumph thrill
 Cry "*Noel!*" sing "*Noel!*"
 Echoing still
 "Peace on earth, to men good-will!"
 To the gladsome Yuletide bell
 Shout "*Noel!*"

A STUDIO MOUSE

BEING A FEW RANDOM PAGES FROM HIS DIARY

By Georgia Knox



Monday, the 7th.

FOR so young a mouse I think I am exceptionally well situated in life. I occupy one of the warmest, roomiest studios in the building—the front on the fourth floor. I share this with a tall, dark young man concerning whose name I have always been in considerable doubt. Some of the other artists who drop into the studio call him Willard, while the majority address him simply as Smoke. I have heard many of our visitors say among themselves that my artist is a great coming genius. He certainly has a talent for leaving any number of crumbs about, and so is an excellent companion from a mouse's point of view.

Altogether, the studio is a comfortable place of abode. There is scarcely a foot of its floor surface where one may not find a heap of something—a bundle, box, a pile of papers, or stack of canvases—behind which to dodge on a moment's notice; for, after the manner of his kind, the man is arrogant at times and is apt to assume the attitude of being the sole proprietor of the studio, treating my presence as a mere intrusion.

As I have said, however, he is, on the whole, the right sort of room-mate for a mouse—one who sees to it that a broom never enters the precincts of our home. I well remember my terror on one occasion, when a personage known as the cleaning-woman appeared at the door of the studio with a menacing implement in her hand and tried to convince my artist that he should pay her a certain amount to come in once a week and "clean thorough."

The artist told her decidedly that he had never heard of such a thing as sweeping a studio, and that under no consideration whatever would he permit an outrage of the sort. For his manly stand then I can easily afford to forgive his throwing an occasional boot at me.

Tuesday, the 8th.

When the janitor brought up our bucket of coal this morning I heard him tell the artist that the studio next door was rented. This was news indeed! It is a studio which has been for so long untenanted by men that all mice have given up their claim to it. I listened eagerly.

"Who is he?" the artist inquired.

"It's a young leddy as has taken it, sor," replied the janitor. "A minichure painter, I think she said, sor."

The artist looked at him for a moment in silence. Then he ejaculated a single word—a word which I have found that men use in all sorts of circumstances and with an infinite variety of meanings, but which my mother always taught me no well-bred young mouse would ever repeat.

I have never had any experience with women, myself. So far none have invaded this side of the floor, though there are several just around the bend of the corridor.

Some women artists, I understand, leave quite as many crumbs about as the best of the men. On the whole, however, women do not seem to be much in favor among mice.

Thursday, the 10th.

Constant noise and confusion in the studio to the left. I heard the artist tell a friend that the woman next door was moving in, and he hoped in thunder she'd hurry up and get settled. I'm sure I hope so too.

Friday, the 11th.

All quiet to the left once more, so early this morning I went over to reconnoitre. The expanse of floor which first met my gaze was discouragingly clean, with only a few slender legs of furniture descending here and there to aid one in crossing it with safety. I had no idea a studio floor could be like that.

Then I looked upward and beheld a creature such as I had never dreamed existed. Her hair—and there was such a mass of it—reminded me most of the dull copper kettles in our studio when the light of the fire falls upon them. She was dressed in a loose, flowing affair which was almost the exact shade of the delicate-flavored American dairy cheese, and she was sitting at a little table which was covered with white. After much scrutiny, made difficult by my position near the floor, I observed her to be eating her breakfast. It was the first time I understood that human beings do not always eat sitting sideways on the model-stand, with a coffee-pot, loaf of bread, and various dishes spread out before them.

There was a knock at the door just here, and another young woman entered with a flurry. She said she had just—"buted in," I think, was the expression,—to say good-morning and see how the newcomer was getting along. And how sweet the girl looked; and what a perfectly dear studio; and no, she hadn't a moment to stay—thanks awfully just the same; and after a moment more she bounced out again, leaving the door open.

My artist came along the corridor at that moment in his bath-robe

and carrying a pitcher of water. He caught sight of the girl at the table. She was sitting with her side to the door, framed in the opening like a picture. I saw him stand stock-still and stare for an instant. Then he vanished as quickly as I could have dodged into my hole. He passed back again so soon that I don't see how he managed it. He had discarded his bathrobe and had on a collar and cuffs and a necktie, just as though he were going out, and he wore a velvet smoking-jacket.

He drew another pitcher of water and came slowly down the hall with it, gazing at the girl the whole time. He drew five pitchers of water before the girl finished her breakfast and closed the door.

Saturday, the 12th.

To-day I heard the artist tell a friend who dropped in to see him that the girl next door had the most glorious red hair he had ever seen. At that very moment he was painting what he calls a "red sunset" into one of his snow-scenes.

A mouse with even half an eye could have told that the color of the sunset and that of the girl's hair are entirely different.

Monday, the 14th.

The janitor had several letters in his hand when he brought in our coal this morning.

"They're for the young leddy; I'll be slipping them under her door directly, sor," he said to the artist. "Shure it's the fine leddy she is! She's not the wan to be a-troubling to run down afther her mail of mornin's, rather than pay a man to bring it up to her, sor."

A light dawned in my artist's face. He took a piece of green paper from his pocket.

"John," he said, "I know you won't mind adding a dollar to your salary by shifting your work on another man. You'll have one every week you can remember to forget her mail regularly."

The janitor grinned as he put the green paper in his pocket.

"Shure an' I'll niver be a thinking av it, what with all me other juties, sor," he said. "An' it's on the little ledge above her door, to the left-hand side, as she leaves the key, sor."

Monday, the 21st.

I was paying a visit to the girl's studio this morning when several letters came sliding under the door. After the girl had picked them up she opened the door quickly.

"Oh John," she began; then she stopped.

My artist was replacing the key upon the ledge.

"Oh—I beg your pardon—I thought it was the janitor. Why, I asked him—I *engaged* him—to bring me my mail of mornings."

The artist laughed. He said when she knew that lazy scamp as

well as did older residents of the building she would never suspect him of being capable of remembering anything two days in succession. Besides, the artist explained, he always went down for his own mail, and it was no trouble whatever to get hers at the same time. She really must give him the pleasure of doing so.

The girl said was it he who had been bringing up her letters all this time? Now that certainly was very, very good of him. She could scarcely believe that she had settled next to the lair of a rampant misogynist, after all.

Where had she heard it? (The girl was laughing now.) Oh, several people had told her. She would require much better proof of it than she had received this morning, however, before she paid any attention to such rumors in future.

Later, when I returned to our studio, I found the artist scowling, and saying a great many unkind things to the snow-scene he was painting. I gathered from his remarks that he was not annoyed at the picture in any way, but that he had decided objections to the term "rampant misogynist."

Tuesday, the 29th.

While the artist had our door open to-day, talking to the boy who brings the laundry, we heard the girl say, from the door of the studio to the left, "Good-by until to-night, then."

And the voice of another woman called back: "Good-by. I'm so glad you can come."

Then the other woman came by our door. She nodded to the artist and asked how was the solitary hermit to-day?

I can't think to whom she alluded.

The artist remarked in an injured tone that, of course, when everyone in the building combined to leave a fellow out of things he couldn't very well force himself in where he wasn't invited.

The woman paused and said: "The idea! Just as though every woman in the building wasn't tired of asking him around, only to have him back out on all sorts of excuses!" But she couldn't resist telling him, she went on, that this was to be an impromptu lark to celebrate her first success. She had sold her first *big* picture an hour ago.

The artist exclaimed that that was great news! He congratulated her! What was the picture? She must surely let him see it.

His tone was most enthusiastic.

The woman looked both surprised and gratified. She said she had no idea he would care a scrap about her success. She hadn't even thought of asking him to come—oh, would he really *like* to?

The artist said he would gladly walk a great deal farther than across the building to celebrate anything as good as that; and the woman went away, smiling happily.

The artist looked happy too. He began to sing as he started in on his work again.

Wednesday, the 30th.

The artist was away all yesterday evening. He and the girl next door came home together. I heard him say good-night to her in the hall before coming into our studio.

Tuesday, the 6th.

Raining this morning; our studio dishearteningly gloomy; so I left the artist putting on the breakfast and went over to visit the girl next door. She was wearing something which looked exactly like a bit of clear sky. I felt better at once.

When the artist knocked at the door with the mail (he doesn't slip it underneath any more) I saw his face brighten too as he looked at her. His eyes wandered over the little white table as he turned away. A moment later he knocked at the door again. He had an empty cup in his hand. He said he was awfully sorry to bother her, but it was just his luck to find, on a wretched day like this, that he hadn't a thing in for breakfast. He wondered if the girl could lend him half a cup of ground coffee?

I was astounded and grieved! Had I not left that man taking ground coffee from a can three-quarters full, and with a pan of eggs and bacon frying on the open fire?

The girl was very sweet about it, however, and said indeed she could not think of letting him begin the day on a cup of coffee. He must certainly come in and take breakfast with her.

The artist said did she really mean that he could? And he walked in and took a seat with her at the white table. He told her she could not possibly appreciate what a dainty home breakfast meant to poor devils of men who live alone in studios; they never knew what a sociable morning meal was from one year's end to the other.

The girl was dreadfully sympathetic. She helped him to buttered toast and orange marmalade and said she could imagine how desolate it must be.

I didn't wait to hear more. I recollected that the artist must have left his breakfast untasted on the model-stand; so I went home and had mine.

Thursday, the 15th.

I am still sick and trembling with fright! I know now why women are not in favor among mice. For a long time I have scarcely visited the studio next door, repeated trips having convinced me that it was always hopelessly clean. Yesterday, however, the women from the other studios spent the evening there, and a new, savory odor came floating through my underground passage. It made me frantically hungry and drew me irresistibly in that direction. I waited with impatience until the guests had departed and all was dark and quiet.

Then I crept forth. On a table I found a plate of stuff sweet, creamy, and melting. It warmed my heart and sent me to bed a satisfied mouse. This morning I went over early to see if there might not be a chance of another delicious morsel. I found the girl holding out the plate to one of the other women.

"For mercy's sake, do look!" she exclaimed. "I left the remainder of the fudge on the table, and a horrid mouse has nibbled all around the edges. I must certainly get a cat."

"Cats are such nuisances, dear," replied the other woman. "I have a trap I'll lend you instead. It's the kind that breaks their backs, so you don't have the trouble of drowning them afterwards."

Mice and men have such different definitions for the word humanity! Never again will I venture near that studio.

The artist, by the way, has stopped painting snow-scenes with red sunsets, and is filling our studio with pictures of women with red hair.

Sunday, the 18th.

This morning the girl from next door came in to look at the artist's work. She saw the pictures of the women with red hair, and she said: Nonsense! Why was he doing anything so foolish, and why didn't he stick to snow-scenes and things worth while? She seemed not altogether displeased, just the same.

I saw her glancing about our home with a queer little expression. Perhaps it was beginning to dawn upon her what a studio should be like.

The artist, I ought to mention, calls her Miss Percival. She calls him *Mr.* Willard—his third name by actual count!

Wednesday, the 4th.

The artist has taken breakfast next door twice during the past two weeks. Each time, I regret to say, he has neglected to spread mine on the model-stand before going.

The girl never comes into our studio, but she looks about her with that queer little expression which I observed on her first visit. Sometimes I think she seems worried. To-day the artist insisted that she take one of the snow-scenes to hang upon her wall.

Thursday, the 5th.

The artist had scarcely gone out to-day, leaving our door unlocked in his usual careless fashion, when it swung suddenly open again, and there stood the girl from next door with the cleaning-woman.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" asked the girl.

"Shure an' I never did, mum," replied the woman.

"Go right to work, Maggie, and let me know when you're finished," the girl went on. "I'm not going to hesitate any longer. He has

done so many little things for me, and it was so perfectly lovely of him to give me that landscape. I intend to treat him to the surprise of his life."

When the storm of dust which thereafter came whirling down my hole had somewhat abated I ventured to look out. The girl was going about, wiping everything with a big cloth. I watched while she disarranged the entire order of the room, placing each article in a position it had never before, by any chance, occupied. I agreed that the surprise would be complete.

It was dark when the artist returned. He groped for his matches on the mantel, and they weren't there. A large brass kettle, which the girl had hung on a nail before the fire, fell to the floor with a bang.

"What in thunder!" muttered the artist.

He recollected a newspaper which he had in his pocket, and by sticking a piece of this in the fire he managed to light the gas. I watched his face as he looked around, and knew that there was only one word which would express his feelings. He said it.

"Oh, I'm so sorry if you don't like it. I thought it would please you," said a voice which sounded as cold as one of my artist's snow-scenes.

The girl was standing in the doorway.

You ought to have seen the change that came over that man! I listened in pained surprise. Did she really mean to say that she had taken the trouble to fix his studio for him? It was too sweet of her! He wouldn't have imposed on her for the world. Pleased? He was charmed—delighted. He had never imagined his studio could look so well! An exclamation? Oh, he was so sorry that she had heard that. But it wasn't possible that she thought it had any reference to the studio? Oh, thunder, no! It was merely the brass kettle. Yes, indeed, it had fallen on his foot. Couldn't she see it lying there? Landed right on his toe.

The girl was sympathetic and sweet in a moment. She was dreadfully sorry she had been careless enough to hang the kettle there, but she thought it looked so pretty above the hearth.

The artist replaced it and insisted that it must remain. It looked wonderfully effective, he said. Then he started in and praised everything in the studio—even the clean floor; and the girl grew flushed and happier the more he talked. She promised to come in often and fix up for him. As for me, I felt heart-sick, and strange in my own home. Mice have indeed small cause to love women.

Friday, the 6th.

This morning the artist started in to find his things, and I was kept in constant dread lest the brass kettle should drop on his toes again.

On each occasion, however, he managed to stuff his handkerchief in his mouth just in time.

He went about muffled for the greater part of the day.

Monday, the 16th.

I am thinking seriously of moving. The artist has taken to going in to breakfast next door regularly. If it were not for the late suppers which he cooks for himself before retiring I should have been utterly without food these past three days.

Saturday, the 21st.

Matters have reached a point which is not to be borne. Late at night, now, the artist sits before the fire smoking his pipe and gazing dreamily at a full-length portrait of the girl next door which he has begun. He forgets his midnight repast.

Tuesday, the 24th.

Desperate with hunger, last night I stole into the studio and ate the red sunset out of a snow-scene which was lying on the floor. It made me awful sick.

This morning the artist said it made him sick—tarnation sick! He was showing the picture to the girl at the time. She said it was certainly a burning shame; but what could one expect with mice around? She advised him to have the cleaning-women in regularly, and he said he would.

This is positively the last straw. To-morrow I shall look for another studio.

Wednesday, the 25th.

Feel much better and will postpone my search for new quarters for the present. When I looked into the studio this morning, there, to my surprise and delight, was the artist eating his breakfast alone. Before long he began to pace up and down the floor. I heard him say that life under such conditions was unbearable. Then he snatched up his hat and went out without his coat, leaving his breakfast almost untasted. Conditions of life seem to me to have greatly improved.

Wednesday, the 1st.

A week of peace and plenty; my home is its old self once more. The artist seems wrapped in perpetual gloom; yet I am sure things are much pleasanter going smoothly along as they used to. I wonder what has become of the girl next door? The artist has abandoned her portrait and is at work on another snow-scene.

Saturday, the 4th.

Curiosity became stronger than fear. I went over to see what had become of the girl next door. The room seemed empty, but on the floor before my hole were piles of bags and boxes. A tin box which was standing open upon a chair was exactly like one in which the artist keeps his provisions. I began to mount the back of the chair

to see what it might contain. It was a slippery ascent. Just when I had reached the top and discovered that the box was empty I heard a gasp. There, in a closet not a yard away, stood the girl, staring at me with terrified eyes.

She uttered a piercing scream, which startled me so that I fell headlong into the box. It was an exciting moment. While I tried, wildly and vainly, to escape the door burst open and in rushed the artist.

"Edith! What is it?" he cried.

"A mouse—in my breadbox," I heard the girl's voice answer, with a little break in it.

The form of the artist towered above me, and his hand was descending to grab, when the girl ran forward and placed her hand on his arm.

"Don't hurt him, Fred," she said.

The man's hand closed about me with unexpected gentleness. He was looking at her.

"Indeed, I think I owe the little scamp a good turn," he said.

"He's a cute little fellow," said the girl, smiling. Nevertheless, she caught her skirts up nervously as the artist placed me on the floor near my hole.

Edith! Fred! New names for both of them!

Wednesday, the 22d.

Yesterday the artist put the finishing touches upon the portrait of the girl next door; and all this afternoon people kept coming in to see it; and the girl and three of the other women served chocolate and tea and cakes and bonbons from a table, while I, who had been fasting all day, watched with longing, hungry eyes.

Everyone told the artist that the picture was the best thing he had ever done; that if he would stick to portraits he would make a name for himself.

With four already, what on earth does he want with another?

When the crowd had gone the other women took most of the china from the table and carried it away, and only the artist and the girl next door and a dish of bonbons were left. The girl and the artist were standing together before the portrait, looking at it; so I ventured out, and up upon the table. A spoon, carelessly left on the bonbon dish, rattled dreadfully, but they did not even hear it.

I heard the girl say that it was a wonderful picture; that it alone would make him famous and place him among the great artists of the day.

Then the artist said, in a very low tone, that it was not the portrait, but the one who inspired it, who alone could make him great, or famous, or anything he was to be in the world.

A sudden color flamed in the girl's cheek, like one of my artist's sunsets amid the snow. She did not reply.

A moment later, when I looked up from the pistachio cream which I was nibbling, I beheld the artist with one arm about the girl and his head bent low to hers.

And—oh, well, of course this affair has been decidedly uncomfortable for me. And I suppose I shall have to move, unless they do. But I am a very young mouse—and tender-hearted. Besides, having lived in a studio all my life, my sense of the artistic has been strongly developed.

It made a charming picture—those two standing there.

A wave of sympathy surged over me. I realized that the lot of a bachelor is a lonely one.



COMRADES

BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

OUT in the sunlight fierce and strong we tread the shifting sand;

We talk of the wonders there and here of the sea and the sky and the land;

But I think of the sun in the hair of a girl and the cling of a tiny hand.

We walk in the moonlight pale and pure above the fallen snow;
And you talk the while of the Southern Cross and the weird sea-phosphor glow;

But I think of the light in the eyes of the girl I loved so long ago.

We move the pieces there and here, the rook and the queen and the pawn;

We put them back in the box again, and we smoke and stretch and yawn;

Be off to bed! and leave me here while I dream of the farther dawn!



HOW TO GO TO SLEEP.

By E. R. Stuber

I AM naturally of a sleepless disposition. Napoleon, it is well known, could do with three hours' sleep, at what intervals is not recorded. That amount in four nights was not enough for me, who am an average person, and not a celebrity. I therefore sought a remedy. First, I read carefully all the periodicals for anything on the subject. A few of the wisest sayings are here recorded:

- "1. Lie on your left side.
- "2. Lie on your right side.
- "3. Always lie on your back.
- "4. Try lying on the stomach.
- "5. Lie quite still in bed.
- "6. Get out of bed and drink a glass of cold water.

"7. Drink hot water before you go to bed." (None of these papers mentioned whiskey. I suppose they thought the patient would think of that himself.)

- "8. Tie a bandage round the head.
- "9. Sleep with your head quite free.
- "10. Have the air fresh and good.

"11. Many patients who are unable to get sleep by any other means can often induce it by putting their heads under the clothes. A moderate attack of asphyxia is the result, and the patient goes to sleep.

- "12. Don't eat suppers before going to bed.
- "13. Food immediately before *sleeping* induces sleep."

These rules seemed quite clear and brief, and any child might adopt them. I tried them all—in turn. They had only one slight defect—they failed to produce the desired result.

Then there were the rules for counting. Quite easy, only one was broad awake after counting up to a million, or it would have reached a million, only I generally bounced out of bed in a temper by the time I had reached one hundred thousand and a few over.

It may be noticed that the foregoing thirteen rules, although simple, are a little contradictory. Doctors' rules mostly are. Have you ever for the same complaint tried three doctors quite independent of and unable to communicate with each other? Haven't you? Well, do. It's funny. I don't know anything funnier, except six doctors; but then there is the expense.

Continuing to remain obstinately wide awake in spite of thirteen rules, three doctors, and unlimited numbers to count, I determined to strike out, like a person of genius, and make discoveries of my own, unhampered by any rule or proverb or tradition.

Walnuts and Wine

I made observations in winter, and found that the feet and the stomach were very wide awake, while my head wished to go to sleep.

So every night I asked the following questions:

Of the feet: "Are you warm? If not, here's a walk, a flannel, a hot-water bottle, or a little whiskey (I'm not bigoted), to warm you."

Of the stomach: "Are you lined? If not, here's something. Not too much, though, or I shall have gravestones dancing on my poor chest."

In three weeks I managed these troublesome factors and had them well behaved.

But in the meantime the head had become very lively, and I had to reflect how to manage that.

Now, when does it feel sleepy?

1. In church.
 2. When Mrs. Jones comes.
 3. While reading a dull novel.
- Good.

Well, I had no talent for preaching to myself, and shouting hymns alone in bed was rather exciting than otherwise, so I gave up the church idea.

Number two. I couldn't talk like Mrs. Jones if I tried; besides, at night it makes me laugh to think of her. But when she comes I am again sleepy and bored.

I must fall back on dull novels. I hadn't any, and not being an editor, I couldn't read all the manuscripts to be rejected. Happy people, editors. They can go to sleep when they like.

No, I must get that idea out of my own brain. Now, I reflected, when I do doze, what do I think of just when I am going off? Why, this sort of thing:

"The pig ran between his legs as he was jumping over the stile. As who was jumping? The pig ran—which pig? Oh, any pig will do—no, it's *the* pig" (you see, the mind is still argumentative and lively). "Well, *his* pig ran—how fast? Oh, as fast as it could until it was balked by the stile. How could it run between his legs if he were at the stile? Bother! he was a yard from the stile, of course room enough for a pig; if he were jumping, his legs were in the air and the pig was on the ground, it couldn't be between—well, under, then. The pig—ran—under—you said between. Now I say under—if he were jumping over a stile. What's a stile? Oh, a thing, it has steps and a fence—are the fence—no, is the fence on top of—what was I saying?—how could the pig run if a fence and steps—I don't know—the pig—ran—steps—what are steps?—stile—fence—pence—are the fence—is the pence—are the pence—is the fence—stile pence—"

Snore.

That did the business. Simple, isn't it? Of course, I haven't gone through all the steps of the argument. Sometimes you have to argue longer with yourself than at others. It all depends; but counting, reciting Longfellow, Tennyson—fudge! it's all exciting, I tell you, and keeps you awake.

This is soothing. Of course, you are not tied to the pig, I mean metaphorically. Anything will do.

Walnuts and Wine

Pears' soap.



Pears' Soap beautifies the complexion,
keeps the hands white and imparts a
constant bloom of freshness to the skin.

Pears' Annual for 1905 with 117 illustrations and three large Presentation Plates. The best Annual published—without any doubt. However, judge for yourself.
Agents: The International News Company.

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Walnuts and Wine

"He licked the postage-stamp with the back of his hand."

"Umbrellas and sausages are good to take inside and outside."

"The woman stared on her left eye."

"Congratulation is the soul of grief."

Anything of this sort, which you can readily compose for yourself, affords immense food for bedtime reflection and study without being in the least wakeful. Let your legs and sides take care of themselves, stomach half-way full, feet all the way warm and then——"

I flatter myself I deserve the unbounded gratitude of humanity for my un-medical discoveries.

To benefit mankind is the reward I seek.

E. R. Stuber.

✓ **Good Cheer**

THE son and heir had just eaten his Christmas dinner, of which he had partaken "not wisely, but too well."

"Daddy," he said, "you may carry me upstairs, but please don't bend me!"

Helen Sherman Griffith.

✓ **Two Gifts**

AT a Settlement Christmas-tree one of the ladies who had come to help found a little Jewish boy hugging a large drum.

"Did Santa Claus give you that?" she asked kindly.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Isidore. "I got the drum off Santa Claus, and I have a stomach-ache. I got that off the ice-cream."

L. H. Humphrey.

**Which
Won?**

Leonidas.—"Ef she can't choose atween us, we must struggle fer de lady's favor. We'll race around de corner to Casey's ash-barrel, and ef I gets dere first I'll draw me coat-of-arms on it, an' ef youse gets dere first youse rub it out. Ready!"

J. C. C.

**A Precocious
Patriarch**

"Me b'y talked w'in he wor two wakes old."

"That's nothing. Job cursed the day he was born."

J. C. C.

Piscatorial

WHEN ex-President Cleveland's son Richard was about five years old the stork brought another son to the Cleveland family. Dick was told of the arrival of a little brother, and he was very curious to see him. Mr. Cleveland took the first opportunity to gratify the lad's curiosity. Dick gazed at the bit of red humanity for quite a while, and then, with great seriousness, he looked up into his father's face and said, "Pop, he'd make first-rate bait, wouldn't he?"

E. N. H.



It's There

But You Can't Find It That Way

Every cup of coffee contains that thing which forces the heart beyond the natural beat and does various and sundry other things to people.

Some can stand it.

Many cannot.

If you suffer from any ailments arising from a nervous system out of balance, look carefully at the Coffee question. Weak eyes, heart, digestion or kidneys are common coffee troubles. Rheumatism is frequently caused by it. Nervous prostration is one of the many ugly children of Coffee.

Try the experiment of leaving it off a week or 10 days and use well-made Postum. If you feel a rebound of health, stick to it, and grow back into a well man or woman again. It pays to be well, and "my word" it's more fun than most anything on this earth.

There's a sure way out of Coffee ails, and "There's a reason" for

POSTUM

Walnuts and Wine

**A Bent
Pin**

LITTLE MARY sat on the floor beside her mother's chair, busily dressing her doll.

"Please give me a pin, mamma," she said, and her mother handed her a pin from the cushion, not heeding that it was bent.

"Oh! this is a wilted one, mamma," she exclaimed. "Can't you give me a fresh one?"

Abigail Robinson.

**The Other
Kingdom**

THE teacher had been instructing the class about the three kingdoms of the universe, and to make it plain she said, "Everything in our schoolroom belongs to one of the three kingdoms—our desks to the vegetable kingdom, our slates and pens to the mineral kingdom, and little Alice," she added, looking down at the child nearest her, "belongs to the animal kingdom." Alice looked up quite resentfully, and her eyes filled with tears as she answered, "Teacher, I fink you are mistaken, for my mamma says that all little children belong to the *kingdom of Heaven*."

Abigail Robinson.

**Falsely
Charged**

A LITTLE Northern boy was visiting the South for the first time. His awe and admiration for the darkies knew no bounds. Meeting a little negro boy one day, he screwed up his courage to ask him his name.

"I is dun called David," promptly replied the little negro.

"Oh!" exclaimed the little fellow, his face full of delighted surprise, "are *you* the David that killed Goliath?"

The little negro gave him a terrified glance, and, sticking his dusky knuckles in his eyes, shrieked out, "Naw, I ain't nebber teched him."

M. Budd.

Useless

HE was a ragged little fellow stealing a ride on a crowded street-car returning from a baseball game. After the conductor had passed the front of the car he worked his way up under the guard-rail and sat down in a vacant seat. The conductor, however, saw him, and, returning, held out his hand.

"Hey, you," he said roughly, "gimme yer fare."

"I—I——"

"None o' that. Cough up yer nickel."

"I've tried," replied the boy, "but it won't come up."

Kenneth F. Lockwood.

**Absent
Treatment**

ULYSSES was off to the wars.


"But," protested Penelope, "why go away to fight? Why not stay at home?"

Preferring the foreign article, however, he hastily started forth.

McLandburgh Wilson.

Walnuts and Wine

Little Things often prompt us to lead Cleaner Lives



But the importance of retaining and protecting the child's complexion is not a *little thing*, and every mother should teach the lesson of Hygiene with the Alphabet.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

is the embodiment of all the best and safest healing and cleansing ingredients, combined with an able Dermatologist's skill, and therefore as necessary for nourishing and preserving the purity of the child's skin as for improving that of her elders.

Infancy is none too early to safeguard the complexions of the future.

Send 10 cents for Samples of the four Woodbury preparations.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO. Sole Licensee.

CINCINNATI, O.

Walnuts and Wine

EDWARD was seven years old, and had not yet been disillusioned out of that old, yet ever new, story of Santa Claus coming down the chimney. Just before Christmas he had proudly written a letter (his first), stating the particular gifts he wanted, and after his mother had read it (just to see, merely, that it was in shape for Santa Claus to read—of course!) it was carefully put into the fire.

"Now," said Edward's mother, telling the lie cheerfully, "that letter will go right up the chimney and direct to Santa Claus."

Edward seemed very much impressed.

Christmas morning the child was perfectly delighted with the shower of gifts and with the glittering tree.

"Wasn't it good of Santa Claus to bring me so many more things than I asked for in my letter?" he said at the breakfast table, clasping his hands in an ecstasy. After this outburst he grew thoughtful, then, suddenly jumping up, he brushed past his admiring parents and disappeared into the kitchen.

His mother and father looked at each other and wondered, then the mother followed to see what the inspiration might be.

She found Edward standing in front of the kitchen stove pouring out a cup of coffee.

"Why, Edward, dear, what are you doing?" his mother asked, coffee being one of the child's "forbidden things."

Edward looked up appealingly. "It is such a cold morning, mother——"

"But, Edward, you know I never permit you to take coffee!" his mother interrupted.

"No, no, mother, I do not wish to drink it; I want to give it to Santa Claus. He was so kind to send me more engines and things than I asked for. May I give him some coffee and rolls, mother—may I?"

Before his mother had time to think of a suitable reply the child had put cream and sugar into the cup—then, with his little face all aglow with appreciation and gratitude, he earnestly poured the steaming coffee into the fire.

"There, now," he exclaimed with satisfaction, "that will go right up the chimney and direct to Santa Claus, won't it, mother? and it will warm up his

—— little round belly
that shook, when he laugh'd, like
a bowl full of jelly,'

won't it, mother?"

Frances Marion Traut.

**Bird
Geography**

ONE day in early autumn as I sat by the window with my two little daughters, a flock of birds flew over the house. "The birds are going south for the winter," I remarked, and Ellen, who has an inquiring mind, asked, "But, mamma, how do the birds know which way is south?"

Before I could answer this rather puzzling question little Dorothy, who always has a ready reason for everything, answered, "Why, Ellen, don't you know, they have maps on the backs of all the leaves."

Abigail Robinson.

A "Toffee Trimmed" Tree

Santa Claus has a *brand new* idea for trimming trees this year—and it's a good one.

The idea is to use the pretty red and green 10c size packages of **MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE**, instead of the old-fashioned cornucopias and bags of candy.

Looks much better—just the right colors—very inexpensive—and, best of all, **MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE** is the ideal candy for Christmas—or any other time you want candy that is delicious, inexpensive and not injurious.

Appropriate for Sunday-schools, Hospitals and other large "public" trees, as well as for the HOME TREE.

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE—the famous English candy—is like the good, old-fashioned "taffy" grandmother made in days gone by. Its superiority over every other candy is due to its purity and delicious taste. It's more-ish. Give the children all they want. They can't over-indulge or get sick.

A 4-lb. tin of

Mackintosh's Toffee

contains 16 quarter-pound packages—sufficient to dress a good-sized tree. All dealers sell the 4-lb. tins, or 10c packages. If yours does not, send us his name and \$1.60, and we will see that you are supplied.

My face is on every box and package—or it isn't the genuine.

JOHN MACKINTOSH

Dept. N. 78 Hudson Street, N. Y.

I am
John Mackintosh
the Toffee King

FRANKS & CO. ENGLISH TOFFEE MANUFACTURERS

Ask your dealer for **MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE**. If he has not got it in stock, fill out this order blank and we will see that you are supplied.

JOHN MACKINTOSH, Dept.

78 Hudson Street, New York.

Enclosed please find \$1.60, for which send me one 4-lb. tin of Mackintosh's Toffee.

Name Street or P. O. Address
City State
My dealer's name Address

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

Sound
Logic

WHEN Billy was three years old his mother bought him a pair of short duck pants. The first time they were washed they shrunk badly. Billy was fat, but his mother wedged him into the trousers—against his protest. Billy went out to play, but in a few minutes returned.

"Mamma," he said, "I can't wear these panties, they are too tight. Why, mamma, they are tighter than my skin."

"Oh, no, they're not, Billy," replied his mother, "nothing could be tighter than your skin."

"Well, these panties are, because I can sit down in my skin, but I can't in these panties."

Oliver P. Newman.

Raisin
Pudding

LITTLE ROBERT has but a short time been privileged to come to the dinner-table and eat with the grown-up members of the family, and even now he often finds that his bed-time comes before the best part of the dinner. But when he visits his grandmother she always plans to have a wholesome dessert that Robert need not be deprived of.

On his last visit grandma had a fine, large rice pudding, which Robert was much pleased to see.

One by one the raisins quickly disappeared from his plate, and when only the rice remained Robert's interest in it vanished, and, dropping his spoon beside his plate, he asked, "Grandma, why do you have rice in your raisin pudding?"

Abigail Robinson.

X-mas
Dinner Afoot

MICHAEL had been doing his Christmas shopping and was returning to his home, several blocks from the terminus of the street-car line. He was burdened with numerous parcels and packages, which were continually slipping from his grasp. The one that caused him most annoyance was the Christmas turkey, which, stuffed head-downward in a large paper bag, had penetrated the bottom of its dampened envelope and seemed all legs and neck, and simply would not adjust itself to the other bundles. Finally it burst through the bag and dropped to the ground, and Michael, after several ineffectual efforts to arrange it conveniently, sat down on a doorstep and, wiping his perspiring brow, observed with feeling, "Begorra, if I'd 'a' knowed this tur-rkey was goin' to be such a thrubble I'd 'a' bought a live one an' made the dom bur-rd walk!"

S. D. S., Jr.

Animal
Ignorance

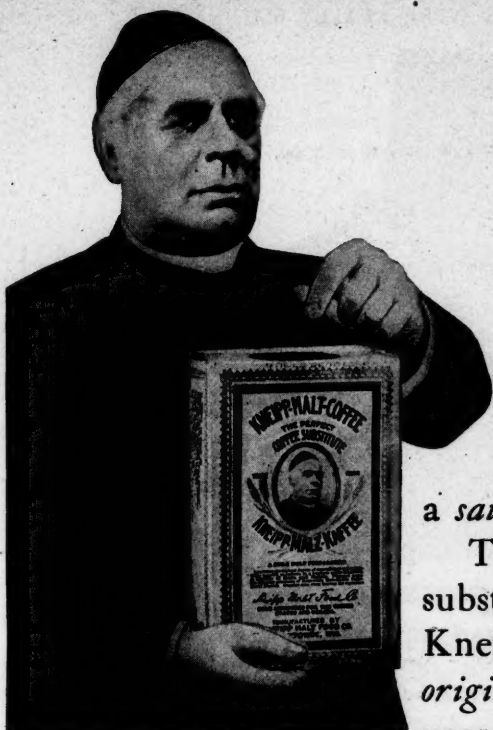
FREDERICK and Felix, brothers of four and six years respectively, but of the same size, were asked by a stranger if they were twins. "No," replied Frederick indignantly, "I should think you'd know by our looks that we're boys!"

Alice Ranlett.

Walnuts and Wine

KNEIPP MALT COFFEE

The Original Coffee
Substitute



Many people would quit coffee if they could find a *satisfying substitute*.

There is *only one* satisfying substitute for coffee, Father Kneipp's Malt-Coffee, the *original coffee substitute*. Fifty years in use in Europe.

Eighty Million Packages Sold There Annually

KNEIPP MALT-COFFEE is not a Counterfeit Coffee but a satisfying substitute. It is a perfect substitute, with rich coffee flavor and aroma. Made of the choicest barley, malted and caramelized by Father Kneipp's patented process, it has all the nourishing, nerve feeding qualities of the best malt tonic. Children thrive on it. It benefits them to drink KNEIPP MALT-COFFEE. It is better for them than any other beverage, because it nourishes the nerves and builds up the body.

Free Trial

Fill out the accompanying coupon, mail it to us and we will send, post-paid, a trial package of Kneipp Malt-Coffee, enough for ten cups.

KNEIPP MALT FOOD CO.

78 Hudson Street, Dept. W, New York

OUT OUT
Kindly send me trial package of Kneipp Coffee
NAME
ADDRESS
Dealer's Name and Address

Walnuts and Wine

WHEN FAIRY TALES WERE REALLY SO

By Mary Street

I WISH I'd lived long, long ago,
When there were mermaids in the sea,
And brownies would have played with me,
And fairy-tales were really so.

I'd like on Santa Claus's sleigh
Next Christmas Eve to have a hitch,
And I would love to see a witch
Upon a broomstick ride away.

Of course there still are lots of Knights,
And there are Princesses besides,
But nowadays men don't win brides
By going off on dragon-fights.
I wish I'd lived long, long ago,
When fairy tales were really so.

The Farmer and Bicycle Agent

SOME years ago, soon after bicycles began to be freely used throughout the United States, an agent for a New York house turned up at a village in Central New York. He expatiated to an old farmer upon the virtues of the new machine, dwelling upon what a time-saver it was, and withal how fashionable it would be for the old farmer to be able to ride down to the village on one of the new-fangled machines whenever he wanted to.

"Why," said the agent, "whenever you go down to the post-office, bank, or store everybody will stop and stare at Farmer Wilson, and pretty soon you'll be the most-talked-of man in the whole county."

"That may be so," replied the farmer, "but I tell you I'm a-needin' a good cow mo'n I am one o' them things you're a-talkin' about."

Nevertheless, the agent extracted a promise that the old man would save up his money and purchase a bicycle when the agent came around in the fall.

According to promise, the agent was on hand in the fall with the wheel. The farmer took him in charge and carried him out to the lot and showed him a fine Jersey cow.

"That's what I bought with the money I saved up for you," said the farmer. And without waiting for the agent to recover from his surprise he went on, "I 'lowed that I needed the cow mo'n I did the bicycle, an' there she is. Ain't she a beaut'?"

When the agent recovered his breath he said, "You'll look funny riding that cow to town, won't you?"

"Ya-as," drawled out the old farmer, "but I'd look a darned sight funnier tryin' to milk a bicycle!"

Silas X. Floyd.

Walnuts and Wine



"WORTH LOOKING INTO"

is the marvelous little Gillette Safety Razor. A unique and practical device made for the comfort of men who shave. Its friends are legion and its success is phenomenal. Hundreds of thousands in use. It's a real pleasure to give a "Gillette" to a friend who shaves, for his pleasure and comfort will be like the "Gillette" itself—everlasting.

STANDARD SET—TRIPLE SILVER-PLATED HOLDER
SPECIAL SET—QUADRUPLE GOLD-PLATED HOLDER
In Velvet--lined Cases

Either one of the above makes an

IDEAL HOLIDAY GIFT



Exact size of a Gillette blade.

Each Razor Set has 12 thin, flexible, highly tempered, and keen double-edged blades. These blades are sharpened and ground by a secret process.

12 NEW DOUBLE-EDGED BLADES, \$1.00

24 Sharp Edges. Each Blade giving from 20 to 40 Smooth and Delightful Shaves.

NO HONING—NO STROPPING

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette." Accept no substitute. He can procure it for you.

WARNING! The Gillette Patent No. 775,134 covers all razors having a thin detachable blade requiring means for holding and stiffening, but not requiring stropping or honing by the user. *Beware of infringements.*

Write to-day for our interesting booklet which explains our 30-day Free Trial Offer. Most dealers make this offer; if yours does not, we will.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 1171 Times Building, 42d St. and Broadway, NEW YORK



Gillette Safety Razor

Walnuts and Wine

"I CAN hardly believe it."

Glad News

The face of the man in bed was unnaturally pale in its peacefulness. His white hand, lying on the coverlet, betokened that his illness had been extreme, yet his brightened eye indicated either that the crisis was past or that some sudden good news had come to him.

"Maria," he said feebly, but with an intonation of gladness, "I have been thinking of you. Do you remember those baked beans you have prepared for me every Saturday night?"

"Surely," she assented; "there are some left over from last week now. When you get well——"

A shudder passed over the prostrate form, but it was only momentary. "And do you remember, Maria, those biscuits of yours—those large, glossy, beautiful biscuits?"

"Of course. I shall make some more soon."

"And that cottage pudding that we had every Tuesday, with the good, hard sauce. Do you remember those apple-pies that you made for me, with their fine, adamantine aspect? And the apple-dumplings your loving hands fashioned, not to speak of the boiled dinners you always had on Mondays, and the specialties you surprised me with? Maria, they are all back numbers now; no more of them for me, dear wife of mine."

"What do you mean?" she said anxiously. "You are going to get well, aren't you, for my sake?"

"Yes, dear," he replied. "I expect and hope to get well, but"—a heavenly smile suffused his face—"they tell me now that I must have my stomach removed."

Tom Masson.

A Problem

JACK'S hair was so light that it had the appearance of being quite white, which was the cause of great anguish of mind to poor Jack. He discovered with joy that the ends were a little darker than that near the roots. Just after this cheering discovery his mother took him to the barber. As the barber tucked the towel under his chin, Jack looked up and said timidly, "Please, Mr. Barber, when you cut my hair, *don't* cut the ends off."

Not So Far Off

GILBERT was describing the first wedding he had ever seen.

"And the man that was married," he said in conclusion, "had on a cocktail coat."

Oliver P. Newman.

Ignorant Kid

Little boy (looking at a music catalogue).—"Say, pop, who was Mozart?"

Father.—"Mozart? Gad, my boy, go and read your Bible."

George Gill.

Walnuts and Wine

THE FIRST STEP
toward self-respect
is a visit
to the
Bathtub.

FOR THE
TOILET
AND
BATH

YOU CAN'T BE
healthy, or
pretty or even
good, unless
you are
clean

Its
COST IS
a trifle, but
its use is a
FINE HABIT.

PURE
ARTICLE
free from all
Animal Fat

Walnuts and Wine

**A New
Malady**

It was Christmas Day and the candy lion had been waiting—oh, so patiently—for Mary to finish her dinner. Much against her baby wishes had she been obliged to swallow the last of her bread. When her mother insisted on her finishing her milk the small face looked up in desperation as she lisped, "Mozzer, if I eat any more food I will be humpback in my stomach like grandpa!"

L. D. B.

**A Prayerful
Pose**

DOBOTHY'S mother had company, and her father was asked to put the little six-year-old to bed. This had happened so seldom in her experience that she climbed into bed without saying her prayers. Just as he was leaving the room she called out, "Oh papa, I forgot to say my prayers."

He came back to the bed and said, "Now, say them while I stand beside you."

To which the little one replied: "Why, papa, I can't say them lying down. Mamma and I always say them on our hind legs."

John L. Shroy.

THE BLUE BOW

By Owen Clark

SHE wore a blue bow—
(As I thought) to show
By symbolic hue
Her constancy true;
But friends in the know
Said, "The sign does but go
To predict name and hue
Descriptive of you."
As matters stand now,
I am forced to avow
The sequences show
I am the *blue beau*.

**An Appeal to
History**

FRANCES is the four-year-old daughter of a great architect. One bright spring morning she was possessed with a wild desire to lean far out of the nursery window. Her mother told her several times what a dangerous proceeding this was, but Frances paid little heed. Finally she added:

"Frances, it isn't considered proper to lean out of the window. No one who is at all nice ever does it."

"Why, mother!" said Frances with marked disapproval and astonishment, "Barbara Frietchie did!"

C. A. Bolton.

Walnuts and Wine



When the Snow Flies

and biting, frosty air roughens the skin, use Mennen's—it keeps the skin just right. A positive relief for **chapped hands, chafing and all skin troubles.** Mennen's face on every box—be sure that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere or by mail, 25c. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET TALCUM

Walnuts and Wine

Not on Sale

A COMPANY which manufactures band instruments receives a large number of letters from green players, asking advice as to their difficulties. Several months ago this company sold a cornet to a man in Canada. As might have been expected, after he had played it for some time without removing the valves the action became stiff. He wrote to the manufacturer, explaining the trouble, and asking whether he should grease the valves. In answer he was told that it was the usual custom of cornet players, when this difficulty occurred, to remove the valves and put a little saliva upon them. To their astonishment the next week's mail brought the following letter:

"GENTLEMEN: Kindly send me twenty-five cents' worth of saliva. I can't get it in the stores here. Enclosed find stamps in payment."

Emma C. Campbell.

Mrs. Partington Up-to-Date

"DISCIPLINE, my dear Mrs. Newplace," said the Old Lady of the Old School, "discipline has always been my primary idea in bringing up my children."

"And I'm sure I quite agree with you," retorted Mrs. Newplace. "As I've often said to Charles, a parent's word should be unbreakable as the laws of the Swedes and Prussians."

R. W. Bergenoren.

A Useful Hen

A NEW YORK boy learned many things during a visit to the country. Everything on the farm was new to the little fellow, and he especially delighted in the live stock. When he found out that hens made eggs he was anxious to see one of them at work.

Being a patient waiter, his desire was finally gratified. Proudly seizing the product of the cackling fowl, he marched into the house with his prize.

"Let me have it," said his aunt, "and we will cook it for your dinner."

"Oh, 'tain't necessary," replied the boy. "The hen cooked it. It's still warm."

H. R.

FAY-FOLK

By Laura Simondson

SOME nights I try to keep awake

To see how fairies really look;

(You have to watch so sharp and still—

So says my mamma's Fairy-Book!)

I squint my eyes a tiny way

And then I see them, one by one,

Come trooping in from fairyland

With funny little hop and run.

Walnuts and Wine

Artloom Tapestries

For Christmas Giving

suggest an artistic expression that is complimentary and enduring.

Write to-day for our free style book "J." It shows Artloom Curtains, Couch Covers, and Table Covers, in actual colors. You can easily find a suitable gift for any home—modest or pretentious—at the price range best suited to your purse.

Artloom Tapestry Curtains
\$3.00 to \$20.00 per pair

Artloom Couch Covers
\$3.00 to \$7.50

Artloom Table Covers
\$1.50 to \$5.00

Solid Color Curtains

have been the vogue for this season. A favorite is the curtain illustrated here. It is fifty inches wide, three yards long, in beautiful floral effects with deep dado. Tastily finished with heavy knotted fringe on throw over. Very rich tones of Olive, Brown, Wine, Empire Green, Red, and Hunter's Green. For pair, \$4.00

Insist on seeing this label.



It appears on every genuine Artloom production.

"HOME-MAKING"

The cleverest book on home decorations ever printed. Appreciated by every woman who has the good taste to care about the proper decoration of her home. Written by Miss Edith W. Fisher, whose articles in *The Ladies' Home Journal* have stamped her an authority on the subject. In this book she tells how to arrange all the living rooms in your home, combining economy and attractiveness. Illustrated with twelve full-page views showing contrasting interior arrangements. Send us this coupon with four cents in stamps and the name of your department store or dry goods dealer and we will send you a copy of "Home-Making" of which we are the exclusive publishers.

82

PHILADELPHIA TAPESTRY MILLS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Walnuts and Wine

Ambiguous *Miss De Style.*—"Who told you, Miss Gunbusta, that disease lurks in kisses?"

Miss Gunbusta.—"Why, I got it from the doctor's own lips."

Helen Sherman Griffith.

Hello! A YOUNG lady, desiring to communicate with a certain society beau, was told to call him up by telephone at his club at a certain hour. She rang up the exchange, gave the number, and waited. Presently a voice said:

"Hello!"

"Hello," she called. "Is Mr. S. there?"

"Mr. who?"

"Mr. S."

"Mr. S.? No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sure. We have no record of anyone of that name being here."

"Please look and see if he isn't somewhere about."

"There's no use looking, Ma'am. We have 'em all down in the book."

"Well, it is strange. I was told that he would be there at this hour."

"Say, look here, what number do you want?"

"Why, 2085."

"Oh, that's the—City Club. This is the Morgue."

Helen Sherman Griffith.

Edibles, Anyhow A PARTY sailing on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse received from some well-meaning but provincial friends a basket of fruit addressed to them in care of "The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grocer."

Helen Sherman Griffith.

Proof Positive "MY wife is really sick, doctor."
"How do you know?"
"Why, she doesn't take any more pleasure in discharging a cook."

Tom Masson.

It Made a Difference ROBBIE'S father had a man drop in to see him. After they had chatted a few minutes the guest was offered the only cigar on the table, so Robbie was sent upstairs for a fresh box. As the boy reached the top stair his father was startled to hear:

"Which kind, papa? Do you want those you smoke yourself, or the kind you give away?"

H. I. Reynolds.

1906

Pabst
American
Indian
Calendar

size
7x36
inches

in 16
colors
and gold,

sent
to any
address,

for 10¢
coin or
stamps.

Pabst American Indian Calendar for 1906

A beautiful, decorative art panel, of historic value as illustrating Indian character and Indian art, suitable for the living room, den or library. The photographic reduction here shown conveys but a faint idea of its color and beauty. Send for it, enclosing 10 cents in stamps or coin.

Pabst Extract

is pure malt—the most healthful of foods. Its benefits are two-fold—it quiets the nerves and aids digestion. It invigorates, it builds, it keeps you in condition, physically and mentally. That is why it is the "Best Tonic."

Pabst Extract is sold at all druggists for 25¢.
Avoid imitations. Insist upon the original.

Pabst Extract Dept., Milwaukee, Wis.

Mention this magazine

PABST EXTRACT
INDIAN CALENDAR
1906

Walnuts and Wine

Pop-corn Trees

LOOKING out into the orchard one bright morning in early spring little Mary, aged three, noticed for the first time the wealth of white blossoms covering the plum and cherry-trees. She studied them thoughtfully for a moment, and then, turning her curly head, questioned,—

"Mamma, is that where pop-corn grows?"

Harold Melbourne.

The Very Kind

THE Sunday-school teacher asked the class, "What kind of boys go to heaven?" And one little urchin yelled out, "Dead boys!"

Harold Melbourne.

Emulation

WILLIE's grandfather is a fine old gentleman, with a little bald spot right on top of his head. The boy is fond of the old man, and hopes that some day he will be just like him. Some time ago he went to the barber to have his hair trimmed.

"I want you to cut it just like grandpa's," he said, "with a little hole in the middle."

Kenneth Lockwood.

Ribs to Burn

A HIGH-SCHOOL teacher was examining the physiology class.

"How many ribs have you, Charles?" he asked.

"Why—er—I don't know," said Charles.

"Didn't the text-book state?" he then queried, somewhat sharply.

"Yes—oh, yes—of course. But, you see, I'm long waisted."

Margaret Jewett.

Not Dazzled

ELECTRIC lights had recently been established in the little town where Ethel lives, and Ethel was eager to impress her little visitor from a neighboring village with the importance of this improvement.

"We have 'lectric lights in our church," she exclaimed with boastful pride.

"That's nothing," proudly retorted the little visitor, "we have acolytes in our church, and my little brother is one of them."

Abigail Robinson.

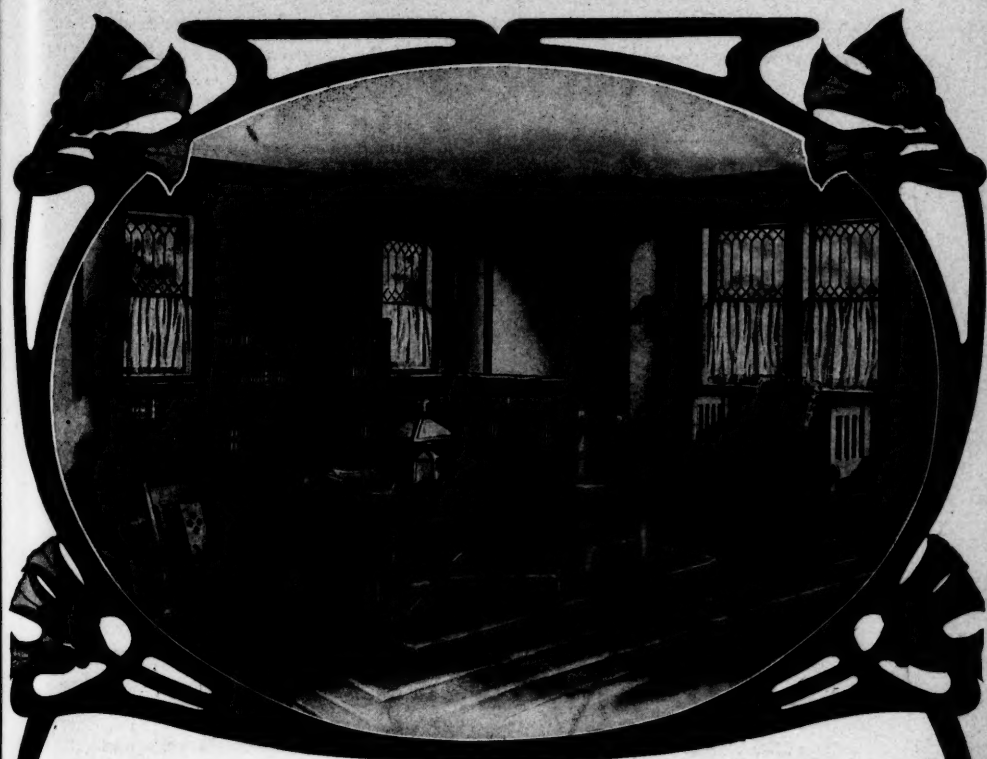
AM ere Tyro

Mother (speaking of his playmate to her own little boy who is just learning to whistle).—"Can Harold whistle?"

Four-Year-old (contemptuously).—"Whistle! no, he can only make the hole."

William H. Branigan.

Walnuts and Wine



No article of furniture lends itself more readily to environments reflecting refined taste than the Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase.

Therefore, it naturally appeals to those who exercise careful judgment in the selection of holiday gifts.

Our new catalogue is replete with helpful suggestions on attractive arrangements for home libraries.

It also describes some new units which we have recently added to our line, including desk, cupboard, music, drawer, magazine and table sections, and clearly defines certain mechanical features of construction and finish that influence careful buyers to purchase Globe-Wernicke Cases—the only kind equipped with non-binding door equalizers.

Bookcase units furnished with leaded or plain glass doors, and in whole or three-quarter length sections. Finished in antique, weathered and golden oak, imitation and real mahogany.

Name of our authorized agent in your city mailed on request for catalogue. Where not represented, we ship on approval, freight paid. Uniform prices everywhere. Write for catalogue W-105

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Cincinnati.

BRANCH STORES:
New York, Chicago and Boston.

AGENCIES
In about one thousand cities.

Walnuts and Wine

Betty Wins BETTY, the incorrigible, banged into the house as she came from school and, flinging herself down at the luncheon-table, exclaimed breezily,—

“Pass the jell!”

“Betty,” said her mother severely, “you cannot have the jelly until you ask for it correctly.”

“Passs—theee—jelll!” urged Betty with elaborate enunciation.

“Elizabeth, you ask politely for the jelly at once,” commanded her mother sternly.

“Pass-gery-the-gery jell-gery!” grinned Betty impishly.

“Betty Brown, obey me at once, and ask for that je——”

“Pagadass thegedee jeggedelly,” suggested Betty amiably.

Her mother fixed her with a piercing eye.

“You may ask for that jelly correctly or leave the table instantly.”

Betty compromised. She smiled a smile of surpassing sweetness and said delicately,—

“Will you pul-lease pass the jillee?”

It was reluctantly given to her, and she ate unctuously of it. When she had finished she pushed her plate away and looked up innocently.

“Darn good jell!” she announced with conviction.

Then she fled.

E. B.

Just cause AN old gentleman was stamping about the street, in rage and excitement, vainly endeavoring to untie a battered tin pail from a yelping dog's tail, when a bystander offered his sympathy.

“Mischievous boys, sir?”

“Yes, dern their hides! I'll have 'em arrested for this. They chased this dog five miles with the pail tied to his tail.”

“Your dog, sir?”

“No, blank-blankit. But the pail is mine!”

George Frederick Wilson.

An Apparent
Come-Down THERE'S a sign on an L-pillar on Broadway, Brooklyn, with a hand pointing to the intersecting street, that reads:

“MIKE COSTELLANO, BARBER,

“formerly of the N. Y. Stock Exchange.”

Frank
Avowal OLD Uncle Steve, a typical antebellum darkey, loved to sit around the stores and do light errands.

A merchant said to him one day, “Uncle Steve, of all the things you ever did, what would you rather do?”

Uncle Steve deliberated a moment and said, “Well, Mr. John, I b'lieve of all the things I ever done or ever *spec* to do I ruther rest.”

Phæbe Ragland Combs.

The
Anheuser - Busch
Malt-Nutrine Department
Art Calendar
for 1906

Is the finest, most artistic and probably the most costly calendar to be issued for the coming year.

It consists of four beautiful paintings by Maud Humphrey, the celebrated artist, representing "The Four Seasons."

The subjects—dainty, ethereal figures—are placed in graceful ovals, surrounded by decorative borders designed by C. A. Etherington, a pupil of Mucha, Paris, the greatest living decorative artist.

These panels are devoid of any advertising matter.

The fifth or calendar panel containing the months for 1906 is a beautiful design, representing a maid bearing a tray with a bottle of Malt-Nutrine.

Each leaf is 24x10 inches, beautifully lithographed in twelve colors and gold, and bound with a silken cord.

This art calendar will be sent to any address upon receipt of twenty-five cents, sent to the Malt - Nutrine Department, Anheuser - Busch, Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Malt-Nutrine The most nourishing liquid food—most grateful to the weakened stomach. A necessity to nursing mothers, weak or growing children. It creates appetite and gives health to the weak and ailing. Sold by druggists and grocers.



Walnuts and Wine

**A Lotty
Ambition**

LITTLE JOHN is the youngest of several children, and his mother is anxious to keep him a baby as long as possible—John to the contrary.

On the morning of his third birthday, when he was feeling the importance of the day, it was a sad blow to his feelings to hear his mother say to his father, "We are fast losing our baby. I think we shall have to put a stone on his head to-day to keep him from growing any taller."

"Oh mamma," sobbed John, "please don't do that, for I want to grow big enough to reach the sings on the mantel-shelf."

Abigail Robinson.

**Wanted It
White**

LITTLE MARY was taken to a colored church for the first time, and was so filled with terror when the "brudders" and "sisters" got religion she had to be taken out weeping. When her mamma tried to comfort her she said with a sob,—

"Oh, mamma, I am so frightened that when I get religion it will be colored."

M. Budd.

CHALLENGED

By Dixie Walcott

SHE said that I couldn't,
'Twas challenging too,
For she meant that I shouldn't
When she said that I couldn't,
So tell me who wouldn't
Show what he *could* do
When she said that he couldn't?
I would, wouldn't you?

Unprotected

AN old-fashioned negro "mammy" was sent one afternoon with her two charges to a vaudeville entertainment. The first to appear on the programme was a mindreader. He requested the audience to write questions upon small slips of paper which they were to retain, while he from the seclusion of an oaken cabinet upon the stage would announce the questions and give appropriate replies. After the third proof of his ability to do this "Mammy" began to squirm in her seat, and a few minutes later, clutching a child with each hand, she hurried from the hall.

"Why, auntie," observed an usher, "don't go; the show's just started."

"Law, chile," panted the old woman, "dis niggah wants to get away fum heah! Ef dat man kin see plum fru dat wooden wardrobe, dis caliker dress am no pertection to me!"

Henrietta Lazarus.

Walnuts and Wine

ABSOLUTELY PURE HAYNER WHISKEY

4 FULL QUARTS \$3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID

Direct from our distillery to YOU

The perfect purity of HAYNER WHISKEY is guaranteed because it goes direct to you from our own distillery and doesn't pass through the hands of any dealer or middleman to adulterate. You're sure it's pure.

When you buy HAYNER WHISKEY you save the dealers' enormous profits. That's why it costs you less than you pay them for adulterated stuff. You cannot buy anything purer, better or more satisfactory than HAYNER WHISKEY, no matter how much you pay.

It is recommended by leading physicians and used in hospitals because it is so good and pure. That's why YOU should try it.

OUR OFFER

We will ship you, in a plain sealed case with no marks to show contents, **FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES** of HAYNER WHISKEY, either RYE or BOURBON, for \$3.20, and we will pay express charges. Try it, have your doctor test it, every bottle if you wish. Then, if you don't find it the purest and best whiskey you ever tasted and are not perfectly satisfied, ship it back to us at our expense and your \$3.20 will be promptly refunded. Doesn't such a guarantee, backed by a company that has been in business for 40 years and has a paid up capital of \$500,000.00, protect you fully? How could any offer be fairer? The expense is all ours if you're not satisfied.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for \$4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for \$15.20 by Freight Prepaid. Write our nearest office TO-DAY

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

DAYTON, OHIO, ST. LOUIS, MO., ST. PAUL, MINN., ATLANTA, GA.
DISTILLERY, TROY, OHIO. ESTABLISHED 1866. CAPITAL \$500,000.00.



Walnuts and Wine

They nod and whisper to themselves—
Then scamper off across the floor
As if they'd never, never seen
A little boy like me before!

But if you ask me how they look,
Somehow I cannot seem to tell;
For pretty soon they've slipped away;
And then—I hear the breakfast-bell!

**Anticipated
Regret**

HER husband had died very suddenly and her friends were calling to comfort her. She listened very attentively and seemed to be more cheerful, but suddenly she cried out, "All you've told me is very true, but I'm sure I shall never love my second husband as much as I did the first."

Clark.

**Reformation
of a Kind**

"YES, kind lady, my four years' term expires in two weeks, then when I get out of the pen I am going to reform and start a little cigar store. I kin buy one for six hundred dollars. Have I friends what'll advance the money? Naw, I don't need them fer that little sum; I kin steal that much in two nights."

H. C. S.

**Well
Expressed**

Little Grl (after watching her mother peel potatoes).—"Why, mamma, there's one you didn't unwind."

George Gill.

**An Essay
on Habit**

THE school visitor in a New England town, an elderly man, offered a prize for the best composition on "How to Overcome Habit," to be written in five minutes.

When the compositions were read the following, handed in by a lad of ten years, was declared the prize-winner:

"Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it doesn't change *a-bit*. Take off another letter and still you have a *bit* left. Take off another letter, and the whole of *it* remains. If you take off another, it is not all used up; all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether."

H. R.

**An Odd
Saying**

"WHAT's the matter here?" asked the policeman.

"This tough stole a diamond out of my store, and when I caught him he swallowed it," explained the jeweller.

"Ah, I see!" remarked the policeman, "a diamond in the rough."

A. H. Morino.

Walnuts and Wine

CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPERS in all parts of the Country are loud in their praises of

X-RAY STOVE POLISH

We have thousands of unsolicited testimonials like those shown herewith.

I prefer X-Ray Stove Polish to all others as it will not burn off, and is easily applied.—Mrs. J. H. HARRISON, Detroit, Mich.

I like X-Ray better than anything I have ever used. Was advised to use — and by doing so nearly spoiled the looks of my range. Used X-Ray; now my range looks as it did when new.—MINNIE K. RUSSAU, West Somerville, Mass.

I know from experience that X-Ray Stove Polish is excellent and that it will not burn off.—Mrs. E. S. LUCI, Fairfield, Iowa.

X-Ray Stove Polish makes my stove look like a mirror. I never use any other.—Mrs. T. E. NUTT, Eastport, Me.

I have used X-Ray Stove Polish and found it satisfactory in every way. It does not burn off even with a very hot fire. It polishes easier than any I have ever used and I would not think of using any other brand.—Mrs. H. A. CURTIS, Hackensack, N. J.

Since using X-Ray Stove Polish I would not go back to the old-fashioned kind I used to use.—Mrs. C. E. WYBRIGHT, Wichita, Kan.

I find X-Ray Stove Polish to be just as advertised. I know by experience that it will not burn off and is easy to apply.—MRS. R. T. TA JONSON, Brooklyn, Wis.

I have used X-Ray Stove Polish for a year and find it superior to all other polishes.—Mrs. FRANCES E. PERK, Davenport, Ia.

I have found X-Ray Stove Polish to be the most satisfactory of any kind that I have ever used.—HARRIET D. ECHHARDT, Buffalo, N. Y.

I must say that I have found X-Ray Stove Polish the best of polishes. We always use it and find it far superior to any other. Our grocer says that he sells more of the X-Ray Polish than of any other brands.—MARY H. MCINADE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I know from several years' experience that X-Ray Stove Polish is excellent and won't rub off.—Miss A. STAVENS, Roxbury, Mass.



It is the original powdered

Stove Polish and is guaran-

teed to go twice as far as paste or liquid polishes.

Easily applied. X-RAY gives a quick, brilliant lustre, and

DOES NOT BURN OFF

A Free Sample Gladly Sent Upon Request

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, Dept. 14 78 Hudson Street, New York

THE PRUDENTIAL SECURES SOME BRITISH TERRITORY.—*Rock of Gibraltar Arrives at the Insurance Company's Home Office.*—The Prudential Insurance Company of America, well known for its world-famed trade-mark, "The Prudential Has the Strength of Gibraltar," has just received at its Home Office, in Newark, N. J., a great slice of the rock from the famous English fortress on the Mediterranean.

By arrangement with the American Consul at Gibraltar, R. L. Sprague, this rock was quarried from the parent rock and forwarded to America on the North German Lloyd steamer "Koenig Albert," with certificate from the Admiralty Contractor at Gibraltar to prove its authenticity. Photographs showing the place from which the rock was cut out from Gibraltar have also been received by The Prudential.

The Prudential selected Gibraltar as its trade-mark because of the great and renowned strength of that famous fortress. The rock which came to America is of grayish-white limestone of such an unusually dense and compact mass, and offering such difficulties to the stone-cutter, that the judgment of the Prudential officials in selecting Gibraltar as a trade-mark is well verified.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup*, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Walnuts and Wine

THE DESCENT OF BRIGGS

By Karl von Kraft

BRIGGS went to call on Miss de Loop;

Alas, he was not fit—

For as he staggered up the stoop—

hit.

he

gait

the

is

This

The irate father of the girl

Swore softly as he lit

With both feet on poor Briggs, and—whirl!

This

st

the

hit

he

hit.

The pointed insult of it all

To Briggs (just think of it!)

Was where he landed from his fall:

This is
★ ● ↑
the gate
★ ● ↑
he hit.

Perplexing MARION, aged three, is very fond of milk, and upon coming to the table her glass of milk is always her first thought.

One day as she watched the last drop disappear with apparent satisfaction, she asked, "Mamma, are there cows up in heaven?"

Not wishing to disappoint the child in any of the anticipated joys, her mother answered vaguely, "I believe there is everything in heaven to make little girls happy."

"Well, mamma," continued Marion with increasing interest, "do you b'lieve the cows have wings?"

Abigail Robinson.

Walnuts and Wine



SOUTHERN RAILWAY

ALL THE BEST WINTER RESORTS
ARE BEST REACHED
VIA THIS GREAT SYSTEM.
COMPLETE THROUGH PULLMAN
CAR SERVICE

S.H.HARDWICK
Passenger Traffic Manager

W.H.TAYLOR
General Pass. Agent

" G U M P T I O N "

A NOTABLE STORY BY A PROMINENT ADVERTISING MAN

IT IS ALWAYS INTERESTING to observe the thought of leaders of men. When such leaders have made their methods and personality felt in the modern science of advertising, such observation is especially worth while.

"GUMPTION, The Progressions of Newson New," is a novel of the strenuous life, by NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR. It is a tale of characteristic energy and success told about the strong individuality of a Yankee youth—an energetic Cape Cod boy, who rises from the limited conditions and narrow conservatism of his native environment to a position of responsibility in the Middle West. What adds a special interest to the tale is the intimate knowledge displayed by the author in picturing newspaper life and its manifold conditions. The development of journalism from its provincial methods to its present acme of effectiveness is interestingly interwoven with the story itself.

As might be expected from an experienced advertising man, the style is alert and nervous—at times epigrammatic. The thought is always pregnant with good sense, and the whole handling evinces a conception of life which could be born only of wide experience, well matured and wisely handled.

The story will doubtless be one of the books of the year. It is illustrated by CHARLES COPELAND, and for sale by all booksellers or by the publishers, SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston, Mass. :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: Price, \$1.50

Walnuts and Wine

The Archaic
Cat

JAPHET looked out of the window and yawned. "Water, water everywhere," he remarked. "I say, Ham, do you suppose cats can swim?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. Let's wake Shem and then we'll find out."

"We'd better tie a string round her neck," suggested Shem; "then if she can't swim, we can pull her in."

So they caught the Cat, tied on a string, and dropped her from the window. "She can! She can!" they shouted; but just then the dinner-bell rang. "Pum duff!" they cried as with one voice, and tumbled down the stairs.

At first the Cat rather enjoyed her adventure and swam along merrily enough; the sun had begun to shine by this time, the air was delightfully fresh after the stuffy ark, and the connecting string helped her more than she realized. But a sudden gust of wind made the ark lurch violently, the string snapped, and the poor Cat found herself being left slowly astern. She called for help as loudly as she could, for it took all her strength to swim, and the Giraffe, who was of a benevolent nature, finally noticed her cries.

"Methinks," said he, "I hear a fellow-being in distress."

"Oh, don't you care," said the Rat with a wicked grin. "It's only that old Cat. She's always sitting on the roof to sing."

But the kind-hearted Giraffe looked out of the window. Spying poor Mrs. Cat, he stretched his long neck to its utmost and finally succeeded in pulling her in.

She lapped her wet fur disconsolately. "More than enough is too much," she said, and her descendants hate water to this very day.

Emily Williams.

From His
Point of View

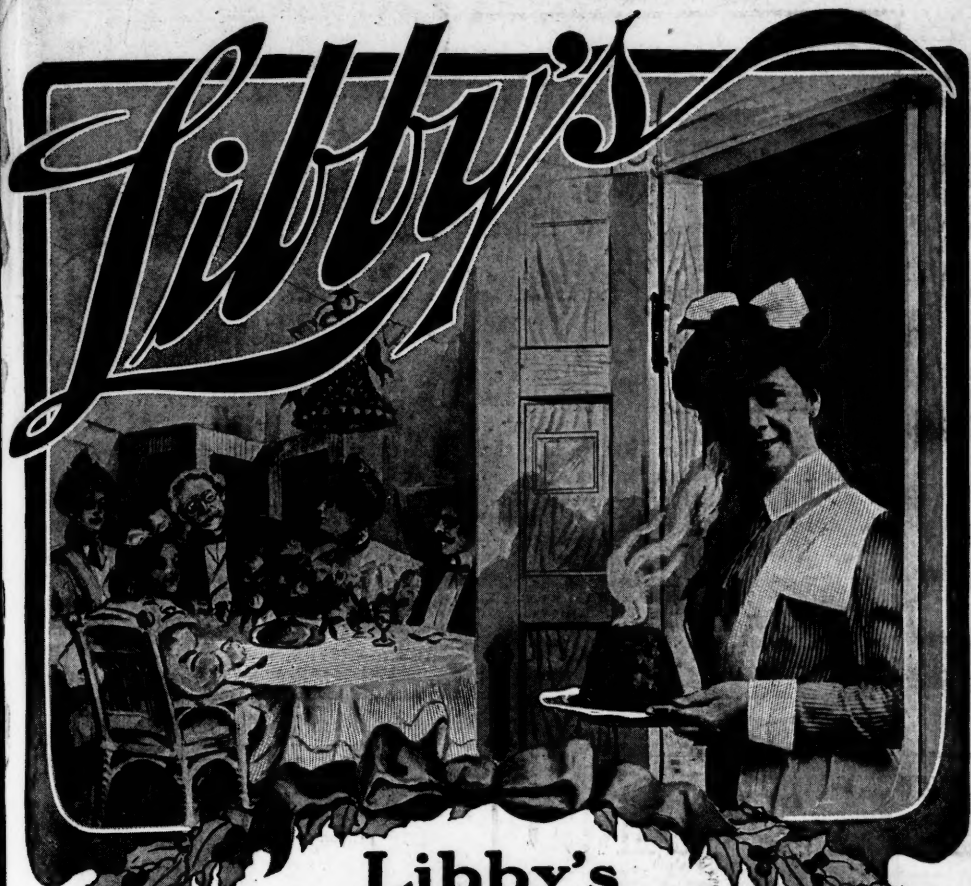
THE button-box was an unfailing source of amusement to little Jack, but he had a habit of scattering its contents all over the carpet. When told to pick them up, he was too tired. His mother sat down in a chair beside him, with a small switch in her hand, and repeated her instructions. He eyed the switch apprehensively for a moment, then, looking at his mother, he said with grave reproach, "Mamma, you jes' spoil all my comf'e't."

Margaret Kibler.

Still Hope

THE young daughter of a prominent physician of Boston has a number of pets, among them being a small, brown, curly-haired dog, and a litter of puppies sired by "Bobby." One day she observed sadly, "Here is 'Bobby,' a father at *three*, and I am *five* and not a mother yet,"

Annie E. McAlwin.



Libby's Plum Pudding

You will never make another plum pudding in your own kitchen after you have tried Libby's. You will always want Libby's.

The crowning touch to your Christmas dinner is Libby's Plum Pudding. It can be served steaming hot on a minute's notice without fuss or worry. Made from an old English recipe, with finest selected fruits and spices in Libby's spotless kitchens.

Ask your grocer for Libby's, and take no other.

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," mailed free on request. Send five 2c stamps for Libby's big Atlas of the World.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago



**IT'S IN
THE
GENERATOR**

Your Gas Jet Will Heat Your Room if you use the **"HEAT-LIGHT"** AND GENERATOR

There is enough heat created by a single gas jet to comfortably heat a good sized room, providing the heat is concentrated and forced downwards. The Heat Light gathers all this heat now wasted and by means of the Generator, placed immediately above the flame, forces the heat to the floor, driving the cold air from the floor to the ceiling; and what is more, while doing this, **improves the illuminating value of your gas fully 50 per cent.**

Thousands of Heat Lights are now in use. They will fit any ordinary gas jet; no adjusting necessary; so simple a child can attach them. Every one sold on a ten-day trial. If not perfectly satisfactory, send it back and we will cheerfully refund you the amount you paid for it. Sent anywhere in the United States, postage paid, for One Dollar. If you desire further information, send for booklet. Agents wanted.

W. M. CRANE COMPANY, Room 17.

1131-1133 Broadway, N.Y.

KNABE PIANOS

More than three score years and ten of experience in nothing but building the highest type of pianos stand behind the Knabe of to-day. These years of progressive effort have largely contributed towards making the Knabe "the world's best piano."

Wm KNABE & CO.
NEW YORK BALTIMORE WASHINGTON

A Life Problem

Hurry, keen concentration,
Hard, nervous Brain work,
Either in Woman or Man,
Does no Harm—or
Does Terrible Injury.

It all depends on FOOD
and the mental condition.

If you find yourself growing weak, or that stomach or any other trouble is setting in, it's a sure sign you are using up more gray matter than the food replaces.

How correct it?

*Change your diet! Quit coffee entirely.
Breakfast on a little fruit,
A dish of GRAPE-NUTS and Cream,
A Soft-boiled-Egg, Toast, and
A Cup of POSTUM.*

There you are, nourished and happy until lunch time, and sure you have the food that the life forces use to fully rebuild the waste in gray matter in nerves and brain.

"There's a Reason."

Prove it, YOU.

Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
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